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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE GRACIOUS PATRONAGE
OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY T. WOODFALL;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND
COUNTRY.

1798.



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THE TOY.

THE CZAR PETER.

THE LONDON HERMIT.

THE IRISH MIMICK.

TANTARA - RARA.

THE BIRTH DAY.

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

THE TOY;
OR,
THE LIE OF THE DAY.
IN FIVE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1788.

THE TOY;

OR

THE LIFE OF THE DAY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

IN 1788.



PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. MIDDLETON.

WHO wrote this play some might be glad to know,
And why a secret---I'll attempt to shew---
A certain youth, his name---no matter what,
Resolv'd to try if he could act or not,
And to be seen by all, by none be known,
Fixt on this project to deceive the town,
Cautious, or voice, or feature to expose,
Poor Mungo was the part our Novice chose.
He locks his door, and smears his face with cork,
Looks in the glass, laughs, and admires his work;
He dances, sings, and all so like a black,
An elbow chair, the hamper on his back;
Asks of the manager to take a trial,
And spouting decent, meets with no denial.
Up go the bills, the Padlock now the farce is,
So careful, even in black face he rehearſes;
Curious to know who this same stranger is,
We scan each tone and trace the sooty phiz.
It's Mr. this---Lord that---conjecture, doubt,
Not one of us can make the younker out.
'The house is full, behind the culprit stands,
Now fear appalls, now hope his breast expands;
Peeps thro' the curtain, trembling cons his part,
'The prompter's bell now strikes upon his heart.
Off plays the Overture; the piece begun
Up goes his hamper, Mungo marches on;
He bows---confus'd, the loud applause he hears,
A generous public dissipates his fears,
Encouragement draws forth his latent powers,
And approbation falls in grateful showers.

Poor

PROLOGUE.

Poor Mungo meeting with deserv'd success,
Now wipes his face, puts on his real dress,
Speaks in his natural voice, and Oh! surprise!
An old acquaintance stands before our eyes.
Just so, the fearful author of our play,
Dreading the nettle, anxious for the Bay;
With timid prudence, has himself conceal'd,
And by success alone, can be reveal'd;
His fears exhibit some small signs of grace,
Oh kindly bid him shew his foolish face.
Yet if ill-natur'd folks should break his Toy,
I fear the bard will blubber like a boy;
But on this basis ever will he trust,
A London audience is as kind as just.
To please alone, he takes your two hours leisure,
Wish to be pleas'd is half way meeting pleasure.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Carrol O'Donovan, Mr. AICKIN.
O'Donovan (under the name of
 Lary Kavanagh), Mr. HOLMAN.
Aircourt, Mr. LEWIS.
Larry Kavanagh (under the
 name of O'Donovan), ... Mr. BLANCHARD.
Alibi, Mr. QUICK.
Metheglin, Mr. EDWIN.
Nol Pros, Mr. BOOTH.
Pavot, Mr. WEWITZER.

Lady Arable, Mrs. BERNARD.
Lady Jane, Miss BRUNTON.
Sophia, Miss FONTENELLE.
Fib, Miss STUART.
Katty Kavanagh, Mrs. WEBB.

SCENE, *Hampton Court.*

THE TOY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room at the Toy Tavern.

Enter AIRCOURT and 1st WAITER.

AIRCOURT.

ANY of our lads here at the Toy since, Ned?
1st *Wait.* Yes, your honor—the crew of your pleasure barge dined with us last Sunday.

Air. Is old Alibi, the Attorney, often down at Hampton Court?

1st *Wait.* Why, yes, Sir—he's now over at his house.

Air. Have you seen his ward, Miss Sophia, lately?

1st *Wait.* Ah, poor young Lady! he seldom lets her go out, but to church;—a charity for some Gentleman, like your honor, to whip off to church with her.

Air. Why, Ned, I have some notion;—but to give you a simile in your own way—the old black rascal keeps her close as a cork in a bottle: which, to get out, I mustn't bolt inward, but turn screw

round and round, and then (*imitates the drawing of a cork*) cluck's the word. (*bell rings*)

[*Exit Waiter.*]

How shall I get to see her?—My new rival too!—
who can he be? where did Sophia say she saw him?
(*takes out and peruses a letter*) “Noticed his watch-
“ing me at the gate of Sir Ashton Lever’s Mu-
“seum—heavy shower at Chelsea—brought guar-
“dian and I to town in his hackney-coach—a
“monstrous fool!”—Yes, but if this monstrous
fool should prove an over-match for all my wit—
If I could only contrive to see her——

*The Door is flung open, and 2d WAITER introduces
LARRY KAVANAGH.*

2d *Wait.* This way, Sir.

Larry. Why, you scoundrel, this room is engag’d!

2d *Wait.* Sir, I ask your pardon, but I didn’t
know——

Larry. Pray, Sir, excuse this intrusion——

Air. O’Donovan!

Larry. Aircourt! who thought of meeting you
here. [*Exit Waiter*] How could you mention
my name; I’m incog.—down here upon a love-
scheme—You know I told you over the last bottle
we crack’d together at the Bedford——

Air. True, our candles went out, and your story
set me asleep—(*yawns*)

Larry. Well, rouse now—You know, my father
(who, from my having been educated abroad, has
never seen me) taking a fancy to marry me to a
daughter of Lady Arable’s, that’s coming with him
from Ireland, sends for me to meet him at her
house, somewhere about Hampton-Court here——

Air.

Air. Lady Arable!—D'ye see that avenue? Her house is—

Larry. Let it stay there—Alibi, the Attorney, that's his house. (*pointing off*) He's guardian to the most lovely, the sweetest—

Air. Eh! my Sophia? (*aside*)

Larry. I'll have her.

Air. Will you faith? (*aside*) What, then you're acquainted with her?

Larry. The first time I saw my charmer, she was engaged in a wrangle with her guardian, ha, ha, ha!—at—the gate of the—Museum in—Leicester Fields.

Air. Leicester Fields—Oh, Oh! (*aside*)

Larry. She would see the butterflies, ha, ha, ha!—He, in a rage, flapping his cane on a shew-glass of watch-strings, seals and sleeve buttons, cries—Zounds! it's half a crown—the exact price of that pane, says the man of the shop. The expence of this accident determined the affair; and the generous Attorney, instead of Sir Ashton's, proposing a trudge to Don Saltero's, I whip'd in a hack before them to Chelsea. An humble dish of tea, sweeten'd by Sophia's dulcet tones in praise of the wonderful curiosities—Returning home, down comes an auspicious shower, and to save eighteen pence, Alibi accepts part of my coach.

Air. Your own hack, ha, ha, ha!—Yes, this is Sophia's monstrous fool. (*aside*)

Larry. I throw a tender glance, Sophia blushes, and we exchange hearts thro' our eyes—Such ogles!—

Air. Damn your ogles! (*furlily*)

Larry. What!

Air. I want to know your scheme. (*recovering an assumed gaiety*)

Larry. Will you help?—Read that letter—
(*gives it.*)

Air. (*Reads* —“ Capias Alibi, Esq. Dear Sir,
“ the Bearer is a young man from Yorkshire;
“ being desirous to improve himself in the profes-
“ sion of an Attorney, I recommend him to you,
“ and think a dealing in this case will be to the
“ advantage of both, Your’s, Nol Pros.” Well,
what of this?

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Can’t you see?—That letter I procur’d for a little cash, of a brother Lawyer of Alibi’s—I deliver it—it gains me free access to Sophia,—of which, if I don’t avail myself——

Air. Must turn him off from this (*aside*) Won’t Alibi—remember you in the Chelsea shower, ha, ha, ha! Won’t he?

Larry. No, he won’t, ha, ha, ha! (*Mimicking.*) for to get the worth of his money in gaping about, he scarce look’d at me at Don Saltero’s—and then, to face the Lady I sat beside him in the coach—then I shall change my voice; and to provide for that, you see I’ve made Nol say in the letter, I am from Yorkshire—and look,—clerkify’d all over (*displays his dress*).

Air. But really now, do you think old Alibi is such a dupe as not to perceive from your air, person, and address, the fashion that’s in your—altogether—What!—take you for a sordid—little—shabby—Curfitor-street—Ram-skin Scribbler? Ha, ha, ha! Never, never!—The Gentleman in your coat wou’d belie Nol Pros’s letter, and get you, and it, kick’d out of the house, to the eternal disgrace of St. James’s, and the triumph of Chancery-lane, ha, ha ha!

Larry.

Larry. Aircourt, I believe you're right—No disguising one of us.

Air. Depend upon it the old Attorney wou'd perceive the diamond, tho' set in copper.

Larry. This air of travel that we acquire abroad—I wish I was'nt so—elegant in my—I wish I had a little of the common of—Now, you, Aircourt, how natural you'd look the Ram-skin Scribbler.

Air. Oh, you flatter me!

Larry. Nay, now 'pon honour, I don't mean to—only you are so good a mimic—and by acting at those private plays, ha, ha, ha! you'd be most capital in the Yorkshire Tike!

Air. D'ye think so?

Larry. O, you'd top the character!

Air. Then, I'll appear in it. (*aside.*—Now two. (*Looking at his watch*)—I can get to Drury-lane by the second act.

Larry. 'Sdeath!—don't think of Town or Play-houses to night! you are a man of wit and spirit, and may help me in this affair.

Air. Her Calista is one of the most capital—when she tears the letter, “to atoms—thus let me tear the wicked lying evidence of shame.” (*Having unseen put Larry's letter in his pocket, tears a paper*).

Larry. Why 'Sdeath Sir, you've tore my letter!

Air. And then her smile of contempt upon Horatio after——

Larry. The devil take you and Horatio! d'ye see what you have done, Sir? knock'd up my whole affair!

Air. (*Looking at the fragments.*) Eh! I ask pardon! I didn't think what I was about; only your

your mentioning private plays, threw my ideas at once upon the boards.

Larry. Bless my life!—Now, if I know what I shall—I wouldn't wish for—

Air. Come, tho' I have destroy'd your passport, no harm done, ha, ha, ha!

Larry. No! Upon my soul and honor, this is exceeding cruel!

Air. O'Donovan, you'd best give up this scheme—Besides Lady Jane Arable is one of the most amiable girls—

Larry. Eh!

Air. An elegant creature! Hadn't you best see her first, before you commence operations against the Attorney?

Larry. I don't know; if Lady Jane is so very amiable,—as it's a match of Dad's,—I may couple duty and inclination—thank'ye—I will.

Air. And if you don't like her—For any project to gain Sophia, I'm yours, from a spank to Scotland—burning his house—or—any trifle of that sort.

Larry. That's kind!

Air. It's mischief, and you know that's my element.

Larry. I live in it, ha, ha, ha!—"Love, Fire, and Frolick," that's my motto.—My dear Air-court, I thank you heartily—I'll go dress (my baggage is here at the Toy,) and then for Lady's Arable's—Ha, ha, ha! Dad don't know I have been five months diverting myself in England—thinks I'm still at the University in Paris, ha, ha, ha!—I've rais'd a curs'd fight of cash beyond his allowance—sported all—and, now, here in London, when the old one comes over, my bills will
come

come pelting in upon him ; but I'll take a squint at Lady Jane, and if she is—(*makes a face*) I've Sophia at a beck.

Air. Your Sophia perhaps is at home now?—that is—he keeps her close—

Larry. Close!—He told me she saves him the expence of a clerk. A pen in her hand, (*I warrant,*) this instant ; and instead of an—“ Expects her ladyship's company to cards” in a delicate Italian upon French paper,—it's a “*Whereas,*” ha, ha, ha!

Air. Or a twenty-corner'd black text of “*Quote all Men by these Presents*” upon a shrivelled roll of yellow parchment, ha, ha, ha!

Larry. But Aircourt, don't think of the Sidons's Calista to-night.

Air. Well, well, I won't.—This letter will do, and for change of cloaths, friend Ned here, the Waiter, can equip me. (*aside*)

Larry. (*looking at the fragments of the letter*) Honest Nol Pros's letter! what is to be done?

Air. Oh, Nol Pros's letter will do something yet. (*aside*)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An office in ALIBI'S house.

SOPHIA discovered writing at a high desk.

Soph. (*Dashing the Pen away.*) I won't, I will not write any more of his plaguy conveyances and law.

law-gibberish!—Was ever poor girl so used as I am by this wicked old Attorney! Cruel Mama!—to make such a wretch her executor, and condemn me to the guardianship of one, who will never suffer me to be united to the man I esteem, whilst it's his interest to keep my fortune in his hands.—Here—won't even hire a clerk, but claps a pen in my hand, and ties me like a seal to his ugly parchment, while my heart can receive no impression, but the idea of my beloved Aircourt---
 “Young Harry's the lad for me.” (*Sings and walks about.*)

ALIBI (*without.*)

Ha, ha, ha! Yes, the very thing I wanted—
 [*Enters*] Sophy, look at my forehead; any blood come? I only wish it wou'd!—I've been endeavouring to provoke the Exciseman, and abusing him these six weeks; but at last I've work'd him up to it—Od! he has given me a choice knock on the pate—Yes, 'twill bear a most delicious action---the rogue's worth money, and I'll have swinging damages.

Soph. La Sir, do you go out to quarrel with the people only on purpose that they may beat you?

Alibi. To be sure---Beat! why, I have made fifty pounds out of the threatenng wag of a finger, and have earn'd a hundred guineas of a morning only by single claps on the shoulder. Now, Miss, have you drawn up the bill of indictment (*Looking over the Papers*). Child, you'll have no use for your fortune---your knowledge in the law will---By the Lord, you'll make a choice chamber-counsel! he, he, he! this thump on my forehead has made me so merry---but 'twill bring me thumping damages; let's see, have you done it? It's my way to have the information ready even before the battery is
 given

given---/reads. —“ Parish afore said—County afore said—did make an assault, and did then and there beat, wound, and cruelly ill treat, against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King—but of all the fine wrestlers, that dance on the green, young Harry’s the lad for me.”—Oh! the Devil!—Here’s a Bill of Indictment to come before a Grand Jury!—So the exciseman breaks my head with his gauging stick, and then, “ young Harry’s the lad for me!”

Soph. Well, and so Harry Aircourt is, in spite of you or all Westminster Hall, with Lord Chief Justice Mansfield at your head.

Alibi. I wish I cou’d but once see this fine Mr. Harry Aircourt—in the street tho’: only to see if he’s such a Prime Serjeant as you make him.

Soph. He a Prime Serjeant!—No; heaven made my Aircourt handsome, witty, gay, generous and good-natured.

Alibi. It’s his good-nature that shoves him on to make ballads about me, and set all his drunken companions at the Globe roaring out in chorus, “ O rare old Alibi!”

Soph. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Yes, it’s a fine laugh——And it seems, when I’m lying peaceably in bed, I’m a standing jest at their Anacreontics, Sols, Free-and-Easy Johns, Knights of the Brush, and Comme-il-fauts.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. And to clap me up in the print-shops, as you tell me, he threatens to do.

Soph. He shall; you shall be caricatur’d, the citizen at his villa, just return’d from town on a Saturday evening; unloading the seat of your whisky for Sunday’s dinner, or painting your little

green rails before your door, in your red night-cap, with your pipe in your mouth.

Alibi. Pipe and cap!—nobody shall know it's me, for I'll smoak segars, and paint the rails in my three cock'd hat, and my one buckled wig.

Soph. Ah, you'll sell for half a crown, that's more than all the Attornies in England are worth, ha, ha, ha! Indeed, my dear guardian, Johnny Gilpin shall be a fool to you!

Alibi. Hark you, Miss, I'll Johnny Gilpin you!

Soph. Yes; and you're Irish too, tho' you deny it—but you're right there, for you're a disgrace to your country.

Alibi. I'm not—I'm not Irish——Who could have told her this? (*aside*)

Soph. Have I touch'd you! Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Very well—you know Miss you mount a new hat next Friday—that's all. But hats may happen to stay in milliner's shops, and old Gentlemen may keep their money in their pockets—that's all.

Soph. You mean old knaves may keep other people's money in their pockets. Oh, my Aircourt! the worse I'm treated by my ungenerous persecutor, the more I long for liberty by such a dear deliverer.

Enter AIRCOURT, (disguised as a Country-Lad.)

Alibi. (*seeing Aircourt, in a great hurry puts Sophia out*) Who are you, what do you want?

Air. (*in a country dialect*) I want to larn the Laa.

Alibi. You want to larn the Laa!—I wish you'd learn manners.

Air. Oh, I have, for I daunce mortishly weel—

Alibi. You dance!—then perhaps you come here for a partner. (*looking after Sophia.*)

Air. Yez.

Alibi.

OR, THE LIE OF THE DAY.

Alibi. What do you want?

Air. I want—that letter. (*gives it.*)

Alibi. You want this letter—then what do you give it to me for?

Air. Look at the outside.

Alibi. “Capias Alibi;” (*peruses*) “Bearer—from Yorkshire Attorney—recommend—dealing—this case—advantage, yours, Nol Pros.”—Well, Yorkshire’s a good country to produce an Attorney—my friend Nol gives you a good character.

Air. Oh, yez. Zur, I’m a very honest lad.

Alibi. Honest, and want to be an Attorney! I don’t think I can do any thing with you.

Air. No! then what am I to do with the money feyther has sent up wi me for it?

Alibi. You have money! now I look at you again, you’re a very promising lad.

Air. Cousin Nol said I might larn, board and sleep here.

Alibi. (*aside*) If you sleep here, you must board, for I’ve no bed for you.

Air. You see, my money is ready, zo I hope you’ll afford me a good bed.

Alibi. Why, you dog, your ready money shews you don’t want to lie upon tick, ha, ha, ha!—An able rogue, (*aside*) and if, in one of my passions, I should cane him, he may be for—Hark’ye, perhaps I shan’t beat you above once before you commit a fault.

Air. Before!

Alibi. Yes; I may thresh you out of pure good nature, only to shew you what you are to expect if you deserve it.

Air. Oh, then I’m to be beat to save me from a threshing! that’s good nature indeed, ha, ha, ha!

THE TOY;

Alibi. (aside) I think I may venture to let this young owl into my nest——You are not given to girls, are you?

Air. I zometimes play wi the meads, a i bit.

Alibi. “You play with the meads a wi bit”——well said Yorkshire; but you won’t dare to speak to a young Lady?

Air. Oh, not for the world—I’d blush so hugely.

Alibi. That’s right; I like a modest youth——because I have a young Miss within here——

Air. Oh, lack-a-daisy, do you keep a Miss?

Alibi. Ha, ha, ha! what a simpleton!——But stay, before I determine to retain him, I’ll first see their behaviour together——Miss Sophy?

(Unlocks the door and calls.)

Enter SOPHIA.

Air. (aside) My dear girl! I hope she’ll know me.

Alibi. Well, now Sophy, as to the writing—I think I can——

Soph. ’Pon my honor I will not write any more for you.

Alibi. Well, well, you shan’t, child.—I’ve got a new Clerk, a very ingenious person.

Soph. Some Finesse here. This must be the fop that follow’d me to Chelsea—he said he’d visit me in disguise---but I’ll discourage his impertinence in time *(aside)* Ha, ha, ha! my very wise, vigilant guardian! where’s all your shrewdness and sagacity?---Ha, ha, ha! you can’t see that this is an impostor?

Alibi. Eh! Harkee, Sir, who are you?---Air-court perhaps---but, no, she woudn’t discover him. *(aside.)*

Soph.

Soph. A clerk! ha, ha, ha! this is only a very facetious Gentleman that's come hither on a scheme to run away with me.

Alibi. How!

Soph. Look! you can't know the polite Strephon that brought us from Chelsea in the hackney-coach?

Alibi. This! (*looking earnestly at him*)

Air. What, I---He, he, he!

Soph. Bless me, it's Aircourt himself. (*aside*)

Alibi. Why, Sophia, you're the most conceited---when neither you or I, ever saw this young man before---Ah, that coxcomb Aircourt, has blown you up so with his nonsense, that you imagine all the young men in the town are laying plans and metamorphoses; ha, ha, ha!--Come to run away with you!--Well, this is the most egregious piece of vanity! you are welcome, my lad; and so is your money.

Soph. Oh, you'd better not keep him, for now I look at him again; he's vastly like Aircourt.

Alibi. She only says this to vex me;---he shall be my clerk above all the clerks in Christendom.

Air. (*Bows*) thank y'e, Sir,

Soph. Well---mind, if you keep him---he shall make love to me above all the clerks in Christendom.

Alibi. Hey! Ah, she wants to frighten me,---but 'twont do, Sophy.

Soph. Won't the fool even look at me?

Air. He, he, he! thank'ee, ma'am (*bows awkwardly.*)

Soph. (*Imitating*) "He, he, he! thank'ee ma'am!"
—Oh, you shock!

Alibi. He s no shock! he's a pretty boy.

Air. Thank ye, Sir.

Alibi.

Alibi. And will be Lord Chancellor, won't you, Robin?

Air. That's my name, sure enough.

Soph. Well, mind you Jack Robin—since guardian will keep you here, you shall be my beau, and make love to me.

Air. (*affecting a bashful simplicity.*) Love!—Oh, Miss! He, he, he!

Alibi. If you really wish'd he shou'd, you'd never bid him do it before me, no, no; you know I know you, my little Soph!—

Soph. Indeed you flatter yourself my little guard,

Alibi. Get you in.

Soph. Now, pray—

Alibi. Go—

(*puts her in*)

Don't mind her, Robin; her head's so full of this Aircourt, that I believe she'd despise even a judge upon the bench.

Air. What then, she loves one Aircourt?

Alibi. But, my young clerk, by way of beginning, I'll set you a task; step into that room there, and ingross this deed. (*Gives him papers; Aircourt is opening the door at which Sophia went off.*)—Stop,—that door, if you please—(*Prevents his entrance, and points to the center door.*)

Air. I thought I was to ingross there, he, he, he! (*pointing to Sophia's door*)

Alibi. Robin, you're a good lad, but for a lawyer—heaven save us!

Air. Then you think my coming here answers the purpose?

Alibi. Oh, yes, your coming here answers the purpose. (*chinking the money*)

Air. And that by this means I shall get all I want? (*stealing the key out of Sophia's door*)

Alibi.

Alibi. (counting the money) Yes, by this means we get all we want. Go yonder.

Air. Dear, how much I am obliged to Mr. Not Pros! [Exit in at center door.

Alibi. Write away, my boy; and I warrant you'll be Attorney General some Sunday or other. I'll dress my wig upon your block to-morrow.

METHEGLIN. (without)

Are you above, Master Alibi?

Alibi. Mr. Metheglin, Lady Arable's butler—then she's return'd from Ireland—Oh, the snug thought of me, to set her on to purchase that little estate of Sir Carrol O'Donovan, the spot on which I was born! I've made her bear all the expence of going over—and now I'll frighten her so with bad tenants, White-Boys, and Peep-a-Day Men, that she'll be glad to be off her bargain—Yes, I shall have it for a song. Ah, Metheglin!

Enter METHEGLIN.

Meth. How are you, Master Alibi?

Alibi. Well, and what, and how's Lady Arable?

Meth. Rare and bucksome, and so am I. She has brought over a husband from Ireland, and I have brought a wife.

Alibi. Your Lady going to marry, and who, pray?

Meth. He's called one Sir—My wife's a fine woman.

Alibi. Sir who?

Meth. His name is—She's so plump!

Alibi. She!—but my Lady's husband—

Meth. He's a man about—She sings like a bullfinch.

Alibi.

Alibi. Tell me, who's my Lady going to marry?

Meth. They call him——her name is Katty—
Charming Katty Kavanagh.

Alibi. Katty Kavanagh!—Zounds! if that
should be——

Meth. Nurs'd Sir Carrol's only son, the young
Squire, that's expected from France.

Alibi. (*aside*) The very wife of my bosom!—
She thinks I'm dead; so as I've chang'd my name,
I'll keep out of her way.

Meth. My Lady's as fond of me as ever, it isn't
for her money I marry Katty, tho' she's a deal of
that.

Alibi. What, has Katty money?

Meth. Plenty.

Alibi. Send her to me.

Meth. Send her to you, for what?

Alibi. Why only—to draw up your marriage-
settlements. But I must go and pay my respects
to her Ladyship.

Meth. She's not got home yet—something the
matter with the wheel of her carriage, she and Sir
Carrol stept into the Toy—Come—

Alibi. Stay.—No going into an inn without
spending money. (*aside*) Metheglin I'll wait in
your room 'till my Lady comes home.

Meth. Why, you may fare better in being my
guest than my Lady's—for our servants all say, that
you never gave one of them a fixpence.

Alibi. Wou'd you have me make Lady Arable's
house an hotel?—Use her Ladyship so ill as to offer
to pay for my good cheer?—Me!—never, ye
rogues—Not one of you shall ever see the colour
of my coin—Metheglin, you're an honest fellow,
and

and while you keep the keys—want a job in my way, you shall only pay for the stamp.

Meth. Come along, Mrs. Girkin the house-keeper has been regent of the wine-cellar in my absence—but now she restores the key to me the lawful governor—the Old Hock has had a long nap—Come, we'll take off its nightcap. [*Exit,*

Alibi. No harm to lock up my charge—the key gone! how's this?—(*Looking at both doors.*)—But lo!—*'Steals over to the center door, locks it, and puts the key in his pocket.'* One key is as good as another—Good bye, Robin. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room at the Toy.

WAITERS *discovered.*

Sir CARROL O'DONOVAN (without.)

My dear Lady Arable, don't vex yourself—we'll walk to your house.

Enter SIR CARROL and 1st WAITER.

Sir Ca. And so, my friend, this is your Coffee-room?

1st Wai. Yes, Sir!

Sir Ca. Bring me a newspaper. [*Exit Waiter.*

Enter O'DONOVAN, (with a small bundle hanging on a stick over his shoulder, dusty and weary) Sits.

Sir Ca. (having looked at him attentively) This poor young man seems to have had a long walk of it. (*O'Donovan rings, then leans upon the table in a melancholy position*)

Enter 2d WAITER.

2d Wait. (to Sir Ca.) Did your honor call?

O'Don. 'Twas I that rung—a glass of wine and water.

2d Wait. (surveys him with contempt, then turns away) Coming Sir. (calling off)

O'Don. I spoke to you.

2d Wait. This room is only for gentlemen.

O'Don. (looks sternly at the waiter, then bows with respect to Sir Carrol) Sir, I ask pardon. (retiring confused)

Sir Ca. Stop a moment Sir, (to O'Don.) Hearkee, friend! you may know how to rince glasses, but remember, as you live by the public liberality, your guest, (be his appearance what it may) has a claim at least to your civility.—You say this room is appropriated to gentlemen—I am one, and master of a parlour in Ireland to the full as good as this: and, by the word of a gentleman, I cou'd never think it more highly honor'd, than by giving a welcome to the weary traveller. [*Exit Waiter*] I ask pardon, Sir, but pray, from whence are you come?

O'Don. Sir, I am from London now, and arrived there only last night from Glasgow.

Sir Ca. Then you're Scotch.

O'Don. No, Sir, I'm from Ireland.

Sir Ca. Born there? (*O'Donovan bows*) And pray, my young traveller—excuse my questions, for I don't enquire to gratify an impertinent curiosity—but I feel myself interested in your concerns, tho' a stranger; tell me, what brought you here, and what are your views?

O'Don.

O'Don. Sir, In my infancy, my father (I never knew the cause) came over to England; and thus destitute, providence rais'd a friend, who sent me to Glasgow-College; the death of this benefactor stopping my resources, oblig'd me to quit my studies, and I have been drawn to Hampton Court, on the credit of a disjointed sort of story, that my father had retired here in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, which he had acquired by the practice of an Attorney—but after a long journey, and every possible enquiry, I can hear of no such person.

Sir Ca. And pray, from what part of—

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH dress'd.

Larry. (*calls as entering*) Pavot! Bring a glass: Such an abominable room you put me to dress in! for a mirror, you thought, I suppose, Narcissus-like, I was to set my face in a basin of water. Hah, this is something. (*adjusting himself before a large glass that hangs near Sir Carrol*) There you are, from toupee to shoe-string. (*viewing himself*)

Enter PAVOT.

As this Lady Arable's house is so near, Pavot, another volley from your powder-puff, (*Pavot in powdering puffs it round Sir Carrol and O'Donovan*).

Sir Ca. Why, you scoundrel! what do you mean to make a barber's-shop of a coffee-room. (*to Pavot*)

Larry. A little more on this curl, Pavot.

Sir Ca. Your master's a puppy, whoever he is.

Larry. (*stepping up to Sir Carrol*) Can you fence, old Touchwood?

O'Don. (*interposing*) I can a little, Sir.

Larry. You! ah! (*surveying him with contempt*)
Tol, lol, lol! [*Exeunt Larry and Payot.*]

Sir Ca. (*looks after Larry, then at O'Don.—*
pauses) Oh, what a bitter mistake has fortune made
in this business! Now that thing, devoid of manners
and humanity may have a worthy old soul for his
father, who, while he supplies with a liberal hand,
little thinks he's throwing his money away upon a
rascal! Ah, this is your home education! I have a
son that I expect in a few days, stay 'till you see him,
I warrant he's an accomplish'd elegant fellow. Ay,
aye; quite the opposite to that bit of a buckeen
that went out there, and he, my generous lad,
shall thank you for your politeness to me.

O'Don. Sir, it shall be my ambition to prove
deserving of the notice with which you have been
pleas'd to honor me.

Sir Ca. Aye, I'm sure you'll justify the good
opinion I conceiv'd for you, even at first sight.—
So, since you have lost your friend and can't find
your father, enquire for me at Lady Arable's here
at Hampton Court, something may be done.—
Hold, I'll perform first, that saves the trouble of
a promise, and precludes even a chance of disap-
pointment. (*offers a bank note*)

O'Don. I thank you, Sir: but it's too soon to
accept of favours even when we stand in need of
them.

Sir Ca. Well, well, my lad—I won't hurt—
I, I like your spirit.—I, I was abrupt; I ask
your pardon.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Sir, (*to Sir Ca.*) her Ladyship waits for
you. [*Exit.*]

Sir

Sir Ca. Call on me at Lady Arable's. Ask for Sir Carrol O'Donovan; (a brave boy) be sure you call.—What an unhappy father must he be that could abandon such a son! [Exit.

O'Don. Can this be Sir Carrol O'Donovan, come over to England? then, the son that he speaks of, must be the child my mother nurs'd; now I shall know if she's yet living; but alienated by her neglect, as I never knew the tender care of a parent, I don't feel that impulse of filial affection, at least for her—no—no longing even to see her, yet I am susceptible; the despair of ever again meeting that lovely young lady—but adieu Scotland, and in it all that's dear. Sir Carrol shall not know who I am; the meanness of my birth, might add contempt to the compassion that my poverty has already excited—However, I'll get off the dust of the road, and wait on him immediately. [Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

*Lady ARABLE's House.**Enter Sir CARROL and Lady ARABLE.**Sir CARROL.*

AH, my Lady Arable, at my last step from Stephen's-Green, I swore by the honor of Knighthood, that I wouldn't part with your Ladyship 'till I sat you down under your own roof, and there you are. (*bows*)

Lady A. And now, Sir Carrol, you are welcome, heartily welcome to a widow's house. But I'm apprehensive that our English good-cheer will fall short of your Irish hospitality.

Sir Ca. Ah, my Lady! our hospitality is polish'd down of late days very genteely. We're not so ready now to lock doors, hide hats and canes, and nail our guests to their chairs as we us'd to do—No,—Now the third bottle sneaks back to the bin with a pitiful—"What, wou'd you rather not?" where once the glorious "six bottles more" was usher'd in with a thousand welcomes. (*sings*)

Though

OR, THE LIE OF THE DAY.

" Though poor was our trade,
" We had claret galore,
" And generous hearts
" To give fix bottles more."

Lady A. Then I must say with our bard, that your fix bottles more was a custom " more honor'd in the breach than the observance."

Sir Ca. Faith, and my lady, a lecture on temperance is a comical sort of grace to your good-cheer that you were talking of just now. But, my dear madam, I long for the honor of saluting my son's Lady that is to be. Where is your daughter? at the Toilette, I warrant,

Lady A. Why, indeed, I fancy, Sir Carrol, the expectation of your son's arrival is the best apology for Lady Jane's delay in having the honor of receiving you—Oh, here she is.

Enter LADY JANE.

Sir, my daughter. Sir Carrol O'Donovan, my dear. (*introducing them*)

Sir Ca. Madam, tho' I never saw my son (*salutes*) yet, upon my honor, my first present of this fair hand, must give him a treasure of delightful recompence.

Lady J. Vastly obliging, Sir Carrol; but you Irish Gentlemen are so very general in your compliments, that, not to doubt their sincerity, one must have a great deal of merit, or a great deal of vanity.

Sir Ca. And so, my sweet Lady Jane, while your mother took her trip to Ireland, you, to pass the time in her absence, paid a visit to your friends
in

in Scotland. But I hope no bonny Scots lad has—my son will be disappointed if you have left your heart behind you.

Lady J. (aside) Then he will be disappointed !

Lady A. You see Jane—Sir Carrol is so gallant—so irresistibly importunate—that—I think you must soon have a father-in-law.

Lady J. Madam, I shall receive your choice as such with all respect and duty.

Sir Ca. Then for your sake, Lady Jane, I wish your partner, my son, was come ; for I long to see the love-affairs going forward—Oh, this same love, spreads joy and comfort round about us !—and, upon my honor, a house is never lucky without it.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, a young man enquires for you.

Sir Ca. O, the poor lad I met at the tavern—shew him up, with your permission, Ladies. [*Exit Foot.*

Enter O'DONOVAN, he and Lady JANE survey each other with surprise and embarrassment.

O'Don. Sir, I have waited on you, in obedience to your commands—

Sir Ca. Lady Arable, a boon—you'll oblige me by taking this boy under your protection, until I can see what I can do for him---You complain that Metheglin's love-affairs with Katty Kavanagh, make him neglect yours---I dare say this young lad writes---casts accounts---and tho' he's a stranger, I'll stake my fortune on his honesty.

O'Don. (bows) Sir---

Lady A. His looks do not disgrace your recommendation indeed Sir Carrol---an exceeding handsome young man ! (*aside*)

Lady

Lady J. (aside) Now I think he looks like an errant knave of hearts.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha! If your ladyship had seen how he made the powder-monkey skip off, ha, ha, ha!--But my son shall take you by the hand for it: and from what I have seen of you, I shou'd wish for nothing more than a strict friendship to take place between you and Edward.

La. J. Can he forget me? *(aside)*

O'Don. She's asham'd to recollect me; but she's right. *(aside)*

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, Mr. O'Donovan is arrived. *[Exit.*

Sir Ca. (with great joy) Hah, my son! My Edward! Now, my lady, here's the spark that's to light your nuptial torch.

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Larry. (speaks as entering) The company are here, you say?---As I never had the honor of paying my duty to a father, I presume, Sir---you are --- *(Looking at Sir Carrol, he is struck with surprise and confusion.)*

Sir Ca. What, this Edward! Ladies, my son has paid his duty to me before---in a powder-puff.

Larry. I'm---surpriz'd---with---such---awe---

Sir Ca. "Pray, can you fence, Old Touchwood?"

Larry. Sir,---I---I---*(sees O'Donovan.)*, "He can a little."

O'Don. Then this is my foster-brother. *(aside)*

Sir Ca. Why Ladies, the affair is---that young ma--a--n my son here, (not thinking I look'd venerable enough for his father) instead of grizzly time,

made his French footman shake his snow-white honors o'er my hoary pate.

Larry. I ask pardon, Sir, but at the first transient glance, I protest I mistook you for—a—a——some mechanick.

Sir Ca. Did you saith? Ah, then at my first glance, I protest I mistook you for—a—a——gentleman, so we were both mistaken. There Ladies is my son, you see what he is. (*mortified and disappointed*)

Lady A. Sir, you are welcome; Lady Jane Arable. (*presenting her*)

Larry. (*salutes Lady Jane*) More fashion here, but less prettiness than Sophia. (*aside*)

Sir Ca. Shake hands with that young gentleman, and learn more than you have been taught at College; to esteem modest merit where you find it.

Larry. Modesty and merit, hah!

Sir Ca. Welcome them, they are a couple of strangers.

Larry. Oh, yes! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ca. (*aside*) So, when I expected a son, they have sent me over a monkey.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Madam, Mr. Alibi is below.

Lady A. O, my Attorney Sir Carrol, by whose advice I made my Irish purchase, we must consult him further.

Sir Ca. Edward, tho' your marriage with the daughter of this Lady is rather to be hoped than expected, endeavour by respectful assiduity to make up for your small sample of merit, try if you can win her heart; for in whatever state of life fortune may throw him, the affection of an amiable woman

is

is the first supreme lustre that can illumine the soul of man—My Lady. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

Enter METHEGLIN and KATTY.

Meth. Come in, I tell you Katty, Mrs. Katty this room and furniture is worth your seeing above all the rest; why, there's nobody here, or, if there was—La, what are you afraid of?

Katty. Yes, but Mr. Metheglin; if your Lady shou'd catch you bringing folks all about her rooms; besides I shou'd die with shame.

Meth. My Lady!—Ah, my dear, you little know—She's a Lady, its true, and I am only her butler—but when Ladies have taste, and butlers have beauty—But mind, I don't say that any body has taken a fancy to somebody—but there are ladies, that would give all the plate on their sideboard, to be in your place this moment, my sweet Katty!

Katty. Certainly, Mr. Metheglin, you are a very comely man.

Meth. Am I?

Katty. Oh, that you are, to give the Devil his due. But why do you think your Lady has taken a fancy to you?

Meth. My reasons are here; (*putting his finger to his head*) I may be wrong, but—mum—She's going to be married to another—therefore—honor—A bird in hand is worth—Katty I'll make sure of. (*aside*) If she wasn't quite in love with

me, she'd have turn'd me out of the house long ago, I'm grown so idle. But with docking the tradesmen's bills, Christmas boxes, and so-forth, I've got snug. Oh! joyful day that my Lady took me to Dublin, or I should never have seen you, my dear.

Katty. Indeed, Mr. Metheglin, I think myself a very happy woman, after all the ups-and-downs of this troublesome world, to get so good a husband as I hope you'll make me; but, as I have had one bad husband already, the trifle I bring you, you must settle upon me, in case I should outlive you, my honey.

Meth. I hope there's no fear of that, my sweetest. But we've an Attorney here, one Alibi----I've already engaged him to secure your money in the law way, my love.

Fib. (*without*) Mr. Metheglin!

Meth. Don't you hear?---These women won't let me alone.

Enter FIB.

Fib. Mr. Metheglin, pray come---my Lady wonders you don't mind your business.

Meth. Oh, this jealousy!—So here my Katty says, “fit with me my Comfort,” and my Lady wants me “to mind her business---Here's the curse of it; if we're ordinary, we're ugly fellows; and if we are any thing beautiful, we are cruel souls and barbarous Gentlemen, and from the Lady in the drawing-room, to the maids in the garret, they buz about us like flies round a honey-pot.

Fib. I tell you my Lady sent me to——

Meth. Yes, your Lady sent you to me, I send you to my Lady, and so return the compliment.

Fib.

Fib. Well, but she'd have you——

Meth. I know she'd have me; you see, Katty, how it is.

Fib. She bid me tell you this instant to go——

Meth. Hush!---have you no modesty? Don't you see; before my intended spouse too!

Fib. She wishes——

Meth. I know she wishes.

Fib. Pshaw! she wants——

Meth. I feel for her wants.

Fib. I tell you, man, she desires——

Meth. I'm sensible man she desires—but I'm Katty's man, and her Ladyship's humble servant.

Fib. Ah, you won't be long her servant, if you go on this way, I can tell you, you'll get the wrong side of the door.

Meth. The wrong side of the door Madam Fib! ---Here's my thanks for not telling, when I caught you daubing my Lady's rouge upon your cheek, and cribbing her imperial tea.

Fib. Upon my word, Mr. Metheglin, you take an immense many airs upon you, since you have brought over your bog-trotter, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Katty. Bog-trotter! Only stop a moment, Mrs. Minikin—only stop a moment, and I'll give you one mighty handsome slap on the forehead.

Meth. Katty, you are very good, but she wouldn't stop if you'd even give her two; I know that girl.

Katty. Bog-trotter indeed! then here's my hand ---now will I marry you, if its only to vex them.

Meth. Sweet good-nature!

Katty. I'll soon show the proudest of them all, ladies and maids---stay---only stay till they see my son Larry, master of Sir Carrol O'Donovan's estate, that's all.

Meth.

Meth. A son of yours master of Sir Carrol's estate! My dear Katty, your passion makes you that you don't know what you are saying.

Katty. I do—and since you and I are so soon to be one, you shall know too—I'll soon shew them who I am, and who my son Larry is—Bog-trotter!

Meth. And who is he, my beauty?

Katty. Why you must know—but, my dear sweetest honey, have a care, for the whole kingdom of Ireland it musn't pass your lips, till his marriage with Lady Jane is safe and well over. You think I only cursed this fine young Gentleman that's come over from France, but that's my own child.

Meth. Yours!

Katty. Mind—Sir Carrol here making a stolen match with a Lady of no fortune; his father on hearing it sent him abroad, and the poor young Lady lying in privately at my house, died in childbirth; so faith, my husband, who was a little bit of a lawyer, made me send our own infant to the grand-papa, instead of Sir Carrol's baby; and by this my son Lawrence is bred up in grandeur like a fine Gentleman, and t'other poor fellow, Sir Carrol's real son, was placed at the College of Glasgow, thro' the charity of my husband's old master, Counsellor Fairplea, and moreover do you see---that's all the whole story.

Meth. I'm in astonishment, and shall I be step-father to the Master of Sir Carrol O'Donovan's estate---See Katty, if I don't manage it smartly for him, I'll be his steward, agent, and bailiff; encourage him to run out; lend him his own money; borrow myself of every body; get into parliament, and pay nobody---Oh my poor Lady---This way, Katty.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter LADY JANE and LARRY, at opposite sides.

Larry. Most obedient Ma'am!

Lady J. Sir, I thought her Ladyship had been here.

Larry. No, my Angel, you knew I was here alone; and sent by your Mama; you come influenced by duty and inclination.

Lady J. Then Sir, you infer duty to my mother, and inclination to——

Larry. No—not absolutely so, he, he, he!
(*affectedly*) I wouldn't be thought vain, but——

Lady J. O dear! I don't think you have an atom of vanity.

Larry. Ma'am! (*bows*)

Lady J. And indeed, I can't see how you shou'd; but where the travell'd, the accomplish'd youth approaches, with the address of fashionable ease, temper'd by respectful tenderness——

Larry. Ma'am!

Lady J. The manners refin'd; person graceful; mien elegant——

Larry. Oh Ma'am!

Lady J. With phrase classically correct, yet simply unaffected.

Larry. Dear ma'am!

Lady J. Now, Sir, to one of these you not having the smallest pretension——

Larry. Eh!

Lady J. Vanity in you, must appear with such monstrous absurdity——

Larry. Hah!

Lady J. That as a friend I advise modesty as your only recommendation.

Larry. True, ma'am!—I think I heard my father call me, I come, Sir Carrol—Madam your most---Yes, Sophia shall have me.---Tol, lol, lol.

[*Exit mortified.*

Lady

Lady J. Ha! ha! There goes the travell'd man of fashion; and here comes the home-bred, humble candidate of chance; but, perhaps, no more than my hand, is his heart his own: somewhat particular his taking no notice of ever having seen me before when introduced here!--Yet he was visibly agitated and abash'd---Yes, his not claiming me for an acquaintance, shew'd a modesty, that, when I consider, shou'd recommend him more to my heart than if he had approached me with all the rhapsody of an ardent lover. (*retires*)

Enter O'DONOVAN (with papers)

O'Don. I wish I hadn't met Sir Carrol—I could n't fail of getting into some employment in London—It hurts me to receive favors while hopeless of ever making a return—and the only woman in whose idea I wou'd live exalted, so unexpectedly meeting me in such a humiliating situation—Yes, she was ashamed to acknowledge she had ever been in my company—Yet, charming Lady Jane, I will indulge my sight once more upon your picture—(*admiring a picture that hangs up*)

Lady J. (advances) Sir, that's thought to be a good likeness; and that the painter has been very happy in the portrait.

O'Don. He must ma'am, have been eminently so, as you sat for it. (*retiring*)

Lady J. Nay, Sir, I shall be jealous of my picture, if I drive you away when that had charms to detain you—Pray, how have you left our amiable friends in Scotland.

O'Don. Madam!

Lady J. Don't you recollect ever having seen a face like that—(*pointing to the picture*) in a very agreeable party one evening at Glasgow?

O'Don.

O'Don. I hadn't a thought that the pleasure of that hour, cou'd be succeeded by the honor of this.

Lady J. You were then, I understand, at College, Sir. But the cause of your coming to England, is—I think I heard you were a relation of Sir Carrol O'Donovan?

O'Don. I haven't that honor, Madam.

Lady J. Oh, you're only his countryman, and from that, he——

O'Don. Madam, he has favor'd me with his protection—he found me friendless; and country is a motive unregarded by a liberal mind.

Lady J. Sir Carrol seems a very worthy character indeed. I like his notice of my picture. (*aside*) I presume, Sir, you are not ignorant of the alliance that's likely to take place in our families?

O'Don. I have heard, Madam——

Lady J. I never saw Mr. O'Donovan, my intended, before to-day;—It's an odd sort of question from me—But, you're a scholar, and will excuse a woman; pray, do you know any thing of Mr. O'Donovan?

O'Don. Only, Ma'am, that he's the happiest of mankind. (*bows*)

Lady J. I'm apprehensive, that where a mistress is the object, your judgment of happiness is not very extensive. Devoted to the muses, you are, I presume, only their humble admirer; so that were you the happy man, in his situation, it wou'd be nine to one against the happy maid in mine?

O'Don. Oh, Madam, was there a muse for every star, and that maid a Lady Jane, the odds wou'd still be in her favor. (*bows and is retiring*)

Lady J. You are now going to——

O'Don. Yes, Madam, through the friendship of Sir Carrol, her Ladyship has done me the honor to employ me in revising some surveys of her late purchase in Ireland.

Lady J. You understand maps and things of that sort?

O'Don. Madam, I shou'd have been more competent, had I thought that my studies cou'd ever have procured me the happiness of being in any manner serviceable to her Ladyship. [Exit.

Lady J. O that blind fortune had my eyes, to take but one look at the dear youth; unlucky, Sir Carrol to bring him here at this juncture, his son perhaps might have appear'd more tolerable, but now the coxcomb suffers so miserably by the comparison, that where I might have only despised, I now most sincerely detest!—no way to avoid this hated match?

Enter FIB, (bastily).

Fib. O, these deceitful men! I've no patience with them—it's a shame for him, so it is.

Lady J. What, what's the matter?

Fib. You are too good for him, and so I told Mr. Pavot; Mr. Pavot, said I, my young lady is too good for your master, that's what she is; Madame Fib, my maitre is fine gentilhomme, says he, so I said to him, said I, your master is a perfidious viper.

Lady J. Pray—I'm in no humour now for trifling.

Fib. Then I suppose your Ladyship hasn't heard of your lover, Mr. Donovan's falsehood?

Lady J.

Lady J. Falsehood!

Fib. Isn't it the blackest?—think now only of his being sent for over here to marry you, and all the while going on with an underhand scheme to carry off a young lady in the neighbourhood.

Lady J. But are you certain of this?

Fib. At the mention of this barbarous usage to you, Lud I was fired—I feel my ears still as hot—

Lady J. Well, well; but how can this be, when he is only just arrived from Paris?

Fib. Just arrived! why, Ma'am, he has been figuring about London for I don't know how many months, unknown to his father.

Lady J. Indeed!

Fib. And that Pavot his Frenchman, is as well known in all the tricks of London, as if he'd been born in Covent-Garden.

Lady J. Paying his addressee to another! O, if I can but bring this to a proof, it will be a charming pretext, yes, my mother would certainly break off our match. (*aside*) But didn't Pavot tell you who the young Lady is?

Fib. No, Ma'am, with his shrugs, nods, and French gabbering, I couldn't get that from him; but it seems, your lover, Mr. O'Donovan, by means of a letter that he had from a Mr. Nol Pros, in London, was to introduce himself into the family as a Clerk or a somewhat—

Lady J. Stop! Sophia knows every body at Hampton Court, I may hear from her who this rival is—here is a gleam of hope however—my cloak and gloves.

[*Exit Fib.*

Ah, if I thought this dear stranger entertain'd one tender sentiment for me, for the first time

in my life, I'd rejoice at being born to a splendid fortune. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

ALIBI'S House.

Enter SOPHIA, (speaks at the center door)

Soph. Mr. Aircourt, Mr. Aircourt! My guardian's gone out.

Air. (*Within*) But how shall I get out?

Soph. What a malicious old creature, to lock you in! can't you push back the lock?

Air. I have already broke his penknife attempting it.

Soph. Well, here—try my scissars. (*Puts them under the door,*) there, take them up.—(*pauses*) la, man! Try (*pauses*) why don't you do it Mr. Aircourt? (*Listens*) what the deuce have you fall'n asleep?

Enter AIRCOURT at the side, SOPHIA not seeing him.

You're a pretty Pyramus! Why don't you try my scissars?

Air. What, to cut love, or to kill the lion, my Thisbe?

Soph. Hah! How did you get there?

Air. Pop'd out of the back window, perch'd upon a cucumber frame, hop'd up stairs, and here I am your own poor Robin.

Soph. Ah, "you foolish fluttering thing." (*sings*)
Enter

Enter ALIBI.

Alibi. Lady Arable's tent is balsamic—But I was right not to see my wife Katty, 'till I have her here safe under my own roof.

Soph. (*Singing*) "Sweet Robin, sweet Robin, no no, you shall not go."

Alibi. (*Aside, and looking at Aircourt*) Now do I suspect this Robin to be a Canary.

Air. (*Perceiving Alibi*) The old one! But mind me—(*apart to Sophia*) Yes, Miss, I think I cou'd teach you to play at cribbage after dinner, for I was counted a dab at it in our parts.

Soph. Thank you, Robin.

Alibi. (*aside*) This must be Robin Goodfellow, and has whip'd thro' the key-hole. I won't seem to know he's got out, only to see how he'll carry it off. (*Trys the center door*) No burglary here, however. (*Unlocks it and calls*) Well, Robin, have you engross'd that? Come out here, my lad. (*Aircourt walks by him in at the door, and returns*) Hey, that's one way of coming out.

Air. The Yorkshire way, Sir; whenever we'd come out of a room, we always go in first.

Alibi. Your hand—you'll make an excellent lawyer. But the manner in which I found you here, explain. I left you in that room, and I lock'd the door.

Air. Yes, Zur; but you didn't lock the window.

Alibi. Didn't lock the window! He'll do.

Soph. Yes, he'll do.

Alibi. Peery enough, but a queer beginning tho'—no doing without application, my friend—I set you about an affair of consequence within
here

here, and I find you with my ward without here : how dare you quit your station.

Soph. O, my poor guardian ! So when you thought you had Robin in crib, here was he teaching me to play cribbage.

Alibi. Hearkee ! If you wou'd make your fortune in the law, instead of Hoyle, study Styles's Reports. I never touch a card, except now and then I divert myself with a little game of Beggar-my-Neighbour—but how dare you quit your station ?

Air. Oh, Zur, I thoft it was dinner-time.

Alibi. “ Thoft it was dinner-time ! ”—Hah ! there's no danger in this fellow ; for I never heard or read of a lover that was hungry. (*aside.*)

Air. La, Zur, there's no danger from me, but Pd have you take care of one Aircourt—her head runs on nothing but him—he'll certainly carry her off.

Soph. Oh, that nothing may hinder him !

Alibi. Yes, but something shall hinder him—my wit, my vigilance shall hinder him.

Air. But what's your wit to a fellow with strength in his arm, and the Devil in his head ?

Alibi. What do you mean, to talk so, Boy ? Do I ever go out, that I don't carry the great key in my pocket ? Nay, even now I'm here, isn't the door below lock'd on the inside ?

Soph. Yes Sir, but in spite of all your keys and caution, if my Aircourt, inspir'd by love and superior wit, had by an ingenuity of stratagem got in here, what wou'd you do then ?

Alibi. What wou'd I do then ?

Air. Aye, Sir, what wou'd you do then ?

Soph. Cou'dn't he push a little feeble old quif-by like you down into a chair ?

Alibi.

Alibi. How, pray?

Soph. Shew him how, Robin?

Air. Why there—(*puts him into a chair*) Just that way

Alibi. Well, now Old Quisby's down in the chair—what wou'd he do then?

Air. Why he'd carry the girl off.

Soph. Yes, to be sure he'd carry the girl off.

Alibi. If these are your notions, your friends did well to have you learn the law, if only to save you from being hang'd some time or other—A good occasion this to give him his first lecture (*aside*) Well, honest Robin, you suppose it a very easy thing for a young fellow to run away with a Lady from her Guardian?

Air. Quite easy, and vastly pleasant mayhap.

Alibi. Then I'll shew you how, for such a pleasant trick you may hop and dance too—*Sophy*, hand me down that Coke yonder. (*Sophy goes to the shelves*)

Air. Stop, Miss, I'm taller nor you. (*helping her with the book, it falls*)

Alibi. Why you dog, do you want to kill the girl?

Soph. Yes, he's quite a killing creature.

Alibi. Well now, you *Sophy*, you only just lay that book before me. (*she lays it on his knee*) Now, my boy, I've something here under my thumb that will open your eyes to the danger of breaking the laws of your country.

Soph. But a true lover despises law and danger.

Alibi. Despise law! that's a decent word out of your mouth Miss, before my pupil. (*apart to her*) Now, Robin, for argument sake, we'll suppose

pose that this young lady has thirty thousand pounds—I don't say she has, only putting a case—and here, I am her guardian, ha, ha, ho! It's admitted, you know, that I'm the Old Quisby in the chair, he, he, he!

Air. Yes, zur—we know your Old Quisby.

Alibi. Very well; and we'll say still for argument's sake you are Aircourt.

Soph. Aye, now you are my Aircourt, and I am your Sophia, and there sits my gentle old guardian with Lord Coke under his thumb—

Alibi. Now, Robin, I beg your pardon—Mr. Aircourt,—only just take that young lady out of that door, and if you can read, I'll then shew you a few lines here, that will convince you what a hopeful hobble one of us will be in.

Air. But let's understand—Oh, I'm to make belief to run away with her—and we're to leave you in a hobble.

Alibi. What a stupid—He, he, he!—Sophy carry it on with him.

Soph. Me go out of the room with him!—Silly!—Indeed I shan't.

Alibi. Why, you perverse girl, mus'n't I give the lad some insight of the profession, since I've touch'd his money!—and no conviction like example—Do it. (*apart to her*) Well, now then, you take her away.

Air. Well, I take her away—Good bye, 'till we see you again—This is so comical, that when folks hear of it they'll only think it the lie of the day.

[*Exit whistling, with Sophia.*]

Alibi. He, he, he! O you ignoramus! The fool little thinks that a man can't even run away with his own wife, without being punish'd for it. Now, where is the chapter? Don't come in yet—
Now

Now I'll shew him that he may get hang'd for what he whistles at. Despise law! Hah! We'll teach him to despise law! Here, Robin—Sophy, don't stand grinning out there at him—Bob, Bobby—Eh! Zounds! Come! (*rises*) I say—(*Turns the button of the door*) the door's bolted fast on the other side—Treachery! Sophy, Murder! I'm plunder'd! Plague o' my Lord Coke, Burne, and Blackstone. (*Knocks the books about*)—Oh, I am nonsuited—Oh, that villain. Nol Pros! Oh, curse Yorkshire! [*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

 A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Room at the Toy.
Enter SOPHIA, and AIRCOURT in his own dress,

SOPHIA.

OH, my dear Aircourt, you're the most wicked, the most comical creature, ha, ha, ha! But upon my honor I am vastly frightened—By this time my guardian's in a precious fury—Heigho! I'm like a bird just got loose, can scarce believe my own happiness—This is the best house we could have taken shelter in, he has such an idea of its being so expensive.

Air. Ha, ha, ha! I suppose never walks by the door, lest they should send him out a bill for looking at the sign; but I'll instantly order a chaise, and we'll dash into town.

 NOL PROS (*without*)

Nol. Never mind, my lad, I see him coming.

Air. Eh! my love, you had best step in there a moment. I don't suppose, if I should meet Alibi, he can know me in my own cloaths.

Soph.

Soph. Well pray now Aircourt, don't stay—I'm so terrified.

Air. At what, my dear creature?—There—step in. (*puts her in*) I won't stay ten minutes.—No bad policy in me to keep O'Donovan's part in this clerk's scheme a secret from Sophia.—Women like the man they find takes a deal of pains about them: and with all his puppyism, did she know he went such lengths to obtain her, perhaps I should not stand so high in her opinion.

[*Exit.*

Enter NOL PROS and WAITER.

Nol. What time did Mr. Callipash order dinner, did you say?

Wait. On table at three, Sir.

Nol. Then get me a ham-sandwich. [*Exit Wait.*] I long to know what success the young fellow had with my letter to Alibi.

ALIBI. (*without*)

Alibi. Ah, no matter—I'll have her.

Nol. Oh, here he comes, he's lost his ward, charg'd like a pop-gun—but I must stand the fire.

Enter ALIBI.

Alibi. Oh, you're there, Nol—An't you ashamed of yourself, Nol Pros?

Nol. Ha, ha, ha! What, for sending you an active clerk, with a banging purse of money?

Alibi. Yes, he has been active, with the devil to him—but I'll bang him!—I'll catch him—hang him—I'll teach him to run away with heiresses.

Nol. Ha, ha, ha! Now from your passion do

I suppose he don't want teaching, ha, ha, ha!—I thought the young rogue look'd like a proficient, ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Ha, ha, ha! (*mimicking*) And an't you an old rogue, to be aiding and abetting in such a scheme of villainy?

Nol. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. What, do you laugh, when I tell you he has carry'd off my ward?

Nol. Here he comes—the very spark!

Alibi. Does he!

Nol. Hush!—Be you cool; we'll make something of him yet; tho' I've reason to think he conceal'd his real name from me, yet I have found out he has got the acres—Stand aside, and we'll nab him. (*Alibi retires*)

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Larry. Yes, I'll give up Lady Jane, and now for Sophia—I must get Aircourt's advice—I know he's in the house. (*sees Nol Pros*) The Attorney that gave me my clerk's letter—Zounds! if he discovers who I am—my plan on Sophia may come to my father's ears. As he don't know my real name, I'll brazen him out that I'm not the man.

Nol. Servant, Sir!

Larry. Sir, you've the advantage of me.

Nol. No, Sir, the advantage is on your side—I find you've got the girl.

Larry. Girl!

Nol. Aye—my letter was the thing—your hand——I'm heartily glad you've carried old Alibi's ward off.

Larry. Stop!—In the first place, I never, saw you before:

before : and as for those girls and Alibi's you talk of—curse me, if I know what you mean, friend.

Nol. Ha, ha, ha ! Then you did'nt get a letter from me, recommending you to Mr. Alibi ?

Larry. Not I.

Nol. That's good enough—Step hither, Alibi—

Alibi. (*advances*) Tell me, you villain, where is —(*to Larry, in a rage, stops short*) Hah, how do you do, Sir ?—I'm very glad to see you—You remember giving me a lift in the coach, when Sophia and I were weather-bound at Chelsea, 'twas vastly kind !

Nol. I think you're vastly kind to the fellow you were to hang just now. Didn't you tell me he ran away with your ward ?

Alibi. He !

Larry. Me ! Did you say so, Sir ? (*to Alibi*)

Alibi. Not I !

Enter AIRCOURT.

Air. The chaise is ready : but how to cut our way thro' the enemy. (*aside*)

Larry. Ha ! my dear boy—I've been looking—

Alibi. Yes, this is the cut-throat, I know him. (*to Aircourt*) Where is she ? What have you done with her ?—Here, you *Nol*, confess, this is the chap you sent with your Yorkshire letter.

Nol. That ! I never saw the Gentleman before.

Air. (*aside*) That brings me off.

Larry. Ha, ha, ha !

Air. Ha, ha, ha ! Gentlemen, you are all very merry here.

Alibi. Yes ; but I'll make you laugh another way, Master Robin !

Larry.

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Why the Gentleman's name's Hal.

Alibi. Yes; but he was Robin in Yorkshire.

Air. I was robbing in Yorkshire!—What do you mean by that, you rascal?

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Be quiet; he's a worthy old stick, but not quite clear at present, for I see he's been tipling.

Alibi. I say again, this is the fellow that brought the letter from you (*pointing to Aircourt*)

Air. Did you ever give me a letter? (*to Nol Pros*)

Nol. No; but I say again and again, that's the fellow that brought it to him. (*pointing to Larry*)

Larry. (*to Alibi*) Did I ever bring you a letter?

Alibi. No, no; 'twas he. (*to Aircourt*)

Air. Then you insist I got a letter from him?—I've a mind to pull your wig, you scoundrel! (*to Alibi*)

Larry. And if you have the impudence to say I carried off his ward, I'll break your back, you old prevaricator. (*to Nol*)

Alibi. Aye, his turning it upon you (*to Larry*) is only to screen his accomplice here. (*to Aircourt*)

Nol. No; but your turning upon this Gentleman, is clear sham. (*pointing to Aircourt*) But I suppose, if my chap has got her, you'll keep a good slice of her fortune—I'll be up with you, my little Alibi!

[*Exit.*

Larry and } Ha, ha, ha!
Air.

Alibi. Very well, ha, ha, ha! But see if I'll be laugh'd out of my charge, good Master Hal and Nol. I'll see if my Lord Chancellor will grin at this.

[*Exit.*

Larry.

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! What does old Alibi mean by this passion that he's got into?

Air. It's plain Nol Pros has told him of the letter he gave you—and the fears of Sophia's actually eloping, operate so powerfully upon his fancy, that—

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Quite mad!—but Aircourt, I've been affronted so by Lady Jane—I find her the most supercilious capricci—Do you know, that upon my honor, she laugh'd at me?

Air. No!

Larry. She did!—Think of laughing at me!—But I'll make formal proposals for Sophia.

Air. Do, and I dare say you'll obtain her.

Larry. I haven't a doubt.

Air. Ha, ha, ha!

Larry. What do you laugh at?

Air. Why, to tell you the truth, O'Donovan, I'm down here on a love-scheme of my own.

Larry. You!

Air. Ha, ha, ha! My girl too, has got a crazy old guardian—ha, ha, ha! I shall carry her off though.

Larry. Why don't you?

Air. I wou'd; only the blockhead, my rival's in the way.

Larry. What, he's a troublesome puppy, hey!

Air. That he is indeed, ha, ha, ha!—How shall I shake him off? (*aside*)—O'Donovan,—You'll excuse me now.

Larry. Where are you going?

Air. Only—you know at such a juncture, one has fifty things—

Larry. Well, I won't interrupt you; but Aircourt, who is your girl?

Air.

Air. No, my friend, O'Donovan, you're too fine a Gentleman for my charmer to see—come—you dangerous beau ! (*Takes him under the arm*)

Larry. Ha, ha, ha ! I fancy I am a little dangerous—I don't know but your right not to let her see me—Ha, ha, ha ! the girl ! I thought you didn't come to Hampton-Court merely to dine with your rowing party, you sly poacher ; I can't help laughing at the foolish puppy your rival.

[*Exeunt both laughing.*]

LADY JANE (*speaks as entering*)

Lady J. The Lady's in this room, you say—

Enter SOPHIA (from the Room)

Sophia ! What can have brought you to such a house as this ? I cou'd scarce believe it was you tapp'd at the window.

Soph. O, Lady Jane, I've done the maddest thing, ha, ha, ha ! I've elop'd from my guardian.

Lady J. Indeed !—And, with who, my dear ?

Soph. Oh, he's a comical soul !—he stays very long !—I wish you were coming with us.

Lady J. But, my dear Sophia, who—and what—and how ?—Elop'd !

Soph. As to your who, 'tis with Mr. Aircourt ;—your how—he came and got me off, disguised like a Yorkshire clerk—the what—we'll be married directly.

Lady J. Disguis'd like a clerk ! the very circumstance Fib told me ! are you sure your lover's name is—What do you call him ?

Soph. Aircourt.

Lady J. That may be his name to you ; but don't be surpriz'd, my dear, if I assure you, that
your

your very Mr. Aircourt is no other than my Mr. O'Donovan, that was to have been married to me directly.

Soph. Oh, dear! Lady Jane, how can such a thing come into your head!

Lady J. Well now, stop; pray what kind of person has he?

Soph. The prettiest person in the world, or d'ye think I'd have thought of him?

Lady J. The prettiest person in the world!—that is, in a wounded Lady's dictionary, the flower of Fop's-Alley.

Soph. My Aircourt a fop! Upon my reputation, Lady Jane, you make me exceedingly angry.

Lady J. Wasn't his letter of introduction from a Mr. Nol Pros?

Soph. The very name!

Lady J. I'm right.

Soph. Eh! (*pauses*)

Lady J. Believe me, it's beyond a doubt; yet I had'n't an idea that you were my triumphant rival.

Soph. No; but seriously, can this be true?

Lady J. Most indubitable!—Fib has got the whole affair from Mr. Pavot, his valet, ha, ha, ha!

Soph. Nay, but don't laugh at me, Lady Jane, for I'm really hurt—It's impossible though—and yet the fear of his design upon me, coming to the knowledge of your family, accounts for his assuming another name.

Lady J. Pray what introduction—how came you acquainted?

Soph. Mere accident. At the dancing-master's ball, at the London Tavern, he happen'd to be my partner.

Lady J. Yes, his man told Fib, that the Gentleman

tleman had been dancing about London under a fictitious name, and his good father, Sir Carrol (who is really a worthy man) thinks he's only just arriv'd from Paris.

Soph. He's one of the most dissembling—cruellest—

Lady J. I request, my dear Sophia won't imagine that I made the discovery out of jealousy, envy, or any other female principle of good nature—You like him, take him; you please yourself, and do me a very signal piece of service.

Soph. I will not—I'll never see him more—I despise—I'll try to forget him. (*weeps*)—He's gone for a chaise—but let him go by himself for a traitor.

Lady J. O then he left you there till his return, (*pointing to the room*)

Soph. Yes; but he shan't find me there.

Lady J. Then he shall find me there.

Soph. I'll go directly back to my prison. Don't be angry with me, my dear Lady Jane—I'm so vex'd—

(*Exit crying.*)

Lady J. I'll take Sophia's place here within, and bring conviction in his face, beyond the power of denial. (*retires*)

Enter. AIRCOURT.

Air. What a troublesome cur it is! My poor girl has had a tedious time of it here within. (*taps at the door*) Come, my Love, the chaise is ready.

Lady JANE advances.

Lady J. I'm glad to hear it, Sir---Eh! Sir, I beg a thousand pardons; I expected another Gentleman!

Air.

Air. Yes, madam, and I expected another lady.

Lady J. Pray, Sir, is your name Aircourt?

Air. At your service, ma'am.

Lady J. What an error have I been in! what mischief! My poor Sophia! (*aside*)

Air. Pray, madam, did you see a young lady—

Lady J. (*looking out*) Oh, here comes Mr. O'Donovan, I can't wait for an explanation now, Sir; I have seen the Lady, and as I was the cause, tho' innocently, of your losing Miss Sophia, you shall command every effort of mine to regain her. [*Exit.*]

Air. What magic could have transform'd Sophia to Lady Jane?

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Larry. Ha, ha, ha! Aircourt, you're right about Alibi's mad freaks; why Sophia's now at home, I had this moment the sweetest smile from her window.

Air. Gone home! was ever such a little whirl about tee-to-tum. (*aside*)

Larry. I shall make formal proposals for her to Alibi, but on second thoughts I think I had better for a while conceal my name though, because then, in case of disappointment, I shall still have Lady Jane in Petto; I have sent my man to Alibi's to request an interview.

Air. What could have made her scamper back again. (*aside*)

Larry. But Aircourt, what are you about? you told me you were on a love scheme.

Air. I don't know. (*quick and peevishly*)

Larry. Don't know! Don't bite me; Ha, ha, ha! I see it; your puppy rival's in the way.

Air. He is, (and just as you intend to Sophia.) I am told without revealing his name, he designs to make proposals for my mistress to her guardian.

Larry. But what objection has this guardian to you?

Air. Why, really I can't say, some busy body has been chattering that I made a song upon him, or intended to have him caricatur'd in the print-shops; the thing above all others it seems he's most afraid of.

Larry. Is he? Ha, ha, ha! I have it—your hand—I'm your oracle—your rival designs to go and propose for her, and yet conceal his name; send an anonymous line to her guardian that a most notorious hummer, has laid a plan to come as a suitor to his ward, but his that real purpose, is to get his person and manner for a caricature print, or song, or something of that sort, to turn him into ridicule: and if he is such an unique, he'll take the alarm at once, I warrant your rival trundled out of the house without a hearing, ha, ha, ha!

Air. And so, my friend O'Donovan, this is your comfortable advice?

Larry. I only wish I had a rival with Sophia, that I might put the joke in practice, what a foolish figure he'd cut.

Air. You really think he wou'd?

Larry. O by heav'n, it wou'd be the highest—Only do try it.

Air. Well, perhaps I may—You've sent your man, you say, to Alibi's?

Larry. Yes, and in three minutes I shall be there myself, and make proposals, Ha, ha, ha! but never mind me—Aircourt, do send the letter to your old lad—You may sign yourself “Unknown

known Friend;" or, "Q in the corner"—I'll answer for its success—it will make a screeching laugh for us! ha, ha, ha!

Air. I think it will—I'll try it—Ha, ha ha!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

ALIBI'S House.

Enter ALIBI and SOPHIA.

Soph. Don't mention him, I hate him now as much as ever I lov'd him.

Alibi. Ha, ha!—I thought you'd repent of your fondness for your charming Aircourt—the fellows an adventurer!—But no more guineas for dancing master's balls!

Soph. Oh, Sir, his elegant person—grace in dancing—polite attention, charm'd my heart; and when I was taken ill, his concern at the accident claim'd my gratitude.

Alibi. So you must fall in love with him, because forsooth he danc'd you about 'till you fainted and then, as if he was tipping for nine, he over-fets half a dozen little misses only to throw a glass of water in your face.

Soph. Do now let's hear no more about him, and upon my honor I won't run away again.

Alibi. 'Pon my honor, I don't think you will—Boy, my gown and cap; I won't stir out—I don't think you'll run away again, little *Soph.* if a wise brain, brick wall, strong bolt, and double lock can prevent it.

Soph. Ah, guardian, if a woman's mind is set upon a kind youth, with a true heart, and handsome

some lace; your wall's, cobweb;—bolt, straw—
pye-crust-lock, and your brain, syllabub.

Alibi. Don't tell me of pye-crusts!—you shall find me a spider, Mrs. Ladybird—Why, you little boy.

Enter BOY, with a cap and gown, ALIBI put them on.

There, now I'm at home for the day, the night, the morrow; I'll not stir from the house these three weeks—You won't get off again, I think.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, that they may! (*surveying and turning him about.*)

Alibi. May what?

Soph. Take you off. Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Take me off!

Soph. With your red cap; you only want the pipe in your mouth.

Alibi. If they gibbet me in their print-shops, I'll bring my action for a libel—their windows are a nuisance, exhibitions of scandal and indecency, to block up the footpaths, and make a harvest for pickpockets.

Enter PAVOT.

Pav. Monsieur, mon Maitre has sent his humble respect, to know if he can have the honor of waiting upon you?

Alibi. Well, and who is your mon Maitre, pray?

Pav. Gentilhomme of the bon fortune, to beg permission to pay his addressee to your young Lady there.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, hadn't you best advertise me at once—"To be sold, pursuant to a decree of the High Court of Chancery, that capital

capital messuage, known by the name of Sophia Seymour; for particulars, enquire of Capias Alibi, attorney and turnkey, at his villa at Castle Nab?"

Pav. Bon! Monsieur, you are de turnkey, and your Chatteau—here is Castle Nab.

Alibi. Did your master send you here to laugh at me?

Pav. No, Monsieur—Pardie, I wish I was safe out of dis Castle Nab.

Alibi. You impudent baboon, who is your master? And who are you—

Pav. Monsieur, don't be angry, he is de finish'd gentilhomme; oh! M^{rs} Sophia, he is much in love with you—for you he do forsake de great Lady Lady Jane vid grand fortune.

Soph. Forsake Lady Jane!—It must be Mr. Aircourt. (*aside*)

Pav. Monsieur—I vil run and deliver him your answer. [*Exit.*

Alibi. There's a polite fellow, sav'd me the trouble of even thinking of an answer;—I'll see this person, and if he is "de man of bon fortune," I'll get you off my hands, my pretty dear, indeed I will.

Soph. O yes, this is his valet that Lady Jane mentioned, this is her O'Donovan and my Aircourt, but my heart is steel'd against him (*aside*)—Sir, I beseech you not to admit this gentleman.

Alibi. I will.

Soph. To tell you the truth, Sir, this is Aircourt; but I'm quite indifferent about him.

Alibi. Eh, Robin return'd to the attack.

PAVOT (*without*)

Pav. Oui, Monsieur Alibi will be rejoice to see you, Sir.

Alibi.

Alibi. Sure of that Monsieur?

Soph. Yes, he's confident—a dissembler—Eh! why this is my Chelsea fop. (*surpriz'd*)

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Larry. Mr. Alibi!—Ma'am, your most—ha, charming by heaven!

Alibi. Nol's pidgeon! Why, Sophia, look, here's more of your conceit—this Robin.

Soph. Very mysterious!—I fear Lady Jane has been misinformed, and led me into an error—Actually distinct persons! Have I wrong'd Air-court, and surrendered to my prison? (*weeps*)

Larry. I have taken the liberty to wait upon you, my old friend, in hopes that my addresses to this young Lady may prove agreeable to her tender inclinations and your sage opinion. (*bows*)

Alibi. Why, Sir, as to the tenderness of that lady's inclinations, that's a matter with me of just—about—three half pence—(*bows*)

Soph. And, Sir, the sagacity of that gentleman's opinion, with me is just—about—a penny farthing under that sum—(*curtsies*)

Larry. As I have quite forgot the multiplication table, curse me if I can strike a balance upon this business—but, Sir, I love, and will marry this lady, that's my sum total.

Alibi. Hah!—but I must know the sum of your fortune, before you lay a finger upon that Lady's sum total---But why, did you go about the bush with your false letters?---Why did n't you at first come and ask my consent fair and openly?

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. (giving letter to Alibi) A man left that for you, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Alibi. (reads, while Larry entertains Sophia apart)
 "An unknown friend warns you against a design
 "form'd by a junto of wits, to turn you into ri-
 "dicule, by caricaturing you for the print-shops;
 "'tis to be enriched with a satyrical ballad. For
 "this purpose, the President, (who is a noted
 "hummer,) introduc'd himself to you at Chel-
 "sea."—Chelsea! the very fellow. *(looking at Larry, reads)* "And to finish his outrie pic-
 "ture, he's to obtain an interview as a man
 "of fortune in love with Miss Sophia." Oh, oh,
 is that your business, my friend. *(aside)* "Take
 "this hint from your's, Q. in the corner." I
 suspected something, when I saw him so thick
 with that rogue Robin; so, so, it's all a collusion.
(stifling resentment, putting the letter up, drops, it, goes to Larry and holds his face up to him.)
 Well, look; have you got a likeness?

Larry. Eh!

Alibi. I've a striking Phiz, haven't I?

Larry. You have a very good phiz indeed, Sir.

Alibi. But when I've the pipe—

Larry. What has he got at now? Ma'am, can you smoke his pipe?

Alibi. No, but I smoke your pipe. The tune of the ballad, I suppose will be "Bow-wow," or, stop, Derry down's a good tune.

Larry. Sir, I don't know what you mean by Derry Down.

Alibi. Don't you? then I'll speak plainer.—
There's the stairs, and pray, Sir, do you walk
down, down, Derry down. (*singing*)

Soph. (*having pick'd up the letter and perused it*)
Ha, ha, ha! Oh, this is the pleasantest—ha, ha,
ha! the very thing I was wishing for; ha, ha,
ha! There, Sir, you see him to advantage. Guardian,
make a face for the gentleman. Ha, ha, ha!

Larry. The laugh is against somebody, but for
the soul of me, I can't tell who!

Alibi. Ma'am, do you step in— (*puts Sophia
into a room*)

And, Sir, do you step out.

Larry. Sir, this is not behaviour to a gentleman.
I'm a person of rank and consequence,
and must desire, Sir——

Alibi. Yes, Sir, and I must desire you'll pack
up your consequence, be your own porter, and
carry it out of my house.

Larry. Then, Sir, I must discover myself——

Alibi. You are discover'd.—Thanks to Q in
the corner. (*aside*)

Larry. I never met with such a mad old fellow!

Meth. (*without*) Are you above, Master Alibi?

Larry. Oh, Lady Arable's butler here can tell
you that I am a person of fashion. Hear from
him who you have affronted, and blush for your
behaviour.

Enter METHEGLIN.

Meth. Ah, what are you here, Larry? gad I
forgot. (*aside*)

Alibi.

Alibi. Ha, ha, ha! So then Larry you're a man of fashion.

Larry. (to *Metheglin*) Pray be serious, friend, this old gentleman won't believe that I am——

Meth. The deuce, has he found out that you are Larry?

Larry. Fellow, I'll see if your lady authorizes your insolence to her guests, and as for you, old Coke, I'll carry your ward, by all the powers of love and stratagem. [Exit.

Alibi. A goose quill for your stratagem. Did you ever see such a puff crack—who is he, *Metheglin*.

Meth. Can't reveal that without my wife's leave.

Alibi. Wife! You haven't married Katty Kavanagh?

Meth. No, not yet.

Alibi. Where is she.

Meth. So eager to have her little penny settled upon her before our marriage, that she wou'd come with me; she's in the next room.

Katty. (Without) Mr. *Metheglin*.

Alibi. The very voice of my dear wife! (aside) And has she really much money?

Meth. A power.

Alibi. I feel all my conjugal tenderness revive. (aside) *Metheglin*, reach the ink-stand off the desk yonder.

Meth. I will, but be civil to my wife; she's a jolly body—the pen and ink, Aye. [Exit.

Alibi. Yes, it is she; I gave her time to roll; and the prudent creature, in purse and person, has gather'd like a snow ball.

Enter KATTY.

Katty. Mr. Metheglin, is it your manners to leave a body standing in the entry. Oh Mr. Counsellor, do you know much of this husband I'm going to marry.

Alibi. I know a husband you did marry. Ah, Katty!

Katty. And is it! Oh St. Patrick! Are you alive, my Bryan, my own Honey.

Alibi, Kate, Katty! Oh my Catherine Pear. (*Embraces her.*)

Enter METHEGLIN.

Meth. Here is the pen and ink. (*Stops short*) Is the world at an end!

Alibi. Mr. Metheglin, your wife turns out to be my wife.

Meth. I know with lawyers our money turns out to be their money, but you—

Katty. Hush; Mr. Metheglin, you and I are now two, so good day to you. Come, my dear.

[*Exeunt Alibi and Katty.*]

Meth. To quit my lady for this false woman, and she to run away from me for this big little old villain, because of his money, and in a moment too: some mystery here—I'll go home, and throw myself at my lady's feet—I'll make her happy. Now for the drawing room; but first for the wine cellar; yes, aye. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Outside of the Toy.

Enter AIRCOURT.

AIRCOURT.

AY, ay, you may put up the chaise ; my capricious, lovely, Sophy ! her running back is the most vexatious—the strangest—however, if my hum letter has done its duty, by this the lawyer has ejected the beau, here he comes—Ha, ha, ha ! By his furious face it has succeeded.

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Ha O'Donovan ! well have you proposed for the lady—

Larry. Aircourt, never knew any gentleman so used as I have been by her guardian.

Air. Then my letter has taken. (*aside*)

Larry. Never was so treated——

Air. Treated ! you went at his dinner hour ;
ay,

ay, your country people are never contented but when they are cramming their guests, ha, ha, ha!

Larry. Cram! he cramm'd me down stairs.

Air. Why I suppose you dined in the parlour.

Larry. Dine!

Air. By what I have heard of him I did not think he was so hospitable. Ha, ha, ha!

Larry. He very hospitably turned me out of doors.

Air. What "trundled you out without a hearing?"

Larry. Gad as you say, trundled me out without a hearing. But held up his phiz as he called it, and in the most rude and ill-bred manner, fairly derry-down'd and bow-wow'd me out of his house.

Air. Well done Q. in the corner. Ha, ha, ha! (*aside*)

Larry. Nay, but Aircourt don't laugh—so unfriendly.

Air. Why faith I've little cause for pleasantry. How shall I recover my Sophy. (*aside*)

Larry. And yet, ha, ha, ha! in my vexation I can't help laughing—for brushing thro' Alibi's hall in my fury, who should I see sitting very stately in the parlour, but my Irish nurse. So prompted by curiosity and another peep at Sophy.—

Air. Sophy! well!

Larry. I pop'd into the adjoining room, and overheard.—Why the gentlewoman is Alibi's wife—and old Pettifog is in such a dread of a most tremendous Irish admirer who paid his addresses on the supposition of her being a rich widow—

Air. Ay—well?

Larry.

Larry. Alibi fears he'll certainly follow her over from Ireland, and pistol him.

Air. Eh, this promises something. (*aside*)

Larry. Ha, ha, ha!

Air. Psha, dem your grinning, let's hear?—

Larry. Why Sir, this hero that they're so much afraid of, it seems is really a devil of a wicked fellow, has been in the German service, and in some of the most dangerous actions on the Turkish frontiers.

Air. Alibi in dread of this formidable Hibernian Hector—This may prove a coup de main. (*aside*)

Larry. But Aircourt about your mistress—What have you done with your fool of a rival?

Air. As great a blockhead as ever; he has been just now communicating a circumstance to me, that I hope will put it in my power to jockey him once for all. Ha, ha, ha!

Larry. A blockhead, indeed, to make you of all men his confidante. Jockey him?

Air. I will.

Larry. Yes, but you promised to assist me in getting Sophia out.

Air. If I don't get her out may I ——— Well, good bye, when next we meet you shall hear something of your girl that will astonish you.

Larry. Thankye, I must now meet my father. Adieu!

Air. I'll about it my boy—The plan is here—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE.

SCENE II.

*Lady ARABLE'S House.**A glass door, a writing table seen thro' it.**Enter LADY ARABLE.*

Lady A. I blush even to confess to myself, that this youth introduced by Sir Carrol should instantaneously supplant him in my affections, and for me so suddenly to break off with Sir Carrol! but this stranger is such a charming young man, yet without family, connections—what does he want but riches which I can supply from our disparity of condition in life, all overtures must come from me, yet I may disgust him by overstepping the bounds decorum has prescribed to my sex. Heavens! yes, he is coming here to write, he can't miss those lines they will be the most delicate conveyance of my sentiments.

*[Lays a paper on a table and Exit.]**Enter O'DONOVAN.**O'Don.* I think I left the maps on this desk.*[Exit in at the glass door.]**Enter METHEGLIN with wine.*

Meth. Perfidious Katty! but let her go to the—Indeed the black gentleman has got her, oh for—*(fills and drinks)* Sweet revenge, I'm so vexed I could quaff aqua fortis—how to step above this affront—yes its beyond a doubt that my

my lady has conceived tender notions for me, but love for this false widow, totally put me from pushing my fortune—I observ'd to-day my Lady look'd very cool on Sir Carrol; her mind must run on somebody else, and who but—
Yes, I'll return your smiles with ogles, your leers with kisses, your money with myself, suppose to turn Lady Jane more against Katty's sham squire, master Larry, what if I start this young beagle at her? Fib told me she liked him—Yonder he is—Hip! boy! my lad!

Re-enter O'DONOVAN.

I've a secret for you, take a drop out of the bottom of that glass?

O'Don. I thank you, but I'm in a hurry now.

Metb. A false woman's worse than an empty glass.—“Adieu to the cellar delights,” (*sings*) As I've made up my mind to marry Lady Arable, I must hire a Butler of my own.

O'Don. You marry Lady Arable; and what's to become of Sir Carrol?

Metb. Pho! Her thoughts on him were vexation, from my attachment to a deceitful syren.

Enter FIB.

Fib. Mr. Metheglin, run to my lady!

Metb. There you see.

Fib. She wants you in her dressing room.

Metb. No, Fib, my lady wants me in her undressing room. This room is my sanctum-sanctorum; so since you have put your foot

is here, sit down with devotion, and taste a drop of the righteous? (*gives her a glass*)

Fib. I'll take a glass, if its only to drink my young lady's health.

Metb. Compliment to you. (*to O'Don.*)

O'Don. Me! how pray?

Fib. Yes, I must say that Lady Jane has no aversion to one in my eye—Sir, your health.

(*drinks to O'Don.*)

O'Don. Pray is not the match concluded between Lady Jane, and Mr. O'Donovan?

Fib. Yes, it's at an end, if that's a conclusion; no, I assure you my Lady's a high-flyer, not to be brought down by a holliday sportsman, that cocks his gun at every little bird that hops before him.

Metb. He, he, he! Little bird hop before him!—*Fib's* a mighty pretty spoken young woman.

Fib. Ah, I wish all the great folks with great fortunes, would marry us little folks with no fortune, and then the world would be better divided. (*Bell without*) I must run; pray cork up your bottle and come to my lady. [*Exit.*]

Metb. What! do you take me for a Portoken shopkeeper, wou'dn't cork a bottle for all the ladies—in—

O'Don. But I must prepare the papers for her ladyships inspection.

Metb. What paper's this? (*takes the paper Lady Arable left.*) My Lady's hand! I thought it was she went out as I came in—a bill of fare for the Housekeeper, I suppose—let's see what's for supper to-night—(*reads*) "You have merit, I have fortune to reward it; for your sake I am ready to recede from an engagement with my equal

equal in point of rank. If you think it in my power to make you happy, be so."—House-keeper! No, this is a bill of fare for the butler—never so openly declared her love for me before; I thought it might be so, but my modesty stifled the flattering idea—what a pretty method has she taken to let me know it.

O'Don. Very strange this.

Meth. I will make you happy, my dear lady, give up the great Sir Carrol O'Donovan for me! I'd be a most ungrateful fellow to refuse "I have fortune," 6000l. a year; "you have merit"—hem—merit! (*bell rings*) Aye, pull away now my Lady, but presently, when I'm your Lord and Master, I'll teach you to knock my bells about in that manner.

O'Don. This double marriage rupture must give Sir Carrol great uneasiness; tho' I cou'dn't rejoice at Lady Jane's union with Mr. O'Donovan; yet I most sensibly feel at every cause of distress to his worthy father—but you have not told me the secret.

Meth. Put your best foot foremost, my boy, Lady Jane has cast an eye upon you, and Lady Arable has cast two eyes upon me; it's not birth, beauty is the mark, not for the root, but the fruit of the tree, their mouths water.

O'Don. Hold! if this is your secret—I must insist you'll not even think, with levity, on Lady Jane; tho' you may be well with Lady Arable, her amiable daughter could never lose a thought on so lowly a being as myself.

Meth. Well, don't go to law with me about it—I tell you that Fib told me that Lady Jane swore this morning, you were the prettiest man in the house, except me.—I'll bring you together; you

shall have the mother's consent too ; I'll marry the Dowager on no other terms. You shall be my son-in-law, or her Ladyship never steps into church with Jack Metheglin.

O'Don. I request you'll say nothing about me, you'll only do mischief; but I must adjust the papers her Ladyship gave me to look over. [Exit.

Meth. You shall unhorse squire Larry for all this. Now to make my lady happy, (*looks in a glass*) do I look—but she always thinks me comely; and that glass of red mantles in my cheek, and sparkles in my eye—smile, you monkey, (*grimaces*) the other corner, the other eye; oh bravo, Metheglin! Now have at her noble countenance; soon shall I be Lord of all her houses out-houses, consols, hogsheds, jointures, mills, meadows, plate, and puncheons. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in LADY ARABLE'S.

Enter LADY ARABLE.

Lady A. Now is this step of mine so very consistent? marry a handsome young fellow without money; I please myself, yet I dread an eclaircissement with Sir Carrol. The lines are gone; I long to know what effect they have had on him, cruel, partial decorum! while man freely courts the fair one he admires, woman, like a poor ghost, must hover round the hidden treasure, condemn'd never to speak till spoken to. He's here.

Enter

Enter O'DONOVAN, (with papers)

'Oh, Mr. — Pray, have you—this love! I feel myself more awed by his presence than he can possibly be with mine. (*aside*)

O'Don. Madam; agreeable to your orders, I have look'd over the surveys of the lands you have purchased of Sir Carrol.

Lady A. You are very good—those instruments were drawn up in Ireland, but tolerably accurate, I fancy.

O'Don. They correspond with the rent-roll, Madam.

Lady A. Well, my young surveyor, to tell you a secret, I made the purchase only on commission for a certain Lady, who, if your heart is disengaged, wishes to cherish some idea in your favour.

O'Don. Confusion! then Metheglin, I find, has been talking here of Lady Jane! (*aside*) The Lady's goodness does me too much honor, Madam.

Lady A. No, I'm certain you are a very deserving person.

O'Don. Sir Carrol too, will suppose that I have dared to aspire to her—and what must he think of me. (*aside*)

Lady A. By his agitation, he takes the meaning of my note. (*aside*)

O'Don. Madam, whatever you may have heard, be assured I never had the presumption to—

Lady A. He understands me—but as my name wasn't to it, I'll set him beyond a doubt (*aside*) tho' the Lady flatters herself that her offer is agreeable to your wishes.—

O'Don.

O'Don. My wishes ! I beseech you, do me the justice to believe——

Lady A. Yet, to spare her the indelicacy of an absolute declaration, that is, Sir, tho' apprehensive, you may think she has already been forward in advances, yet she desired me to present you with her picture. (*gives it*)

O'Don. Ah, Madam ! With all those charms, my heart while I confess it sensibly awake to each perfection, never harbour'd a thought, aspiring to the lovely original. (*looks at it*) Eh ! Why, Madam, this is your picture !

Lady A. Pray let the artist's vermilion spare my blushes.

O'Don. What a mistake !

Enter METHEGLIN.

I am so overpower'd by the effect of your Ladyship's condescension, that—permit me, Madam, to withdraw. [*Exit.*]

Metb. You may withdraw.

Lady A. In such a tender moment—what an impertinent intrusion !

Metb. You've made an impertinent intrusion here. (*calling after O'Donovan*)

Lady A. What do you want ?

Metb. What do I want ! Here's mock modesty ! Ashamed to think of the tender epistle she left for me.

Lady A. I can't speak to you now.

Metb. How strong is the conflict between her love and jealousy, for my thoughts of Katty. (*aside*) My Lady, I'm all contrition for past coldness—and am willing

willing to make amends, tho' you have cast your affections on a person far beneath you.

Lady A. (aside) Then my passion for this youth has transpired! Well, no matter, Metheglin, tho' it may be thought that I have plac'd my affections unworthily!

Meth. Pardon me, Madam, not so very unworthily—no fortune, 'tis true, but as to every thing else——

Lady A. Fortune's but light in the scale, when counter-balanc'd by transcendent merit.

Meth. Transcendent merit! Heavens! she doats on me!

Lady A. What do you suppose people will think of my choice?

Meth. My Lady, I admire your choice. (*looks in the glass*)

Lady A. Metheglin, I have a high opinion of your fidelity; I wou'd have concealed—but, heigho! since discover'd, I own my weakness.

Meth. Weakness! No, my Lady, it is amorous susceptibility, caught by parts and graces.

Lady A. I wou'dn't have this affair get much abroad yet awhile.

Meth. Hush! not a word; but the marriage, once over, 'twill be only a nine day's wonder.

Lady A. Why, so I think; Sir Carrol, indeed, will have most reason to be offended.

Meth. I don't care a broken cruet for Sir Carrol.

Lady A. You! But I must not lose sight of propriety.

Meth. You never do, my Lady—I think you proper, and that's sufficient.

Lady A. You! you wretch!

[*Exit*
Meth.]

Matb. (*Pauses*) Wretch! that is a term of love I know; but as nobody's bye, she might have said agreeable wretch: to command a little more respect, I'll instantly put on my wedding cloaths, white fring'd gloves, and be-wig my head in a new Brigadier. Eh! you wretch—Oh, ho! I fancy the first thing I shall have occasion to buy out of my new fortune, is a hazle switch, about as thick as my thumb—such airs, after all her squeamish advances! But my rival, Sir Carrol—how vex'd, He, he, he! But egad, I must make it up with him tho', because he'll be a decent sort of visiting acquaintance for us—Odso! true—To discover Katty's change of his son, aye, that nails Sir Carrol's good will, as sure—Yes, that does it—my full vengeance, too, upon Kate and Alibi. Yes, yes—Eh! I'll tell all—Oh—aye—hem! aye.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Road near the Lodge of LADY ARABLE'S House.

Enter LADY JANE.

Lady J. Poor Sophia! her second imprisonment, all from my error: but if her whimsical lover, Aircourt, succeeds in his Irish Captain's scheme, I must, as I promised, deliver her the letter he gave me for her, or she may be as much terrified at his appearance as Alibi; but my mind
is

is wholly occupied by this discovery Fib has made. I can't help thinking I'm more consistent in my partiality for this young man, than my wife Lady-mother. How it has astonish'd me, so very unaccountable and absurd. Sir Carol's time of life renders an union with him much more suitable than this very preposterous match with one young enough to be her son. She has, in her spring of life, cropt the sweet blossom of love, and now in mine, snatches it from me, with a visionary idea, that she can cheer her winter with an artificial warmth. But let her take him, I'll expel him from my thoughts; his soul, like his fortune, is sordid and mercenary—Isn't this he? 'Tis, and my beating heart tells me I have blasphem'd "the God of my idolatry."

Enter O'DONOVAN; (with a small bundle).

O'Don. I'll first apply to this old lawyer, he may afford me at least a temporary employment; if not, I must for London: thrown upon the world, conscious honour be my pilot.

Lady F. His face does not wear the joy of a bridegroom.

O'Don. Let me take one farewell of that belov'd mansion—Adieu, dear casket, that contains the jewel of my soul! Heavens! She's here!

Lady F. Are you going to take a walk, Sir?

O'Don. (Embarrass'd) No, Madam, having particular business in London, I had hopes a stage might take me up on the road.

Lady J. Business in town! O true, at Doctor's Commons—but, stage!—sure, Sir, you might have commanded Lady Arable's, or rather your own coach to attend you.

O'Don. Alas, Madam, I too sensibly feel the poignancy of your Ladyship's remark; but could you see my heart, your gentle nature must consider me more the object of compassion than ridicule—You may think me a sort of boaster, when I confess, that in proportion as fortune depresses me, a stubborn pride elevates me to myself, and while you view me here a forlorn wanderer, you, madam, are the only being on earth to whom I wou'd sue for pity.

Lady J. Indeed Sir?—but hold! pity a man going to be married to a rich well-jointur'd widow?

O'Don. And destroy the hopes and happiness of my all-worthy benefactor! Never! were there no other motive. (*sighs*) You see my page—(*showing the bundle*) This I prefer to an Ambassador's retinue.

Lady J. Be quiet, my beating heart! How have I wrong'd him! (*aside*) Sir, then you reject my mother's matrimonial overtures, merely because you wou'd not obstruct Sir Carrol's happiness—That Sir, is your only motive—Isn't it?

O'Don. Not altogether, Madam—But permit me, as this may be my only opportunity, to wish your Ladyship every felicity that can attend your union with Sir Carrol's son.

Lady J. Felicity in an union with him!—Never! was there no other motive? (*sighs*)
“Poverty

"Poverty should be my page, in preference to an Ambassador's retinue."

O'Don. Pardon me, Madam—I—understand that he—as to other motive than—if there should exist any—But, no; my vanity shan't draw me into another delusion. (*aside*) Please, Madam, to accept as the representative of Lady Arable, my most grateful thanks for the kind and hospitable reception, with which, from Sir Carrol's friendly introduction, she was pleas'd to honor me. (*bows*)

Lady J. Then, Sir, as her representative, I must hope, we are not so soon to be depriv'd of your company—You're not really going?—And whither if I may ask.

O'Don. Madam, when you know who I am, indignation will take place of this generous concern for a friendless outcast—by concealing the meanness of my origin, I have imposed upon the unsuspecting credulity of Sir Carrol, and presumptuously obtruded my company, where humility should have taught me to wait.

Lady J. You have education and accomplishments, and for your family, Lady Arable must certainly have known that, before she determin'd to—

O'Don. My education was a gift from the open hand of benevolence; and as for my parent—I scorn to claim a subsistence, where without a blush, I cannot ask a blessing—Heav'n protect you, dearest Lady—My heart is full!

Lady J. Nay, but, Sir!

O'Don. Adieu, most honor'd Lady!—I wish—I cou'd—forget that there was—Oh, fortune!—

[*Exit.*
Lady

Lady F. Disinterested—sensible—generous youth! Dare I think he loves me?—If he does, he dare not think so himself—It's his extreme sense of the gratitude he owes Sir Carrol, that deprives us of him. Which way is he gone? I positively must not—that is—no, my mother must not lose him. *[Exit,*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A. C. T. V.

SCENE I.

A Hall with several Doors in ALIBI'S House.

ALIBI with Wine, KATTY and SOPHIA with tea
discover'd at a Table.

SOPHIA.

HA, ha, ha!

Katty. Faith, you say right tho' a joke. Miss Sophy—You shou'd now think yourself very happy, my gay little old man; in your warm mansion here.

Soph. And since now you taste the sweets of marriage and social comfort; why deny it to me my dear guardian?

Alibi. Since you're so marriage-mad, my dear Ward, don't I consent to give you young Mr. O'Donovan?

Soph. Yes, but I hate him.

Alibi. (apart) Our son, Katty—prattle him in-to her favor.

Katty. Now, indeed, Miss, he's a pretty boy.

Alibi.

Alibi. And pays you such a compliment; for you he forsakes Lady Jane Arable, a woman of high top quality.

Soph. He forsake!—She despises him, if possible, more than I do.

Katty. Indeed, and you're both very nice, faith!—And Miss, if you was as handsome as an allybaster, and as rich as a Jew,—I'd think your face and pocket well bestow'd on my boy—— I mean young Squire O'Donovan.

Soph. Let me peep at this letter Lady Jane slip'd me. (*peruses it*)

Alibi. O dear, here had I retir'd after all my turmoils, to enjoy, as I thought, the snug chimney-corner of life; yet, I don't know how, all of a sudden, I'm wound up in cares, like a silkworm in his woof, all of my own spinning too, a young wild ward, that I'm weary of managing, a son all snuff and feather that I dare not own; and from our long separation, my wife being thought a widow, has raised me up two inveterate enemies—here that scoundrel Metheglin—and as I design venturing to Ireland to pick up that estate Lady Arable purchased, there I have ready before me that terrible Irish Captain. Katty, my love, what was that Hector's name—the Captain, that Metheglin told me lov'd you so much?

Katty. Oh 'twas Captain Killmainham O'Squirmough; and he did love me dearly. I am sure if he came over here, he wou'd shoot me in your arms.

Alibi. I thank you my dear, but I wou'd as lief he wou'd shoot you any where else.—But is he such a terrible Coffack?

Katty. No; he would not kill any body unless he

he had taken his bottle;—then he did'nt care what mischief he did. Why in the Castle of Dublin he'd pick a quarrel with the Lord Lieutenant himself, that he wou'd—and why not? a great man he was himself in gunnery, and scrimaging against the Turks.

Alibi. Why there's a scrimmage in his very name, the sound is more terrible than an Indian warhoop.

(A loud noise without.)

Air. *(without assuming the Irish brogue)* Tell her it's her friend, Captain Kilmainham O'Squromough, just arrived from Dublin.

Alibi. What!

Soph. 'Tis he, my dear Aircourt keeps his promise. *(aside)*

Katty. Yes, I vow to Heaven, I believe it is the Captain, and seems to have been at the bottle—Here will be fine cutting and shooting!

Alibi. Cutting and shooting!

Katty. O, dear husband! to come all the way from Ireland after me, what good nature!

Alibi. Confound his good-nature.

Katty. You'd better not speak so loud.

Alibi. I will speak loud—Confound your good-nature. *(in a low tone)*

Soph. A Captain!—Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad we have'nt finish'd our tea:—he'll take a dish with us.

Alibi. Tea! Give him the devil.

Katty. Honey, don't let him hear you.

Alibi. He shall hear me—Give you the devil. *(in a tremulous voice)* *(glass broke without)* Zounds! if he has'nt broke the lamp in the hall!

Soph. Lud! he must be a tearing fellow.

Alibi.

Alibi. Tearing—Who's there? (*at the door trembling*)

Enter AIRCOURT, disguised in military dress.

[*Exeunt Katty and Sophia, hastily.*

Air. Sir, as I am a gentleman, I think it rudeness to force into any man's house.

Alibi. Really Sir, I am somewhat of your way of thinking.

Air. I find you are, Sir, as we both think of having the same woman; and, Sir, with submission, I think that's damn'd impudent in one of us.

Alibi. With submission I think so too, Sir—but pray, Sir, to whom am I indebted for this honor?

Air. To that amiable inconstant, the widow Kavanah!

Alibi. (*aside*) 'Tis the very desperado!—Sir, one might imagine you designed to affront me?

Air. I came on purpose.

Alibi. Vastly civil. (*aside*)

Air. Look you, Sir; I have had the honor to serve at home and abroad—Ockzakow and Balbriggan—The Danube and the Liffy—Volunteer reviews and Belgrade sieges—all one to Killmainham O'Squomough—and I have learnt in Ireland and Germany, by Tactic, Theoretic and Practic, that there are two ways of doing things—The first is—(*fills*) Sir your health, (*drinks*) That's one way—the second, is—(*fills*) Sir, your health. (*drinks*) That's another way.

Alibi. Now, Sir, with deference to your tactics, those two ways seem to me but one.

Air.

Air. Right Sir, two and one make three.
(fills and drinks) and that being the first way.

Alibi. Pardon me, Sir, that was the third.

Air. Three are odds, and I come here to be even with you. (fills)

Alibi. The most barbarous marauder I ever saw. (aside)

Air. You see how I love my bottle.

Alibi. Yes, Sir, I see you love my bottle.—
What a daring braggadocia! (aside)

Air. How can you keep such wine?

Alibi. It's difficult indeed, Sir—I wish I had constables. (aside)

Air. Now our Irish claret glides down like new milk—makes a man sprightly and good-natur'd—but your gun-powder port sets my kiln a-fire—(strikes his head) and makes me as hot and as wicked—it has just prim'd me for business; so, hearkee friend—now to the affair that brought me before your citadel—As I doat on Mrs. Kavanagh, the man that loves her is a scoundrel.

Alibi. Sir, we still agree in opinion; but, this widow happens to be my wife.

Air. What!—then you've married her, O you most outrageous—

Alibi. Yes, my good Sir, but it was long before you ever saw her.

Air. Then you didn't give me fair chance—election, or rejection—but it can't be, she was never before in England.

Alibi. No but I was in Ireland.

Air. Sir—I have done—I ask pardon for all favors (bows)

Alibi. But Sir, now you're cool—with all civility, (bows) if I should thrust myself into your
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house—break your lanthorns and glasse, and make all this uproar—what wou'd you say?

Air. Say! faith Sir, I'd say nothing at all, at all, but I'd like a crow have the honor to take you up to the garret window and decently drop you down upon the flags, and crack you like a cockle—Oh! I'd knock your head against the walls of Bender, as Charles the XIIth did the Janissaries—I'd kick you, (*throws down the table and breaks the china*) just so. (*Sophia runs out shrieking*)—I'd turn you out of my house, just so—Get along you little rascal! (*puts Sophia out*) I would demolish all your aiders—

Enter METHEGLIN.

(*Aircourt hustles him*) and abettors—I'd flay you—

Enter LARRY.

(*Aircourt shoves him*) and every scoundrel, who'd take a lady from Captain Killmainham O'Squermough. [*Exit.*]

Larry. Bravo!—Oh, yes, it's Aircourt—he has got her out for me—Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Come for Katty, and its Sophia he has put out!—Here's a mad—drunken—Holloa!—Stop! Sophy! (*calls*)

Larry. A word if you please?

Alibi. My son! but I mustn't own him. (*aside*) You stupid fellow! Do you know what you are doing?

Larry. My good friend, be cool—I come once more to beg your permission to address Miss Sophy; but as I now find she'll soon be mine without it, I shall spare giving you that trouble.

Alibi.

Alibi. Why, zounds! I was keeping her for you.

Larry. For me!—No, no, my dear, Sir.—Ha, ha, ha!

Alibi. Provoking! If I tell the fellow he's my son, Sir Carrol finds out my trick upon him—*(aside)* Mr.—'Squire O'Donovan, recover Sophy for me, and she's your's, upon my affidavit.

Larry. Indeed!—no, no; since my friend has got her out for me; I'll have her and no thanks to you—Good bye, Old Hillary—"Down, down, "derry down."—Ha, ha, ha! *[Exit.*

Alibi. Here's an unnatural son of a villain!

Re-enter METHEGLIN.

Meth. *(Peeping)* Is the Dragoon gone?

Alibi. Down the road; stop him, and I'll give you an hundred guineas.

Meth. Me! I wou'dn't stop a man on the road, for five thousand!—Sir, if Lady Arable's Marriage-articles are drawn up, you must insert my name instead of Sir Carrol's.

Alibi. What is this muzzy-headed blockhead at?—If you won't help me to recover Sophia, do, friend, go home to your sideboard.—If she meets Aircourt, she's irrecoverably lost! *(aside)* Furies!—

Meth. Oh, oh! Muzzy-headed!—Sideboard!—Very well, Sir.—Yes, I think I'll introduce one Sir Carrol O'Donovan into this good family.—Yes; he may be listened to, tho' I can't—Eh! Aye!—I will indeed!—Aye! *[Exit.*

Alibi. This barbarous Sclavonian Mohawk!—I'm well out of his clutches—I'd be after him myself

myself, only I'm afraid.—Damn the fellow! he got so busy with his twos and threes at my unfortunate bottle, that he totally forgot the business that brought him.—Zounds! here are people walking in upon me out of the street!

Enter O'DONOVAN.

Who are you? What do you want?

O'Don. Sir, excuse this freedom, but hearing you have an office in town, if you should have a vacancy, I beg leave to offer my services.

Alibi. This may be another Poor Robin.—Who recommends you? Have you any friends of credit?

O'Don. I have no friends, Sir, and my only recommendation is necessity.

Alibi. I don't love necessity, I despise it!—But, as Sophy will soon be disposed of, I shall want a clerk; this turns out opportune enough; besides I should have some sort of man in the house, if this civil Captain should repeat his visit. (*aside*) Could you on occasion, save a gentleman from being cracked like a cockle?

O'Don. Sir!

Alibi. Sir!—Well, zounds!—Can you write?

O'Don. Yes, Sir; and have some knowledge of—

Alibi. Knowledge!—Can you polish a boot?

O'Don. I shall endeavour to render myself useful, and it shall be my study to prove it by gratitude.

Alibi. No flourishing!—for fear of being the cause of ingratitude, it's my maxim never to do good to any body.

O'Don.

O'Don. My expectations are extremely humble, and I shall hope for no more encouragement than you may find I deserve.——

(loud knocking without.)

Alibi. Heh!—If this should be again the desperado—I feel comfortable tho' to have somebody here that's able to defend me—Now, my lad, you may have an occasion to convince me, by your spirit and attachment, that you deserve encouragement—step aside a moment.

[O'Donovan retires.]

Sir Ca. (without) And which is his office?

Alibi. Sir Carrol O'Donovan himself! I find a sort of a—queer—kind of a—I begin now almost to suspect that an honest man may be happy; for I, with all my knavery, never was so—Shew the gentleman up—won't you please to walk in Sir? I haven't seen him since we were lads—tho' I remember his voice, I hope he forgets my features.

Enter SIR CARROL.

Sir Ca. Well, Mr. Alibi, alias Kavanagh! *(Alibi surprised and confused)*—I left you in Ireland, twenty years ago, a profligate young man, and now I find you in England, a harden'd old knave.

Alibi. Sir!

Sir C. In youth when the passions take the lead, vice may be the effect of folly; but when judgment is matur'd by age, a vicious man is a confirm'd scoundrel!

Alibi. Really, Sir Carrol, this is language I don't understand, and didn't expect from an old friend.

Sir Ca. So you thought to shuffle in your son

son to inherit my estate, and graft your rascally bramble on the noble stock of the O'Donovan's?

Alibi. Nay, my good Sir, I—

Sir Ca. No evasion! I want no proof that the jay, feather'd out at my expence, is a bird of your own nest; but confess where you have conceal'd my boy.

Alibi. 'Pon my word, I don't know what you mean by boys and bird's nests: I haven't troubled my head with such fopperies these many years.

Sir Ca. I expected nothing from you but quirk and chicanery—Where's your wife, the wretched partner and tool of your deception? From her simplicity, I may extort some truth.

Alibi. (*aside*) Yes, Katty has squeak'd, and I must slip my neck out of the noose. Sir Carrol, I positively don't comprehend what you are at, but you are welcome to put any interrogatories to my wife—she doats on a little chat—she'll give you replication, I warrant; Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ca. Fly. Sirrah! This instant let me see her.

Alibi. (*Muttering*) Sirrah! Don't understand a man—coming—into—man's house—command—man's wife—abuse—uncivil—goose-quill—any man—

[*Exit.*

Sir Ca. Yes, yes; so many circumstances to confirm the truth of Metheglin's story. This young Larry, as he calls him, is certainly Alibi's son—Then, my poor unhappy boy, whom they have bred as their own, wherever he is, must go by their name, Lawrence Kavanagh; but where they have secreted him, to discover is now my grand object—Perhaps they have abandon'd him, and he pines in penury, or worse—Brought up with

with vulgar associates, habitual depravity may bring a shame, where a fond father, like me, expects a comfort—Perhaps dead!

(O'DONOVAN *advances.*)

Ha, my dear boy! who thought to have met you in this fox-trap.

O'Don. Sir Carrol, before I quitted Lady Arable's, I enquir'd for you, and wish'd for this opportunity of returning you your favor of this morning. (*offering a bank note*)

Sir Ca. Come, come, a decent pride is man'y—but I—think—you won't refuse to accept, if you believe I feel a high gratification in bestowing.

O'Don. Tho' I confess myself an unworthy object of your bounty, I'm not yet so base as to receive an obligation from the person I have injured.

Sir Ca. Eh!

O'Don. Yes, Sir; I have repaid your goodness with ingratitude, by insidiously cherishing a presumptuous admiration of your son's intended Lady; and tho' unintentionally, I fear I have robb'd you of the felicity Lady Arable's hand could bestow.

Sir Ca. Then it was for this you withdrew yourself from us? So, rather than obstruct the happiness (as he thought) of me or my sham son, from the affluence which must have been the reward of his merit—here has he again thrown himself upon the world: a noble-minded lad, faith. (*aside*) They stay long, but I suppose little Honesty is giving his wife her lesson.

O'Don. I interrupt you—you have business, Sir. (*going*)

Sir Ca.

Sir Ca. Stop! You talk of obscurity of birth, but as it was your personal merit that attracted my esteem, your origin to me is of no consideration; infamy is the only scandal, and if your birth is free from that, never let your honest cheek blush at declaring it—What's your name?

O'Don. Kavanagh.

Sir Ca. Kavanagh! Your christian name?

O'Don. Lawrence.

Sir Ca. Let me contain myself—who are your parents? (*with great emotion.*)

O'Don. I have just now, for the first time these many years, seen my mother in this house, but I think she did not know me.

Sir C. She nurs'd my son! (*O'Donovan bows*) It is my darling Edward—my generous—my noble-minded son—(*embraces him*) So long the forlorn child of penury—alike an unhappy subject for the scorn of pride, and the tear of pity. (*Puts his handkerchief to his eyes*)

O'Don. Can this be?

Alibi. (*Without*) Aye, wife, you deserve it, but you shan't prevail on me to connive at your most atrocious imposition on this worthy gentleman; I'm a man of conscience—

Enter ALIBI.

Sir Carrol, she acknowledges the cheat she put upon you, with a good deal of threatening and entreaties—All true that Metheglin told you.

Sir Ca. And where's my son, rascal?

Alibi. Nay, *Sir Carrol*, be calm. Your son, it seems, after my quitting Ireland, was sent by my master Counsellor Fairplea, to some distant college—No, he'll never find him. (*aside*)

Sir Ca.

Sir Ca. And you really don't know where he is?

Alibi. No, upon my integrity! I'd give a thousand pounds out of my own pocket to find him for you.

Sir Ca. Then I'll find him for you. (*points to O'Donovan*) Look—admire—honor, and ask his pardon.

O'Don. Merciful Heaven! I came hither to seek, but to find such a father. (*kneels*)

Sir Ca. Rise to my heart, my dear son! When I first beheld you, the voice of nature bid me love you as a parent; but since, your inherent virtues claim'd the permanent esteem of my sincerest friendship. Now I am proud indeed—not more rejoic'd at finding such a son, than by fortune's knocking at the door of poverty, to see it open'd by an honest man.

Enter LADY JANE and METHEGLIN.

My sweet Lady Jane, as I understand you had the generosity to honor my boy with some notice, when you thought him not worth a shilling, you alone deserve him, were he heir to an empire.

Lady J. This gentleman your son, Sir Carrol! This confirms what Metheglin told me, and I hope, may in some degree justify, what I dreaded wou'd prove the inexcusable error of my heart.

Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.

Lar. Hah! my haughty goddess! (*To Lady Jane.*)

Meth. How d'ye do, Larry? (*Goes up to O'Donovan*) Sir, haven't I made a man of you?

Didn't I promise you Lady Jane? I have brought it about rarely, ha, boy!

Lar. Madam, as I frankly own that my heart is engag'd, I hope you will be candid enough to acknowledge, that you think a son of Sir Carrol's unworthy of your merit.

Lady J. Sir, I must, with all who know him, acknowledge the merit of Sir Carrol's son.

Lar. Ma'am, I thank you for the compliment.

Metb. You thank her! Well said, Larry?

Lar. But the Lady's consent comes now too late—upon my honor she can't—cannot have me indeed!

Sir Ca. Upon my honor, you're giving yourself a great deal of trouble about what doesn't in the least concern you. Thank Heaven, Sir, you are no son of mine.

Alibi. Sir Carrol's right—this is his young gentleman, and you are my own dear boy.

Metb. How do you do, Master Larry?

Lar. Eh, why what are you at Old Lyttleton—Ha, ha, ha, the Lie of the Day?

Sir Ca. You'll find it a very serious truth, Sir.

Lar. Truth! I observ'd a sneer—very odd buz about this, at Lady Arable's—but if 'tis so—and my—new old dad gives me the charming Sophy—

Alibi. Me give! Didn't you brag to me just now you had her without my permission—Where is she?

Lar. I've been upon the hunt, but sink me if I can find either her, or Aircourt—Ha, ha, ha! Here they come.

Alibi. The Captain again! hide that bottle, and lock the china cupboard.

Metb.

Meth. Captain! give me the bottle, and lock us up together.

Enter AIRCOURT, (In his disguise) and SOPHIA.

Air. Be it known from Belgrade to Balbriggan, that old gentlemen may keep their widows, for this Lady is now the wife of Captain Killmainham Scurmough.

Alibi. Your wife! Who are you?

Air. (*In his own voice*) Mr. Alibi, I suppos'd, from the known venality of your character, had I made a fair and open demand of your consent, I never shou'd have gain'd it—But, instead of a needy adventurer, planning schemes for her fortune, my Sophia shall prove, that to obtain her charming self, was the sole object of her affectionate Aircourt.

Lar. No, my dear fellow; I've told him you took her off for me.

Air. And I tell you, my dear fellow, I took her off for myself—Come, don't be angry, for my claim of affection was prior to yours. With any other motive I'd scorn to circumvent a friend, but in love, all stratagem is allowable.

Alibi. Aircourt!

Air. Ay, and poor clerk Robin.

Alibi. Here's deception with a vengeance!—Mind, her fortune's yet in my hands—I'll let you know I'm her guardian.

Soph. No Sir, you're not---the name for executor, in my mother's will, is Alibi. Now, as I under-

stand that your's is Kavanagh, we shall make your part void by the misnomer.

Alibi. Here's petticoat pleading! I must make her a chamber counsel, and be curs'd to me!

Lar. Dad! (*to Alibi*) You find your son a ready-made gentleman to your hand! but as I am out of finance my dear fellow—down with the Louis.

Alibi. I'll down with you, you villain!

Larry. Some money, Sir?

Alibi. Money! Get along, you foreigner! Do you come over here to rob me?

Sir Ca. Chearfully reimburse the four thousand it has cost me in the training of your foreigner, and without litigation, give this lady her fortune, or for your fraud on me, I'll prosecute you to beggary—As to acquire riches was the cause of your crime, let the loss of them be your punishment. You professed honesty and practised law; now for a change tho' the law is your profession, let honesty be your practice.

Metb. Sir Carrol, if you can forgive a successful rival, I shall be proud if you'll honor our wedding. Daughter Jane!—Jenny I give you leave to ask your friends to supper, and I shall give orders to Tom the footman, whom I have now prefer'd to be my butler, to take care of you Alibi, Katty and Master Larry in the pantry.

Lady J. Sir Carrol, my mother desir'd me to apologize for not appearing before you, at least for some time; and tho' she acknowledges that her caprice in a certain instance. (*looking at O'Donovan*) has wrong'd you, yet she feels herself extremely distress'd that Metheglin's doating conceit

conceit and vanity, have had power to impose on any one a belief so injurious and disgraceful to her.

Metb. Eh, what's that?

Lady J. And as she has given orders that he be discharged from her service—

Metb. Heh!

Lady J. To convince you she's in earnest, she begs you'll be obliging enough to provide for him in such a manner that may secure her from ever being troubled with him any more.

Alibi. Tom the footman, now the butler, will entertain you with us in the pantry. (*to Metheglin*)

Metb. Under her own hand too—Very well—she'll be sorry yet—Only if I should marry Fib—keep her Ladyship from the fishpond.—After—White gloves, fatten waistcoat—my brigadier—wig.

Alibi. You're ready dress'd to—wait at the sideboard. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ca. I owe Mr. Metheglin many obligations for his important discovery. I shall not at present enquire into his motives for it, but my "successful rival," venture back with me to Ireland, and I'll make you lord of my wine-cellar.

Metb. Will you?—Sir Carrol, I am your humble servant, and when I again think of the soft deluding perfidious sex, discharge me from the glorious Dublin delights of fish and claret.

Sir Ca. Then my new butler, begin your duty

ty by ordering us a noble supper at the Toy, over which, we'll laugh at the events of the day; and yet they have proved, that the eye which sees all, directs an unerring hand to give vice the lash, and drop on the brow of honor, the blooming wreath of unfading happiness.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR,

SPOKEN BY MR. EDWIN IN THE CHARACTER OF ME-
THEGLIN.

MASTER Sir Carrol, pray don't make a doubt,
When I'm your Butler---(*the curtain falls*) Eh! They've
shut me out!

I had a Story, or a sort of Riddle,
And here I'm left alone, like "Fool in th' middle."
Strange! that by this Green Curtain dropping down,
From Hampton-Court, I'm whisk'd to London town.
My part's not over---pray ring up again. (*calling behind*)
You won't?---Oh, ho! Since I've got here, why then
I'll lay before the house our poor petition,
To-morrow night this play, by your permission.

How such a maggot got into my head!
That I, (her Butler) shou'd my Lady wed!
When but her Footman as behind I walk'd,
To me she often o'er her shoulder talk'd;
She'd stop---"Heigh ho! I'm tired---do, pray step on;
I'll take your arm now, if you please, good John."
In my new Livery dress'd---Bag---large Bouquet,
Her admiration all her looks betray.
Giving a message, my poor heart she wins;
Such looks, down glancing at my portly pins.
Then stepping to her Chariot hung so high,
I stoop'd---push'd in the step, but dar'd to spy---
Oh, such a foot and ankle! But, alas!
Slapping the door, I shiver'd the plate-glass:
I snivel out, "Lord, Ma'am, the glass I've bent;"
"Don't cry, poor John, 'twas but an accident."
If this was Love, ye Lovers, Oh, cou'd I
Let a sweet Lady for her Butler die?

If

If not, sweet Ladies, don't throw out such whetters;
 And then we'll keep our distance with our betters.
 Now, gentle Sirs, an't mine a sad disaster?
 A Servant still, who thought to be a Master!
 Again to Dublin go---my noddle ran on't,
 I might sometime go over Lord Lieutenant---
 No Servants shall I have, no powder'd Pages;
 For Thousands Sall'ry, Five Pounds my Quarter's Wa-
 ges!

Not waited on---Metheglin still must wait!
 No service of---no, I must clean the plate!
 No, never shall I draw my sword all bright!
 And bid a drunken Tapster rise a Knight;
 Make him a Rector who can make me laugh,
 And give a pension for a paragraph!
 And yet, ye Gods, I will in fortune's spite---
 Oh, what a Bottle I'll uncork to-night!
 And then I'll be myself, my bright Decanter,
 When fill'd---that little Fib, how I'll gallant her!
 To order Supper now I think expedient,
 So Ladies, Gents, Metheglin's your obedient.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE, IN THE CHARACTER OF SOPHIA.

FOR sev'n long years I've been a Lawyer's Clerk,
My steps were doubtful, for my ways were dark;
I'm skill'd in Error, Sham-plea and Demur,
Aye, and a notable Conveyancer.
The fearful Debtor trembled at my nod,
Full many a Youth this pen hath sent to Quod.
I han't much time to chatter here to you,
Yet take a hint of what I mean to do:
A* Sol, from clouds more brightly darts his rays,
So, long pent up, I'll burst into a blaze.
For Drefs, Ton, Life, I've a prodigious passion,
I'll make a pretty little Woman of Fashion;
Round the gay circle fly my cards about,
Sunday I fix on for th' enchanting rout:
At charming Loo, my company I fet,
Or ev'ry heart beats high at dear Piquet.
'To nodding friends, I'll in my chariot bob,
Splash up the dirt, and rattle thro' the Mob.
Or in State Chair, my high head low I stoop,
My chin just popping out between my hoop:
My fix tall Footmen strutting on before,
Knock Flambeaux round, and beat the open door.
Mind, I'm a Lady first, for 'ere I marry,
My Hal shall promise that he'll be Sir Harry.
My pleasures quite in stile, all brilliant, gay,
Yet still so vulgar as to like a play.
The play-house crouded, how we're squeez'd and tum-
bled,
Box, Stage and Gallery, such Jargon jumbled!

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So pleasant too, the conversation round ye---

(1) Are you there, Jack? (2) Hah, Tom! (3) The
deuce confound ye!

(4) A charming girl that yonder. (5) La, what Brutes!

(6) Is this Seat taken? (7) Dem your dirty boots!

(8) Were you at Ascot, Ma'am? (9) I go to Races!

(10) Hey, shut the door there! (11) Lady Dumplin's
places.

(12) Silence! (13) Book o' the Songs, Ma'am? (14)
Ah, such nonsense!

(15) Hiss again, I'll knock you down. (16) You!
(17) 'pon my conscience!

(18) Wins Desdemona, stories all he told her.

(19) Suddenly tak'n ill! (20) Who's Bottle holder?

(21) Hip! (*sings*) (22) "And you to blest this charm-
ing creature."

(23) Curs'd hot! (24) How cold! (25) Op'n the Ven-
tilator!

(26) His Lordship went this morning, Sir, for Dover.

(27) A damn'd good-natur'd fellow! (28) Throw him
over!

(29) Take off your Bonnet, Ma'am. (30) He'll then
adore me.

(31) I shan't sit down, 'till they sit down afore me.

(32) What Act is this? (33) I drank 'Tea in Pall-Mall. }

(34) A brazen Romp that little Fontenelle! (*bell rings*) }

My Clack's cut short, for there's the Prompter's bell. }

Good night, kind friends, to you, and you, and you!

Here I cou'd prate for ever, but adieu!

EXPLANATION.

- (1) A Sailor.
- (2) Another Sailor.
- (3) Woman in Gallery.
- (4) Buck in the Boxes.
- (5) Lady in Green Boxes.
- (6) Country Gentleman.
- (7) Foppish Officer.
- (8) Man of the Turf.
- (9) Old Lady.
- (10) Finical Fop.
- (11) Box-keeper.
- (12) Noisy Fellow in Shilling Gallery.
- (13) Fruit Woman.
- (14) Critic.
- (15) Irishman.
- (16) Critic.
- (17) Irishman.
- (18) Citizen's Wife in the Pit.
- (19) Apologizing Performer.
- (20) Pupil of Humphries.
- (21) Sailor.
- (22) Carlos in Duenna.
- (23) Fat Citizen in the Pit.
- (24) Bernardo in Hamlet.
- (25) Man in Shilling Gallery.
- (26) Man of Fashion in Side Boxes.
- (27) Drunken Buck in Green Boxes.
- (28) Man in Shilling Gallery.
- (29) Man in Upper Boxes.
- (30) Frail

- (30) Frail fair in Green Boxes;
- (31) Yorkshire Man.
- (32) Drunken Man.
- (33) Macaroni.
- (34) A Starch'd Prude.

THE
CZAR PETER,
IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1789.

THE MUSICK BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Peter the 1st, Czar of Muscovy, Mr. BANNISTER,
Count Couvanski, Mr. BLANCHARD,
Colonel Lefort, Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Commodore Swivel, Mr. DARLEY,
Justice Applejack, Mr. QUICK.
Philip, Mr. EDWIN.
Slip, Mr. EGAN.
Romadanowski, Mr. C. POWELL,
Ballybough, Mr. ROCK.
Nib, Mr. FARLEY.

Ottokesa, Mrs. BILLINGTON,
Mrs. Applejack, Mrs. MOUNTAIN,
Ellen, Mrs. MARTYR.

SCENE, *London and Deptford.*

THE
CZAR PETER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A room in COLONEL LEFORT's house, COLONEL LEFORT discovered drawing, OTTOKESA seated employed at a lace cushion.

TRIO.

OTTOKESA.

TEMPTED by the bird-lime spray,
Clad in leaves of early spring,
See the finch her fears betray,
Hov'ring round on doubtful wing.

Col. L. Cautious so, the playful boy,
To the humming bee draws near,
With the honey lies his joy,
In the sting his cause of fear.

Enter

Enter PHILIP behind, observing OTTOKESA and COLONEL LEFORT.

Phil. Making lace---ruffle nice---genteel pawing,
To look on---tip-a-toe---pat-I creep,
How I love---squint a bit---master drawing,
Pretty 'tis---faith I will---take a peep.

Otto. Lovers seldom make appeal,
Once the senses can approve,
The delusive passion feel,
Reason soon gives way to love.

Phil. (*looking over Ottokesa*) Finger long---stick a pin---in a
cush-ion,
Bobbing fling---idling here---me---they'll snub,
(*Looking over Col. Lefort.*) Landscape-fine---blackbirds nest---
hawthorn bush in,
Arbour green---where I tiff---syllabub.

Col. L. and Otto. Lovers seldom make appeal,
Once the senses can approve,
The delusive passion feel,
Reason soon gives way to love.

Phil. Ma'm, I'm going, have you any thing
more to order?

Otto. You've only to see about a female servant
for me.

Phil. Sir, a beautiful drawing you're on; (*looking at it*) I'll be hang'd if it isn't the dock-yard here
at Deptford; ay, this is the sketch you were at in
the boat t'other day—there's the Britannia on the
stocks as natural—and in that slip is the Thunder-
bolt just ready for launching.

Col. L. Go.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! Justice Applejack's garden,
where I meet his niece Ellen. (*aside, looking at the drawing*) Well ma'am Ill bring you home a smart
maid.

Otto.

Otto. Philip, and desire the waterman to let me know when he's going to London.

Phil. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit.*]

Otto. I've just finish'd my work.

Col. L. Work! ah! sister, what a change of fortune! my fall so sudden! made a colonel thro' the favour of the Czar Peter, who then was content to serve as a subaltern in my regiment.

Otto. Yes, brother; but you were rather too severe to put your sovereign under arrest, only for playing a game at chess.

Col. L. He was irregular upon duty, and thro' the fervour of my zeal for military discipline, in that moment I consider'd him not as my sovereign, but my ensign, and myself not as his subject, but his commanding officer, I expected his applause; but he struck me.

Otto. And then you (to the joy of your envious enemies) threw his commission at his feet.

Col. L. I did; degraded by a blow (even from the hand of a monarch) I was unworthy to wear the livery of a soldier.

Otto. For which your estates were confiscated, and your life lost, hadn't we escaped over here to England.

Col. If discovered, I expect no mercy.

Otto. I should feel rather awkward, if my Dantzick lover Michaelhoff was to see me in this humble situation—there—I've done.—(*rises*) Let me see how you go on, (*looks over him*) vastly well.

Col. L. Ay, sister, my early skill as an engineer, and my drawings of fortifications, first introduced me to the Czar's notice; yet I'll be content if the talent to which I owed my past honours can now procure me bread.

Otto. We shall do very well; Monsieur Dentelle's, in Tavistock-street, can't refuse me ten guineas for this lace.

Col. L. And if the print-seller in Fleet-street, that bought my other drawings, gives me six guineas for these—but I can't go to town with them myself, on account of this proclamation which the English court, in compliment to the sovereign of Russia has issued for apprehending me.

Waterman. (*without*) London, hoy!

Otto. The boat's going, adieu! wish me success, and pray be cheerful.

Col. L. I'll give your band-box in charge to the waterman. *[Exit with it.]*

Otto. Attention to my brother's untoward affairs, gives me intervals of relief from the distress my mind must otherwise experience in so long an absence from my dear Michaelhoff.

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

Ye silver brooks wander!
Well pleased each meander,
(Your verdant bounds keeping,) We trace from the source,
But into streams gliding,
You're lost by dividing,
(The fond willow weeping,) Ye die in your course.

My joys! thou shalt share them,
Thy griefs! let me bear them,
Oh, calm the wild tumults that rise in thy breast,
Hearts ever delighted,
By friendship united:
A sister's affection shall sooth thee to rest.

*[Exit.
Re-enter*

Re-enter COL. LEFORT.

Col. L. My poor, innocent, amiable sister to be involved in my misfortunes! (*takes a sword, corselet, and other armour from a chest.*) My only joy left now, is to look on these, in the reflection that I was once a soldier.

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL.

(*Col. Lefort hastily covers the armour.*)

Com. S. Servant, Mr. Melzoff; I saw some very good sketches of your doing at a print shop in Fleet-street, and it's my way, when I see any thing I like, to serve the man that does it.—Gather up all your best drawings, and I'll introduce you to one, that will make your fortune.

Col. L. Who, Sir?

Com. S. Only a certain insignificant fellow, called Peter, Czar of Muscovy.

Col. L. Is the Czar in England?

(*surprised and alarmed.*)

Com. S. Indeed he is, Colonel Lefort.

Col L. Betray'd! but I'll not be taken.

(*snatches up a sword and stands upon his guard.*)

Com. S. Sir, I am a Commodore in the Navy, and to betray the unfortunate would be a disgrace to a Cabin boy—Come, hang it, you can't bear malice, for they who have spirit to resent injuries, are ever the most ready to excuse them.

Col. L. The Czar is implacable, and I cannot forget.

Com. S. You shall forgive and he shall pardon. You are the sheet-anchor of his Military Establishment

blishment ; breaking from you, all run adrift ; his designs are good and great, but his Empire will never touch at Port Glory, without Lefort at the helm.—Come, cheer up, Colonel ; meet me at Count Couvanski's, York Buildings ; I'm now going there to receive his Highness.—I guarantee your person.

Col. L. Yet, tho' vindictive, the Czar is brave and generous ; but to pursue me thus, with unrelenting animosity !

AIR—COL. LEFORT.

The golden Monarch of the skies,
Behold in Majesty arise,
Sublime in bright meridian state,
Around diffusing light and heat ;
But to do good the God appears,
More radiant shines, the more he cheers,
Unlike the peevish Despot, man,
The puny tyrant of a span,
The power bestowed to aid and bless,
He uses only to oppress.

SCENE II.

A Garden to APPLEJACK'S House.—a close arbour, at the back a wall, with a small door leading to a road.

Enter APPLEJACK from the House, in his cap and gown.

Mrs. A. (within) Why Ellen ! you Ellen !

Apple. Why, Niece ; you Ellen !—This niece
of

of mine is always doing something to offend my dear wife — Oh, my spouse! my pretty Winny, that I fell in love with at first sight, tho' then she was only a Welch Strawberry Girl, running to Covent Garden, with her basket on her head, and her cheeks as red as her own fruit, but since I've made her a gentlewoman, she's so delicate.—

Enter Mrs. APPLEJACK.

Mrs. A. Ellen! (*calling*)

Apple. Stop, wife: hark'ee, Mrs. Applejack, An't I a master carpenter in his Majesty's Dock-yard, here at Deptford?

Mrs. A. Yes, my dear.

Apple. An't I a Justice of Peace, likewise!

Mrs. A. You are a justice, my dear.

Apple. Then, when I order my niece to prepare my breakfast, give the justice leave to call her without interruption.

Mrs. A. So you shall, my dear.

Apple. Why you——

Mrs. A. Why, you Ellen!

Apple. We'll wait no longer—We'll go in and breakfast without her, wife.

Mrs. A. No, my darling; as the morning is so mild, we'll breakfast out here in the harbour if you please.

Apple. Then walk in and order out the tea things.

Mrs. A. No, my dear: You'll walk in, and bring them out yourself, my sweetie, as the maid is busy.

Apple. Well, this is so kind, to let me do every thing for you, when you know as a magistrate, I have so much business, what with licensing Publicans,

licans, reforming manners, and fining swearers,
damn me if I have time to think of any one thing
but how to bring in the fees.

AIR.—APPLEJACK.

I'm a jolly trading justice,
And when a cause is pendant,
A bribe ne'er fails,
To kick the scales,
For plaintiff or defendant,
My public office puff in,
My elbow chair sit gruff in,
Rich rogues acquit,
Poor rogues commit,
Then smoke and munch my muffin,

The sun to sea is jogging,
Let's haste to get our grog in,
Tho' Luna peep; o'er land or deep,
Hob-nob, we'll knock the noggin.

A roaring house presented,
In me the parish trust is,
I bully, cant,
Nor licence grant,
Till first they---tip the justice,
To punish wicked swearers,
I'm ever brisk and willing,
Their morals mend,
When they offend,
I touch the "splendid shilling."

I'm a Deptford overseer,
And give my men faint Monday,
I wink at slips,
So I have chips,
To boil my pot on Sunday;
I've law for every pallate,
Let my lord chief o'er haul it,
My warrant's fine,
My name to sign,
I stamp it with my mallet.

[Exit.
Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. Ha, ha, ha! the only advantage for a handsome young woman, like me, in marrying an ugly old man, is to make him my upper servant, and to procure fine clothes and fine pleasures—by a smile and a soft word I've more power over my husband, than all the domineering wives in England. When I make up a good purse, from the folly of my little codger here, I'll back again to Snowden, and make my own Davy a Welsh gentleman.

AIR.—*Mrs. APPLEJACK.*

I once was a strawberry girl from Wales,
Thro' Hammersmith trip'd it for three pence a day,
What Turnham green milk-maid with yoke and tin pails,
Was then half so blithesome, so frolic, and gay?
When I'd sav'd of my wages ten shillings or more,
Hey, home I went happy, and great as a queen,
My Davy he smiled when he opened the door,
To see his dear Winny at Cluid again.

Near the brow of high Snowden my Davy did dwell,
On the green lawn beneath stood his Winnifred's cot,
His kids skip'd the craig, my lambs brouz'd the dell;
Kids, lambs, Winn, and Davy together soon got,
For his wild care in gambols ran downward to meet
The song of my heart as I skim'd o'er the plain,
And Davy his flagelet tuned up so sweet,
That my lambs clim'd the steep hill to hear his soft strain.

My dress tho' so homely, each amorous boy
Would by flattery win a fond place in my breast,
Clear water gave beauty, contentment gave joy,
And nature and innocence did all the rest;
I laugh'd at the nonsense of smart London beaux,
They all miss'd their aim, tho' a knight or an earl,
For none but my Davy cou'd pluck the sweet rose,
That was planted for him by his strawberry girl.

Re-enter

Re-enter APPLEJACK, with tea-board and china.

Apple. Here my sweetest, set it in the arbour.

Mrs. A. Lay it there yourself, and then step back for the tea-kettle my love.

Apple. Step back for the tea-kettle! permits me to do every thing! how good! you remember when I was a batchelor, the ladies gave it up that no body was so smart at the tea-table, as little Billy Applejack. (*He advances to the entrance of the arbour, ELLEN suddenly rushes out—he drops the tea-board, &c.*)

Mrs. A. Ah! (*screams*)

Apple. The devils in you, why did you pop out on a body so?

Mrs. A. Hussy, what were you doing there?

Ellen. I was listening to a song, the sweetest song!

Mrs. A. That's not true, for I havn't heard a bird this morning.

Ellen. No, ma'am, 'twas not a bird, but a charming little grass-hopper, that had got chirping on the violet bank behind the jessamine.

Phi. (*Singing in the arbour*), "Fill me a bowl, a mighty, mighty bowl."

Apple. Is that the grass-hopper? to my ear it sounds like a thief—Oh, Ellen—I always give a young woman up, that bores her ears, twists paper in her hair, and rubs flour over her face.

Enter PHILIP from the arbour, with a large bowl.

Phil. (*speaks entering*) Here you make great syllabubs, and I must eat them. (*To Ellen*).

Apple.

Apple. Sir, there's not the least occasion what brought you here?

Phil. (confused)—To—to—Sir, your health.
(drinks)

Mrs. A. Who are you, fellow?

Phil. I am—Ma'a'm, my service to you.
(drinks)

Apple. Oh, if these are your replications, some body put a few interrogatories to me. (takes the bowl from Philip) Ma'am your health. (to Ellen) Sir, my service to you—(to Philip, drinks) Now, whoever you are, get out of my house.

Phil. I'm not in your house, I'm in a garden.

Apple. Quit my bushes, my grass and my gravel—and do you hussy, go in.

Mrs. A. Never shall Ellen Applejack darken a door of mine.

Phil. Then she shall lighten my doors, illuminate my parlour, sit by my fire-side, and by the powers of matrimony, she shall place two pillows on a batchelor's bed.

Apple. Mrs. Applejack, write his commitment, and I'll sign it.

Phil. Oh, Justice, I'll commit myself to the road immediately. (turns towards the door in the back)

Ellen. Why sure, uncle, you won't think of turning me out.

Apple. Think! I'll do it tho'.

(Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Applejack into the house, shutting the door)

Ellen. Now I'm left totally upon you.

Phil. Have they lock'd the door. (looks disconcerted)

Ellen. Oh yes.

Phil. But there's another door in the front of the house.

Ellen. Don't you see my aunt has turn'd me out for good?

Phil. I'm afraid for bad.

Ellen. Lord, Philip, didn't you say I was to brighten your parlour and poke up your fire?

Phil. Yes; but my fire is in the flint, and my parlour happens to be not built yet.

Ellen. Didn't you even swear by the powers of matrimony, I was to sleep upon two pillows in your bed-chamber?

Phil. For pillows and bed I have not a goose's feather.

Ellen. Lord! how you deceiv'd me, Mr. Philip, I see you're a fortune-hunter.

Phil. Then I have had but curst ill-sport to-day.

Ellen. And have I lost the protection of my uncle? and all for—(*weeps*)

Phil. Love and me; but don't cry, my mistress is gone to town to dispose of her work; she's only a fine lace-maker; but sweetest, she has sent me to look out for a young woman to attend her—I'll prefer you to the place, and when your handsome Philip can muster up the price of a ring, I'll marry you.

DUETT.—*Philip and Ellen.*

Phil. At cudgels I break a lad's pate on the green,
But yet I don't bear either malice or spleen,
So when with the girls I prattle away,
Still you have my heart; for 'tis only in play.

All morning I'll help my dear Nelly to labour,
At ev'ning we'll trip to the tap of the tabor.

Ellen. A very fine nosegay from Willy the rake,
I said in my bosom I'd wear for his sake;

But

But soon as we parted, I flung it away,
 As you have my heart, for 'twas only in play.
 All morning I'll help my dear Philip to labour,
 At evening we'll dance to the tap of the tabor.

Phil. I romp'd t'other evening with Peggy the brown,
 And swore I'd give Jenny the fair a new gown;
 Tho' to all the young girls I've something to say,
 Yet you have my heart, for 'tis only in play,
 All morning, &c.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

COUNT COUVANSKI'S HOUSE.

Enter SLIP and ROMADANOWSKI with Coat and Brushes.

Slip. Ask me to brush coats! Count Couvanski's Aid du Camp in the field of Venus, the carrier pidgeon of his billet doux!

Roma. But I'm de Generalissimo, de great eagle over his household, and if you keep your place here Mr. Slip, do as I order you. (*gives them to Slip who lays them on a chair*)

Slip. Here Thomas, bid Anthony, desire Robin, to tell Gabriel, that Henry must brush his master's coat. [Exit.

Roma. Dat is one scoundrel, and he's proud of it. (*feels the pockets of the coat and takes out a parcel*) Bless my soul! the very packet of letters I gave my master three months ago, and he hasn't broke open the seal yet! Ah he is so taken up with his pleasures.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

Cou. Oh, Romadanowski, I've just seen at my milliners the most charming girl!—

Roma. But, Sir, dis packet from Moscow, has been lying here dis three month, and not even de seal broke open.

Cou. You read and answer it.

Roma. My Lor, dey may be a letter here from de Czar himself.

Cou. No, he was before that date set out on his tour of observations, since he quarrell'd with his favorite engineer, Colonel Lefort, to make up for his loss, he sends a score of us young Muscovites of quality over the civilized parts of Europe, to pick up science and mechanics, to embellish his rising city of Petersburg. Ha, ha, ha! I am happy to be sent to dear England, but dem mechanick's—I'll import taste and pleasure into Moscow. O charming English women, in this British paradise, the shrub of pleasure is my tree of knowledge, and I gather the sweet rose in blossom bud and bloom.—Ha, ha, ha! how the Czar will be surpris'd to find me such an elegant young fellow—Don't you think his Highness will be wonderfully pleas'd with me. Eh Romadanowski? Ha, ha!

Roma. He will indeed, my Lord.

Cou. I'll plant such a colony of beauties in Russia! on my return the Czar will certainly expect my mouth to be fill'd with smock, ramparts, cables, bastions and gunpowder; but I hate war, I'm not cruel enough to hurt any body, nor do I like to be hurt myself; no, no, for odious cannon let me have the sound of a violin, and when
I do

I do give the word of command, let it be, hey,
strike up gentlemen musicians.

AIR.—COUNT COUVANSKI.

Come, sweet music, soft and mellow,
Strike off first with dear viola!
Ah! the dulcet violencello!
Rolling, thrilling, melt the soul a.
Sweep the bow, and press the string,
Oh! the noble contra basso!
Corno, for bright Dian's chace O,
Bravo! bravo! Da capo, Gods! again.
Come, sweet music, soft and mellow,
Again the sweet viola bring
Gentle Oboe join the strain.
Gay accomplish'd man of fashion,
Form'd for pleasure, and to please!
Soul awak'd to softest passion,
Nurs'd in elegance and ease.

To face the foe and guard the fair,
To rencontre mon adversaire.
Affront, you ma'am! his soul I'll pierce!
Contre de quatre, contre de tierce.
For my valour is immense,
That is, when we meet to fence.
Feinte, demi-circle un, deux, trois,
Here, dem'me, I pink him. Ha, ha, ha!
To fight or dance, I'm always ready,
Next, to the ball I hand the lady,
First I glide the minuet.

Then alons,
Rigadon.
Fas de cotè
Trip chassè
Contre temps battu, pas dè deux,
Brissèè, jettè, assembléeè.

With soprano,
Forté piano,
Violincello,
Oboe mellow
Melt the soul a,
Sweet viola!

Corno

Corno for bright Dian's chace o,
 Then the noble contra basso,
 Now I'm kind; and now I'm fierce;
 Now I dance then---quarte and tierce,
 Happy, airy, light and gay,
 Life, I sing, fight, dance away.

But I must find out where this girl lives. Slip!

Enter SLIP.

(speaks apart to Slip) My milliner's in Tavistock-street, Enquire! my angel was in a white muslin cloak and green bonnet.

Slip. I'll find her out, Sir, I warrant. *[Exit.*

Roma. But Sir, dis packet may contain some bills from your agent.

Cou. Eh. Bills, true! money certainly is convenient. *(opens the packet, and takes out a letter)* Sdeath! here's a letter from the Czar, I wish I had look'd over this before—Let's hear what Peter says, *(peruses)* "I shall be in London myself the 30th of May."

Roma. Dis very day,

Cou. How! You scoundrel, why didn't you make, force me to read these letters before? Here he'll take me all unprepar'd. *(runs over the letter)* Oh, confusion! This seems to contain a number of commands, I was to have executed, and here I've done nothing.—As the Czar's friendship is warm to diligence and genius, so his indignation is dreadful, where his orders are disobey'd.

(A loud knocking without)

If that shou'd—

Roma. Stop—me look—I vill see—

*(Exit.
Enter*

Enter FOOTMAN.

Cou. Who's that? speak, you rascal, quick!

Foot. Why, Sir, he looks like a gentleman, but he— *[Exit.]*

Enter ROMADANOWSKI.

Cou. Who is it? Speak.

Roma. Lor, Sir, don't put yourself in a flutter, he seems a plain sort of a man, come in a hackney coach, says his name is Michaelhoff.

Cou. Michaelhoff! I don't recollect any person of the name—burn the fellow! why did he come with such a thunder at the door? Every knock now alarms me; some beggarly petitioner I suppose, if so, give him a guinea, and shove him out of doors. *[Exit Roma.]*

Cou. I must try to recover my spirits. *(takes a guitar and dances)*

Enter the CZAR and ROMADANOWSKI.

Roma. But I tell you, he cannot speak to any one dat——

Cou. Eh! what's all this? People dare to intrude. The Czar! confusion! *(aside)* Your Majesty's most faithful—*(kneels)*

Czar. My dear Couvanski, I'm very glad to see you. *(Roma sneaks off, the Czar offers his hand to Couvanski, who rises)* But, pray forget my Majesty now—To pursue the design which brought me from Russia with more freedom, I have left my sovereignty behind, and have hitherto travelled, not as Peter Alexiowitz Czar of Muscovy; but

but plain Mr. Michaelhoff, a private gentleman in my own Ambassador's train.

Cou. Sir, this honor is so unexpected——

Czar. Unexpected! Didn't you receive my letters?

Cou. Oh, yes, Sir; but never yet read one of them. (*aside*)

Czar. Well, the variety of commissions those letters set you upon, gave you full employment since.

Cou. None, but what was transcendantly repaid by fulfilling your Majesty's commands. (*bows*) But what they were, choak me if I know. (*aside*)

Czar. Oh, then you've done every thing, all is prepar'd for me?

Cou. Yes, Sir, every thing. If I confess my negligence I'm ruined. (*aside*)

Czar. In the house you've taken for me, I don't mind size, or even convenience, if it's near the situation I mention'd.

Cou. Then, Sir, it is exactly.—He'd have it near St. James's I suppose. (*aside*)

Czar. Has it a door of communication with the yard?

Cou. Just in Cleveland-Row—looks into the Stable-yard.

Czar. Stable-yard! The words of the letter were, take a small house near the Dock-yard at Deptford. You know, to acquire a complete knowledge of the British method of Ship-building, is my principal motive for coming to England.

Cou.

Cou. Was it faith, then that's the track I must follow. (*aside*)

Czar. Therefore Deptford was——

Cou. The first place in the world for your purpose.

Czar. Then the house——

Cou. Oh, true, Sir—that house—but I thought you ask'd me about the house—that was—another I mean—In the town—for thinking your majesty should have one in Town too—I took—do you like it? (*looking round*)

Czar. What?

Cou. Ha, ha, ha! your Highness is this moment in your own house and don't know it.

Czar. How!

Cou. Why, this is your's, fitted up for your Majesty's reception——

Czar. But, I thought my letter informed you, that the English Court had complimented me with apartments in Somerset house.

Cou. Oh, true, Sir—that to be sure, Somerset-house is a very fine building, and as your passion is ships and such things, there you'll from your back window, have a delicate view of the charming Oars, Sculs, and Coal lighters.—Certainly 'twas pretty of the King to lend—but my regard for your dignity—would not suffer me—I wish'd you to be as little obliged as possible from the prince to the peasant, nothing's like a man's own roof.

Czar. And pray, did you?

Cou. I did, my Lord.

Czar. What?

Cou. Sir, that—the—every thing your Majesty wish'd to have done or undone.—I shall never hold out in answers. (*aside*)

Czar. The letter I inclos'd, how did Commodore Swivel receive you?

Cou. (*aside*) Now, who the devil's he?—Sir, he receiv'd me like a man of honor, as he is.

Czar. I suppose then, as I desired, he took you the round of Woolwich, Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham. Come, give me a full and clear account of those places, the state of the British Navy.

Cou. Lord, I know no more about a Navy—(*aside*)

Czar. I had hopes of the Commodore introducing me to the several Dock-yards, but the Newspapers say, he's now cruising in the Channel.

Cou. Is he?—Then I may venture a stretch here. (*aside*)

Czar. But, as he escorted you, you can inform me of all I wish to know.

Cou. Certainly, Sir; the Commodore is a good-natur'd fellow, he wou'd have brought me every where; but I found this Leader of Fleets, commanded by two old Women and an Apothecary—from head to great toe swathed in flannel—the Gout.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, Commodore Swivel,

[*Exit.*

Cou. Eh! What shall I do now?

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Czar. My dear Commodore, I rejoice to see you out of the hands of the two old women. Ha!

Com. Old women, your Highness!

Cou.

Cou. I must brazen it out. (*aside*) Ha! my old Triton! happy am I to see you again abroad and well. (*shakes Commodore by the hand*) I hope I havn't hurt your poor dear Fingers.

Czar. Well, you've been fighting the Spaniards.

Com. Demolish'd only seventeen Galleons, ha, ha, ha! so civil of the Dons to sail all the way to Peru only to bring Dollars for our Jacks to knock about the streets of London.

AIR.—COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Royal orders given for failing,
Sailors ne'er in duty failing,
Round St. Helens boldly bearing,
Albion's coast proud Spaniard daring,
Politely pops a smart salute.
He suspects our wish to flog him,
Crouds his rags, in wake we dog him;
With his stern chace guns he galls us,
Raking fore and aft he mauls us:
Rolling billows bring us close,
Of my iron pills a dose
Rapt in smook, I send him
To mend him.

Thus a moment strike him mute.
Now the Throat of battle roaring!
Show'rs of Bullets pelting, pouring!
Captain's Sword in hand commanding,
To the knees in Carnage standing;
Life for life, the fierce dispute.

Cannon loud 'gainst Cannon ranting;
At his gun, poor Jack see panting;
As to lip he lifts the Toddy,
Off flies head, and down drops body:
Seas of drink are thine, poor Jack!
Main-masts fall, knocks coming harder,
Fillips prove to British ardor.
Boom and Bowspit snap like sapling,
She'd sheer off, all hands for grappling;

Now the Crew with one accord,
 Pistol, Cutlass, spring on board;
 Firing! smashing!
 Cutting! dashing
 Misericorde! ah! round the Clack!
 She's a log upon the water,
 Pity stays the sword of slaughter;
 When the foe shall fall beneath it,
 British mercy then can sheath it:
 Glory led to the attack.

Czar. My dear Commodore, I'm all impatience to see your whole process of Ship-building.

Com. Hoist your flag, I obey signal.

Czar. Count, you immediately repair to Chatham—

Cou. To Chatham! with the greatest pleasure, Sir.—S'death I shall miss the girl. (*aside*)

Com. Get under weigh, I'll give you a line of introduction.

Cou. I thank you my dear Admiral, I wish to my soul you were on a Dolphin's back. (*aside*)

Czar. And in the way, call at the house you've taken for me at Deptford.

Cou. Yes, Sir.—The Devil a house I've taken for you.—Post off for Chatham, and my soul with the pretty girl in Tavistock-street! (*aside*) I shall order my horses, and go directly; I wou'dn't neglect the smallest iota of your Majesty's affairs. Your Highnesses most obedient slave. [*Exit.*]

Com. Ha, ha, ha! Can this be the young Count your Highness thought to turn into a sailor or a soldier.

Czar. I fear I've mistook his disposition, or he must have gone to the wrong schools for improvement. Instead of the ingenious gallant young foldier I expected, I find a toying insignificant

ficant shuffler. He's the only son of Gallitzin, the worthy preceptor of my early youth, and but for the grateful affection I owe the father, I'd severely punish this young man, for the misapplication he seems to have made of his time here in England.—But the plans of the several fortifications I wrote to you about?

Com. Hav'nt you brought your engineer Colonel Lefort with you, Sir?

Czar. No. I rais'd him from my foot to my heart; he grew arrogant and ungrateful, an insult he gave me his life shall answer for.

Com. If I can but lash their hearts together again. (*aside*) I know a young man of genius, a most excellent engineer.

Czar. And in what situation is he?

Com. Little better than starving at Deptford.

Czar. Every reward shall await him, if his merit answers your recommendation, send him to me.

Com. You shall see his works, and if you approve, of them you shall see himself.

Czar. With such a man in my service, I may pursue my vengeance on Lefort—That divides my soul with the desire to find my divine Ottokesa, and the future glory of my Empire. For, (cou'd you think it, my friend?) the inflexible Peter, Arbiter of the rough north is the slave of a woman; inspired with the maritime genius of these islanders, a spark from a radiant eye lights in my heart the flame of glory.

AIR.—CZAR.

The night comes on without a star;
Hoarse murmurs from the main afar

A warn-

A warning send :
 And as her threats increase,
 In humble suit for peace,
 To kiss the angry wave, behold the lofty main-mast
 bend ;

A storm ! the roaring winds proclaim,
 The Herald's voice in thunder drown'd ;
 The torrents pour, and sheets of flame
 O'er spread the dreadful prospect round !
 The Ship unruly scorns command,
 And quaffs whole seas of brine ;
 The tiller flies the Coxswain's hand,
 In one universal wreck the elements combine,
 Be skies of seas, and seas of skies afraid,
 The galant Tar alone stands undismay'd ;
 Nor beats his heart amidst the general roar,
 But for the lovely maid he left on shore.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

A rural view before LEFORT's house.

Enter PHILIP and ELLEN over a stile.

Phil. Yes, Nelly, there's our house—we shall live in a cottage on love, if my mistress will hire you—But Nelly, you mustn't get leering at any of our country lads here, nor any of the London sparks, that come out a fowling and hunting.

Ellen. A pretty girl, like me, is sportsman's true game, my gay whipper-in—

Phil. No, in that case, I'll be a gay whipper-out, my dear doe.

Ellen. Ha, ha, ha !

AIR.

AIR*.—ELLEN.

Bold Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn;
 The lowing herds forsake the bawn,
 The Lark springs from the Corn.
 Dogs, Hunters round the window throng,
 Fleet Ringwood leads the cry;
 Arise! the burthen of their song,
 This day a Deer must die.
 With a Hey, ho, chivy!
 Hark forward tantivy!

The Cordial takes it's merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail;
 The Huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The Dogs snuff up the Gale.
 The upland-winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly;
 The Game is rous'd, too true the Song,
 This day a Deer must die.
 With a hey, ho, chivy!
 Hark forward tantivy!

Poor stag! the dogs, thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face,
 The hunter's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chace.
 Alike the sportsmen of the town,
 The virgin game in view,
 Are full content to run us down,
 Then we in turn pursue.
 With our hey, ho, chivy!
 Hark forward, tantivy!

Enter OTTOKESA, with a band-box.

Otto. How danger and fatigue endear our home!
 Had the tide serv'd, to have returned by water—

* Left by mistake it shou'd be imagined, that other than the Author's genuine compositions make any part of this collection, it is necessary here to observe, that the first Stanza's of this Song is introduced in other Pieces by the Performers with the words "Old Towler" substituted in place of the original "Fleet Ringwood".

tho'

tho' I shou'dn't have been tired walking, cou'd I have come the direct path; but I was obliged to make the way three times as long, to elude the man that I perceiv'd following me—I'm sure he was set on by the gentleman I saw at the milliners.

Phil. Miss, I've brought you home a new maid.

Ellen. And please you, Miss, hearing by Philip—

Phil. Yes, I told her all that—if this Ellen's in the house with me, I sha'n't go rambling, as we're about entering into the state of matrimony.

Otto. Oh, then, this is the young woman you mentioned, well, Philip, if your Ellen's company can make you happier, in the name of love, I have no objection. *[Exit into the house.]*

SLIP appears at the side.

Slip. Then its here she lives, (*looking after Otto-kefa*) she has led me a rare chace.

Ellen. Lord, how that gentleman looks at me. (*She whispers Philip, and points to Slip, Philip looks at, then struts up to him, takes Ellen by the hand, and displays her to Slip.*)

Phil. Then you think she is? I'm of the same opinion.

(*Ellen makes a formal curtsy, and laughs, Philip bows and laughs, then leads Ellen into the house.*)

Slip. (*Looking out*) Can that be my master! on horseback! now, except he has had a glimpse of her too, what can have brought him out here on the Greenwich road? He sees me, and dismounts.

Cou. (*Without*) Walk the horses gently.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

So, Sir, I order you to go to Tavistock street, and here I find you almost at Blackheath—What do you mean by this conduct?

Slip.

Slip. There. (*points to the house*)

Cou. The girl? (*in a low tone*)

Slip. In that house; her home too.

Cou. But are you sure it's she I spoke to at the milliner's.

Slip. She's in the garden; you may have a sight of her over the hedge. [*They retire.*]

Enter COL. LEFORT, from the house, (looks round.)

Col. L. My sister shall go no more to town by herself—that gentleman's purpose in speaking to her, must have been most dishonorable. Philip! (*calls at the door.*)

Phil. (Within) Coming, Sir.

Col. L. Should the Commodore's efforts to reconcile the Czar and me, prove unsuccessful, I must fall in the attempt—therefore I'll make up what money I can of my drawings, and get from this house as soon as possible—Cruel fortune! The Czar that now pursues my life, was once my friend.

AIR.—COL. LEFORT.

Ah, what anguish rends the mind,
If the torch of friendship dies;
When we prove a friend unkind,
Cruel doubts and fears arise.
Fears, ourselves have been to blame,
Doubt 'twas but a fancied flame.

Take me, regions wild and drear,
From a faithless world I go;
Where no sound shall meet my ear,
But the Elk that pads the snow:
While we share the beating storm,
His poor breath may keep me warm.

Enter PHILIP, with a small Port-Folio.

Phil. Here am I, Sir.

Col. L. Well, you know you're to go with those to the print-seller's in Fleet-street.

Pbi. And whatever he gives me for them—

Col. L. You're to take.

Phi. Mayn't I take any more? Oh well, I won't take less. Yonder, Sir, is the fine gentleman's horses I told you of. (*points out*)

Col. L. There may be some other design besides that on my sister—I don't think I can be easily recogniz'd—I'll venture to reconnoitre a little.

[*Exit.*

Phil. (*Calls after Col. Lefort*) Oh, Sir, Sir, I met Commodore Swivel on the road; he ask'd after you.—I'll see if the view of the Deptford Dock Yard is here, I love to look at it. (*Opens the Port-Folio, and turns over the drawings*)

Re-enter COUVANSKI and SLIP, behind.

Cou. Yes, 'tis the very cherubim. (*aside*)

Slip. That fellow belongs to her. (*apart*)

Cou. He may give me some information.

Phil. Aye, here it is! (*takes a drawing from the port folio,*) Lord! How handsome! Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd, had I money, if I wou'dn't I'd buy it myself, if only for Justice Applejack's garden, and my sweet Ellen's honey suckle arbour—Ha, ha, ha! (*rolls it up*)

(*Couvanski and Slip advance.*)

Cou. Servant, Sir.

Pbi. How do you do, Sir?

Slip. Most obedient, Sir.

Phil.

Pbi. Ah! are you there again, Nelly? (*winks at Slip*) Ha, ha, ha!

Cou. Good drawings—(*looks into the port-folio.*)

Pbi. Perhaps this chap would buy them, and save me the tramp to town—seems an ass in prosperity. (*aside*)

Cou. Drawn by you?

Pbi. I may as well take the credit of them—Ha, ha, ha! And do you really think them so very beautiful.

Cou. Clever! very clever!

Pbi. Oh, Sir, you flatter my poor abilities.

Cou. Then 'twas you drew them?

Pbi. Yes, Sir.

Slip. She mention'd at the milliners, a brother of her's that draws very well. (*apart to Couvanski*)

Cou. Then this must be he, between them little likeness in person or manners. (*aside*) What have you got there? (*points to the drawing Philip has in his hand.*)

Phil. He shan't have this—(*aside*) Oh, Sir, it's only a scribbled, dawb'd thing.

Cou. Let't see.

Phil. 'Tis not worth your seeing. (*Slip suddenly snatches it out of Philip's hand, and gives it to Couvanski.*)

Cou. (*Looking at it*) That a clod should be such a proficient in this elegant art. (*aside*)

Slip. Why, Sir, that's the Dock Yard here at Deptford.

Cou. It is.—This furnishes a thought, (*aside*) a plan of our naval magazine! This villain's a spy.

Phil. Who me?

(*Couvanski whispers Slip, who goes off.*)

Cou. You're employ'd by the enemies of your country, to give them intelligence of it's naval strength.

Pbi. Oh, me! my Lord! 'Twasn't I did them—I was only joking—Ha, ha, ha! (*terrified*) I'm so merry, I'm always joking. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter SLIP, BALLLYBOUGH, and FOOTMAN.

Cou. Take him before the next justice.

Pbi. Oh, lord, that's Justice Applejack, he'll hang me for spite that I've got his niece. (*aside, and terrified*)

Cou. Confess: Are you not a spy?

Pbi. Not I.

Cou. Didn't you go into the Dock Yard, and hide with sinister intentions.

Pbi. I never hide the Minister's intentions!

Cou. Own you've been a spy there.

Pbi. I confess I did take a great delight in spying.

Cou. What? Speak!

Pbi. The fine wooden Ladies at the heads of the ships.

Cou. For which you'll certainly be hang'd.

Pbi. Indeed the cunning old woman yesterday in the Dock Yard, bid me take care of the rope, when I tumbled over a cable.

Cou. Take him along.

Pbi. Help! Murder! Nelly! Ellen! (*the footmen force him off.*)

Cou. Here, Slip! Give these twenty guineas to the Justice, and tell him it's only a frolic of a man of quality, to frighten this simpleton. (*gives money to Slip*) Now for my charming girl.

[*Exit into the house.*]

Slip. These twenty guineas shall be my share of the frolic.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter COL. LEFORT, at the side.

Col. L. What tumult is this? Is that Philip they're taking yonder? What can the poor fellow have done to deserve—But it may be a trap set for me—No matter for my own safety; as my servant, he's under my protection, and he sha'n't be used ill if I can prevent it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Inside of COL. LEFORT'S.

Enter OTTOKESA.

Otto. Now I'm safe, and under our own roof, I could almost laugh at myself for the fright that insolent man put me into, and yet his master seem'd a gentleman—cruel to invade the solitude of our poor retreat, where hope of content makes our sum of happiness.

AIR.—OTTOKESA?

Oh, come sweet gentle peace of mind,
That ever flies the buzzing throng,
In calm sequester'd scenes I'll find,
And hear thee in the linnet's song;
Thou canst enjoy the walk at eve,
On river's banks thou lovest to rove,
Wit, wine, and courts, ah, wilt thou leave,
To meet poor me in yonder grove?

Without thee, spring looks blithe in vain,
In vain gay summer clothes the year,
Or autumn waves her golden grain,
Or blazing hearth's cold winter chear;

With

With thee the poor have endless wealth,
 Thou canst the slaves hard chains unbind,
 With thee the sick can fancy health,
 Oh, come sweet gentle peace of mind.

Enter ELLEN hastily, and frightened.

Ellen. Oh, ma'am!

Otto. What's the matter?

Ellen. Do you really think they can hang him for it?

Otto. Who? heavens! my brother! if he is discovered, I tremble for his life. (*aside and agitated*)

Ellen. If this face of mine should be the cause of a man's death, I'll never forgive myself—the two wicked wretches seized my poor lad, all along from jealousy of me; and if here isn't the other come in after me. Oh, don't tell him. (*Runs off*)

Otto. The same that spoke to me at the milliner's.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

Con. Here she is and alone—Couvanski, you're a happy fellow!

Otto. My wretched brother!

Con. This throws her into my arms. (*aside*) My charming girl! I saw the officers take your brother away; but tho' by the law of nations his life is forfeit, yet I stake my soul, that thro' my interest with certain persons in power, I procure his pardon, if you consent, my angel, to—make me happy.

Otto. Ah, Lefort! now does your poor Otokesa feel she has lost your protection. (*aside*) Sir, I thank you for your very generous concern, and
 entertain

entertain a due sense of your very honourable motives, but wou'dn't have you waste your interest in a hopeless cause, for be assured, this unhappy prisoner, destitute as he is of friends and comfort, would scorn even life, if purchased with infamy.

TRIO.

Otto. Ah! how distress'd! go, I desire it---

Cou. Par votre mepris! you do me wrong my dear,

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Com. My pretty pink, what cheer!

Hey! what's here a pirate?

Otto. Tears flow and bring relief,

Cou. Such beauty in her grief.

Com. I'll set you soon afloat. (*To Otto.*)

Sheer off young jolly boat. (*To Cou.*)

Cou. Gad! if you tell the Czar, (*To Com.*)

'Pon life, I'm sure undone,

A twinkle from this star,

I'm in a twinkle gone.

Otto. Let fortune never shew,

Her open hand to me,

When gifts she can bestow,

Upon a wretch like thee.

Com. If at this swan you rise,

My dainty fish, you're out,

Go, bite at gilded flies,

My little salmon trout.

Otto. Ah, how distress'd! &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Room in COL. LEFORT'S House.

(A trunk open—women's cloaths, laying on a chair.)

Enter OTTOKESA, agitated.

OTTO. *(looking at the cloaths)*

AY; here my poor Brother was preparing for our flight just as he was apprehended.—To go to him, without the hopes of his release, the sight of me must only add to his distress.

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. Oh, ma'am, ma'am, he has got out of their clutches.

Otto. Where is he?

Ellen.

Ellen. Yonder, Ma'am, he comes capering and halloing along the road.

Otto. His misfortunes must have had an effect upon his mind.

Ellen. Here he is, Ma'am.

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Oh ! how happy I be !

Ellen. My dearest ! (*Ellen and Philip embrace*).

Otto. Where's your Master ?

Phi. They have him fast enough—Yet it griev'd me to leave my poor Master in the scrape, being, he was so generous to take all the harm upon himself.

Otto. Why Ellen, didn't you say my brother was released ?

Ellen. Philip, tell Miss how it was.

Phi. Then, Ma'am as I was going—

Otto. You ! I meant your master—Their ignorant mistakes but increase my perplexity—If interest could be made with the Czar, by Mr. Dentelles account, nobody now stands so high in his favor as a Count Couvanski. I never saw this gentleman, but he has the character, tho' volatile of having a humane heart, I'll instantly apply to him. Oh ! for an Angels intercession to move the Czar to clemency !

[*Ellen and Philip retire.*]

What vicissitudes of fortune chequer the life of my poor brother ! Yet why repine ? We may yet be happy, and the gloom of Winter prepares us for the genial Spring.

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

Without vicissitudes, that give

To ev'ry sense it's taste refin'd,

'Tis but to languish, not to live

On beds of roses tho' reclin'd.

See the flocks bound the new born Spring to meet !
 Hark ! how the Birds her infant beauties greet,
 In this, the joy her blossoms bring
 Sweet Summer's promis'd by the Spring.

Bright hours we've known tho' now forlorn
 Then why kind providence upbraid ?
 At best life's but an April morn
 Possess'd in turns by light and shade.

[Exit.

PHILIP *advances.*

Pbi. Master not at home—all the trunks open—now other servants would take advantage of this and ransack and rummage—(*takes out of a chest a regimental coat*) how grand ! they that seem so poor too, to have these, and walk about in a drab coat and thread stockings ; Nelly despises me, since that booted beau made love to her—but in fine feathers, ha ! ha ! ha ! If she was to see me in this coat, I suspect her song would be, Philip, my boy, you're as fine a bird, as any other Mac-caw, he ! he ! he ! The house all to ourselves, I will—yes, I will—

[*Takes the Cloaths and Exit.*

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. So mistress is gone for Town again—lord how she has thrown all the cloths about ; can this be a cap ? (*takes an elegant head-dress*) Aunt and Uncle wou'd never let me go to Town to view the ladies go to Court, or I shoud'nt be so surpriz'd at every new finery I see—feathers ! beautiful ! then ladies make their heads grand with what was once the tail of a great bird (*puts it*

on) He, he, he! Now woud'n't Philip think me
 some strange fowl or other; dear, what's this?
 A fine beau Banian! Ha, ha, ha! (*puts it on*)
 I wish I had a swash (*looks in the glass*) Can
 that be me? How do these fine ladies—Let me
 practice gentility—I step back; must take care
 not to tread on my thing-em-derry, or down
 I come—Precious! If that gay gentleman was
 but to see me now,

AIR—ELLEN.

Fine ladies are accounted fair
 Because trick'd out in satins,
 I've trick and fancy whim and air
 Altho' I trot in pattens;
 I sneer and giggle, stammer, glide,
 Coquet with dear flirtation
 And want of breeding I can hide
 With pretty affectation
 State-chair, I'll look so well in,
 Hey! swinging, wag a tassel
 Ho! ninky heart throb-o
 Bounce!
 Flounce!
 Nod-dy, bobbo
 Peeping,
 Sweeping,
 Ducking, bridling,
 Blinking,
 Winking,
 Swimming-fidling,
 Rackit,
 Clackit,
 Hoop up, whip it,
 Silks rustling,
 Footmen bustling,
 Rattoo, tattle, up stairs trip it,
 Room there, for my Lady Helen.

My teeth are white, my eyes are bright,
 My hair as black as coal is,
 My hands are neat, and very strait,
 My leg upon my soul is,
 With teeth and eyes, to charm, surprize,
 I ogle and tee-hee it,
 But, for my leg, tho' King's shou'd beg;
 No, hang me if they see it.
 State-chair I'll look so well in, &c.

I'm nature's work, nor wool, nor cork,
 Nor alabaster baby,
 Until I wed, I'll be a maid,
 That soon a wife, I may be;
 For this here lace, I think my face,
 La! looks so monstrous well in,
 In feathers fine, I'm quite divine,
 Poor Nelly's now a Helen.
 State-chair I'll look so well in, &c.

Enter BALLYBOUGH.

Bal. I am not certain that this is the house;
 but I think I'd take my oath of it.—Oh, pray
 ma'am, wasn't it from here a young man was
 sent to jail about——

Ellen. About a young woman?

Bal. By my word you've hit it.—That master
 has a months mind to——

Ellen. Oh, that had him dragged away, and
 then run in after the young woman?

Bal. Arrah! faith! you know all about it—
 She's a very pretty girl.

Ellen. He, he, he! Oh, Sir, you flatter me.

Bal. I flatter you! then for what? Now, then,
 sure you can't be the very creature?—Well, lit-
 tle Ballybough, you're not a lucky fellow; and
 I hav'nt a dawning bit of a letter for you here?
 and that's not it?

Ellen.

Ellen. Lord, what do you want, man?

Bal. Hold your tongue, and read it.

(gives a letter.)

Ellen. Oh! upon my honour—lord, its' very pretty.

(turns it round, looks at the seal, and puts it in her pocket)

Bal. But you'll fend an answer?

Ellen. Answer! Give my compliments to the gentleman, and tell him, I'm very much oblig'd to him.

Bal. Well, faith, that's civil enough, and decent, and pretty; but, we silly people in Ireland, when we receive a letter, have a foolish custom of reading it, and writing a written answer.

Ellen. Oh, lord! what shall I do? I can't read written hand; if I had Nib, my uncles clerk here. (aside) Do you know what's written in it?

Bal. Faith, and how shou'd I except the paper was glafs.

Ellen. (seems to read) "Dear Nelly, this comes to let you know, that all here are in good health as I am at present, thanks be to heaven."

Bal. Master's grown very devout. (aside)

Ellen. "No more, as the post is going out."

Bal. I never knowed before as I was a post.

(aside.)

Ellen. "I am your humble servant 'till death."

Bal. Why, Miss, you've the letter up-side down; he, he, he!

Ellen. O lord!—I wish your master had taught you better manners, you bumpkin! Talk to me of up-side down! But it's the way of these low folks, that can neither read nor write themselves,

selves, to envy and interrupt people who have a little learning.

Bal. Yes but Miss, I can read, write, and cypher.

Ellen. I'm glad of it, I may get to hear what's in it. (*aside*) You read! I believe no such thing.—Now, there's your master's letter; that was an old one of my own; now, I'll lay any wager you can't read even that,—I long to know what's in it. (*aside*) Come, lets hear your fine reading?

Bal. I can't read! Oh, I'll shew you that. (*reads*) “Divine Angel, remember nothing of me but my love, tho' it gave birth to every wrong you think I may have done you.”

Ellen. Oh, that's in frightening me, by dragging Philip away. (*aside*)

Bal. (*reads*) “For pity's sake come to me, and be the adored wife of the faithful Couvanski.”

Ellen. Wife! Oh, joy! My fortune's made!—But I should give myself some airs. (*aside*) He might have sent his coach for me, however desire the Greenwich stage to stop at the corner of the lane, while I hurry on my things at the toilet.

[*Exit Ballybough.*]

Ha, ha, ha! who could have thought that such a poor girl as I—but if he was to see me in these cloaths—I'd clinch my conquest. Shou'd I take them? Mistress I think won't be angry if it helps me to better myself.

Mrs. A. (*without*) Nib, I think we're right.

Ellen. If here is'nt my aunt Applejack, as she turn'd me out, I'll mortify her a little.

Enter

Enter MRS. APPLEJACK.

Mrs. A. Isn't one Ellen in this house? (*Ellen advances, and with much mock solemnity makes her a low curtsy*)

Most obedient, Madam. (*makes a formal curtsy*)

Ellen. Ma'am, He, he, he! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

Mrs. A. Why, are you my husband's niece, Nelly!

Ellen. (*with affected haughtiness*) Oh, I protest, at first I took you for the china woman. How do you do, Mrs. Applejack?

Mrs. A. Then how do you do, Miss Ellen, for by your fine cloaths, I suppose in calling you Miss I gave you your new title.—China woman! pert huffey!

Ellen. Pray don't be discomfricated—I intended some evening, when undisengaged to have dropt in and drank a dish of tea with you. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. A. China woman.

Enter APPLEJACK and NIB.

Apple. Have you seen the girl?

Ellen. The Justice here too! my very kind relations, you turn'd me out of your house—It's now my turn, but politeness forbids me to return the compliment.

Enter BALLYBOUGH.

Bal. Ma'am the coach is waiting.

Ellen.

Ellen. Oh, my coach is waiting, very well, adieu, bon soir, sans ceremonie.

Apple. But stop.

Ellen. (returning) My dear friends, I now move in another sphere, and this interview is my ultimatum.

AIR.—ELLEN.

When I was little, I had a taste,
To junk it among my play-mates;
My height of joy was to make a feast
On Sunday, for all my gay mates;
I kept the sweetest for the last bit
When sweet I'd a mind to treat 'em,
And, since, my heart goes pit-a-pat-pit,
When I think of an ultimatum.
The words of fashion, whilst on the wing,
By novelty if we rate 'em,
Of bore, and twoodle, and monstrous, thing,
The thing is an ultimatum.

When grown a woman at dear nineteen,
A lad with ogles survey'd me,
He swore he'd make me his little queen,
And compliments fine he paid me.
Here, take my ultimatum says he,
Then kiss'd me, la! how I hate him;
Says I, a fig for you my lovee,
If that is your ultimatum.
The words of fashion, &c.

Tho' at my toilet whole hours I pass,
My cap to set captivating,
So fits my lover before his glass,
On bunch of cravat debating;
Whether we languish simper or grin,
For charms our fond looks create 'em;
Tho' love's the game we play at to win,
Yet money's the ultimatum.
This line of latin put in your book, (*to Apple.*)
Viduum sapientia patum,
Here Madam throw a discerning look,
This curtfey's my ultimatum.

[*Exeunt Ellen and Ballybough.*
Apple.

Apple. Nib.

Nib. Your worship.

Apple. Rib.

Mrs. A. Well.

Apple. That wasn't my niece, my dear.

Mrs. A. You'd better say I'm not you'r wife, my dear.

Apple. Doesn't the proclamation for apprehending this Colonel Lefort say, that he went in disguise, and had secreted himself somewhere here about Deptford?

Mrs. A. You have hit it.

Apple. The fellow that took Ellen from our garden this morning, must have been the Colonel, or he could never have dress'd her out so.

Mrs. A. The hundred pounds reward is as good as in your own pocket, if you have but a little courage.

Apple. I have little courage.

Mrs. A. Then put it forward, and search the house for him. Lud, husband! here he comes, he has thrown off his disguise and appears now as himself in his embroider'd regimentals.

Enter PHILIP dress'd in the cloaths he took out with him.

Phil. Now, Madam Nell—Gentlemen are another sort of being from Little Philip, Hem! Tol, lol, lol. (*sings, marches and struts*) To the right about. (*suddenly turning, treads on Apple-jack's foot*)

Apple. Zounds, that was to the wrong about.

Mrs. A. My dear now be resolute, and take him at once. (*apart*)

Apple. True, but these military men are not so easily

easily taken—He may give me a cursed squeeze in the throttle.

Mrs. A. Right, my dear, avoid a scuffle with him, as you've one of your best ruffled shirts on.

Phil. Mr. and Mrs. Applejack, Oh! to take Nelly back. I'll come the great man over them. *(aside)*

Apple. You are Mr. Lefort, a Colonel?

Phil. I am the — That Colonel — your business?

Apple. Something serious.

Phil. Oh, your business is multifarious.

Apple. What?

Phil. Ay!

Apple. Eh?

Phil. What do you want?

Apple. I've only a few compliments to you from Peter.

Phil. Peter Wilkins?

Mrs. A. The King's messenger has a word with you.

Phil. Who?

Apple. A gentleman with a greyhound at his button.

Phil. A button for his greyhound.

Apple. In the name of our Sovereign Lord, King William the third, you're my prisoner. *(touches him)*

Phil. Prisoner! *(frighten'd)* Psha! you must be wrong, I don't owe a sixpence in the world, except the guinea for my boots and that I'm to pay by a shilling a week.

Apple. To the right about, Colonel.

Phil. Pho, the devil a Colonel am I — Eh! — what — Ma'am — Justice! — look, do you forget

get little Philip that took Nelly off "your bushes, your grass and your gravel?"

Apple. As for the worthy spy brought to me to-day, I'll clap him into prison.

Phil. Oh, that's my poor master. (*aside*)

Apple. But you Colonel, as you're a state prisoner, I'll lodge you in my house, where I'll treat you so civil, and so attentive,—you'll have three guineas a day for your table.

Phil. What three guineas a day for my table! Oh, ho! then I am a Colonel and you've found me out.

Mrs. A. Try if he'll advance a little cash. (*apart*)

Apple. Hem! Colonel, suppose I was so civil as to let you escape, couldnt you leave a couple of hundred in my hands, till I see you again?

Mrs. A. Consider Sir, your precious life—I'm sure were I in your circumstances I'd give the two hundred pounds with pleasure.

Phil. That I doubt, for were you in my circumstances, you wou'd not be worth two hundred farthings. (*aside*)

Apple. I see my good nature's thrown away, and the law must take it's course, Colonel, I'll go prepare your chamber—I must call assistance.—Nib, keep a hawk's eye upon him. (*apart*) Be comforted, Colonel—they won't take off your head 'till they get you to Petersburg. (*aside*) A snug reward here—A common footpad will weigh forty pounds in the city crain—but I'll coop and fatten up this Muscovy duck 'till he weighs a hundred. [Exit.

Mrs. A. (*calling after Applejack*) Order the Colonel's dinner at the tavern, my love.

Phil. Tavern dinner ! so for the time I shall live like an emperor, and then how I'll hamper my little justice here for false imprisonment. (*aside*) Since you've discover'd me, I submit, but use me nobly.

AIR.—PHILIP.

I confess, ma'am, I'm a great man,
 If I'm prisoner of state, man
 Well you must your prisoner use,
 Or your trust you'll much abuse,
 Oh, ye Gods ! what no retreating ?
 You must know I love good eating.
 Of hard battles I've been winner,
 Let me have a decent dinner.
 Oh, ye demons foul and murky
 Aid me !---let there be a turkey.
 Jove decrees I shou'd be taken,
 With---a little bit of bacon.
 I at head of armies came on,
 At my side---a jowl of salmon.
 Came and conquer'd with applause,
 When I fought with---oyster sauce.

Who shall from me glory purloin,
 When I faced a---roasted sirloin,
 Cut thro' ranks all fierce and maddish,
 Mounted on my fam'd horse---radish,
 Laurels on my brows were budding,
 Mars himself lov'd---a plumb pudding,
 From my sword foes trembling, pallid,
 Fled for---beet-root in the sallad.
 Farewel honour, fame, and pleasure,
 Cut from---cheese a bit of Cheshire.
 Of my country the supporter,
 I plung'd into---a pot of porter.
 Can this noble spirit bear it,
 Without dozens of---old claret.
 Take me, jailor to your care,
 Take me to such noble fare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

COUNT COUVANSKI'S House.

Enter the CZAR.

Czar. I could almost swear 'twas Ottokesa I saw cross that street; what could have brought her to England? perhaps she has heard who I really am, and has followed me! her appearance bore the mark of indigence, and her soul seemed wrapt in sorrow. But for Couvanski's levity, I'd set him to find her out for me. Oh, he's return'd from Chatham.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI and ROMADANOWSKI, not perceiving the CZAR.

Cou. Charming girl! tho' she was in too great a rage to hear me, I thought that my letter and sham promise of marriage wou'd bring her—shew her into my study—I must get off the dust of the road. *(going)* The Czar! S'death!

Czar. Well, Count, what news from Chatham?

Cou. Sir, I—true, he sent me to—but meeting that lovely girl has put his whole business out of my mind. *(aside)* What do you say? that gentleman, the mathematician is in such a hurry for me? *(To Romadanowski)*

Roma. Gentleman! Sir, didn't I tell you 'twas a lady? *(apart)*

Cou. Hem! get along, you stupid—

[Exit. Romadanowski.]

Czar. Oh! if it's a man of science, pray no ceremony with me. *(Exit Count Couvanski)*
Couvansk.
1

Couvanski must imagine me simple indeed not to perceive the idle trifler, thro' all his bustling shew of busy importance; how shall I obtain another sight of my beloved Ottokesa? Did my brother of Sweden, know the present state of my heart, he'd have no reason to envy me my victory over him at Pultowa.

AIR.—CZAR.

Charles always bold and booted,
Scorn'd to use a spur flying,
With iron head disputed,
Like a royal foe.
Stout blows in lusty quarrels!
Vict'ry ever dear buying!
Charles gather'd living laurels,
But for Peter's brow.

Pultowa must display them,
Peter snatch the bright trophies,
Fair Venus bids him lay them,
At a lady's feet.
Which pow'r now proves strongest,
Strife 'twixt hate and mild love is,
Does Peter win by conquest,
Or Charles by defeat?

Charles, by Bellona batter'd,
And by Mars not well treated,
All but his honor shatter'd,
By his quick remove.
Charles, fugitive in Bender,
Happier far than I seated
On Moscow's throne in splendour,
He is not in love.

'Tho' o'er wide realms despotic,
My bare nod is all-ruling,
Yet when not patriotic,
Let my power cease.

Home

THE CZAR PETER.

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Home comforts, oh, receive me!
Foreign fields my hard schooling!
Wars fought abroad, oh give me
Friendship, love, and peace.

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Com. Well, Sir, I've been to Deptford on the look out, for the young artist, but fear he's got among the breakers, and I've engag'd a small house for you, with a door into the dock-yard, if you're still in the mind actually to work in it yourself—ha, ha, ha! I've your dress ready.—

Czar. Have you also a carpenter's jacket, and a set of tools for Couvanski? he shall accompany me.

Com. Complete, they are in that room yonder.

Czar. I long to be handling your adze and hatchets.

Com. Ha, ha, ha! it must be whimsical enough to see the great Monarch of Russia offering himself to work as a ship carpenter, to littly Billy Applejack, the overseer, I'll tell you what to say.

AIR.—COMMODORE SWIVEL.

A shipwright am I,
Say, are you inclin'd Sir, to give me employ,
My skill wou'd you try,
At hammer or hatchet,
This fist, can you match it?
For work I'm the boy.
To mallet in Deptford,
Tho' nothing I get for't,
Is all my ambition, indulge my fond choice,
Tis honour's desire,
Then zounds! blood! and fire!
For the navy of England, huzza, my brave boys!

For

For a drowsy Mynheer,
 At Amsterdam working on great and small craft,
 Big breeches how queer,
 I smoke the broad bottom,
 So comical thought him,
 Good lord! how I laught!

At Brest and Toulon
 A joke was my tune,
 'To see Monsieur's fleet of gilt gingerbread toys,
 Hard knocks shall requite 'em,
 To build ships then fight e'm,
 Old England has Neptune's great charter, my boys.

A ship on the stocks!
 The Cocknies to see it, make such a damn'd rout,
 Sweet maidens in flocks,
 Come gigling and gaping,
 With bowing and scraping
 I hand them about.

Fine compliments pay,
 As we trip the gang-way,
 From steerage to cabin how great are my joys;
 Tho' mute at explaining,
 A kiss speaks my meaning,
 For the Navy of England, huzza, my brave boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ROMADANOWSKI, (looking about.)

Roma. All gone! dis vay, Ma'am.

Enter OTTOKESA.

My master vill wait on you immediately. [*Exit.*]

Otto. Without introduction, or recommendation, to obtrude myself upon a gentleman that's a total stranger to me; but my brother's danger even justifies indiscretion—If I can prevail upon this benevolent nobleman to intercede for him with the Czar, then indeed I may treat the base proposals

proposals of the unworthy wretch that dar'd to affront my distress, with a contempt they deserve. (*looks out*) I tremble with awe, doubt and anxiety.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI, and ROMADANOWSKI.

Cou. Yes, 'tis she! my letter has brought her. (*aside*) Are you sure you saw his Highness go out?

Roma. Gone vid the Commodore, my Lor, I heard the door flap this minute.

Cou. Give me notice of their return.

[*Exit Roma.*]

Otto. (*with timid confusion, scarcely looking at the Count*) Sir, pardon the liberty I take in imploring your compassion in behalf of an unhappy man, who, tho' once rich in the esteem of—

Cou. My sweet creature, no apology.

Otto. How! (*looks at him*) Is it you, Sir? Am I wrong in the house?

Cou. No, you're very right; this is my house.

Otto. Your's! I came to Count Couvanski.

Cou. My love, I know you come to me; I happen to be Count Couvanski.

Otto. What a mistake! (*aside*) Is it possible you can be the generous favourite of the noble-minded Sovereign of Russia? You, the friend of woe; who cou'd meanly take advantage of distress and make your power to do good, the very agent of your vices?

Cou. My dear, when I set your brother at liberty, you'll be in better humour with me—The Czar insists I shall attend him to Deptford, and then I shall release your brother.

Otto. Sir, tho' his liberty is what I desire most

on earth, yet a favor from you I never will accept.

Cou. Why my love, all my conduct before I sent you that letter, was a device of mine.—What angelic traits! Oh, my goddess, if you wou'd but hear me.

AIR.—COUNT COUVANSKI.

I know not which to praise, sweet Miss,
Your air, shape, voice or feature;
But the pour tout dire is this,
You're all a killing creature.
Coach'd belles for me scrambling,
On foot, tho' you're ambling;
'They nod "how d'you,"
You run, bow to you;
Spite of laughter,
I run after
Like Phœbus, my wifhes on fire!

The pow'r of blifs to you is given,
Mon Ange, 'pon reputation;
With hopes, my soul may reach its Heav'n,
I pay you adoration.
At your feet, Ma'am, lest I die,
With soft pity cast an eye;
Voice so thrilling,
Eyes how killing;
Bosom panting,
Touch enchanting,
Without thee, Oh Gods! I expire.

Enter ROMADANOWSKI, (with shipwright's cloaths).

Roma. Sir, Sir, dear my Lord, I was wrong—I find the Czar is not gone out—The Commodore desired me to give him these cloaths. *[Exit.*

Cou. 'Sdeath! If he sees the lady—this way,
(points to a room)

Otto.

Otto. No, Sir; I'll retire as I came in.

Cou. He may meet you—Now do step in there if you love me.

Otto. Oh then I certainly will. (*ironically*)

Cou. My most cruel charmer! Have you no regard for a fine young fellow's life? I tell you, if this barbarous master of mine finds me gallanting here with the ladies, instead of minding his affairs, when he gets me back to Moscow, he'll certainly give me the knout, and pack me to Siberia—Dem'me, if he'd matter taking off my head with a—Do step in there. (*pointing to the door, at which*)

Enter the CZAR, (with a hatchet in his hand.)

Cou. The devil!

[*Exit.*

Czar. This the Mathematician!

Otto. Michaelhoff!

Czar. It was! It is my adored Ottokesa! Tell me; my love, how? what? I've so many questions, that, all crowding, stop my utterance.

Otto. To meet you in England, in the house of this Count!

Czar. But to find you here, gives me great surprize.

Otto. Likely you know the Czar Peter?

Czar. Me! No—Oh! yes, I have been presented—have you any favor to ask?

Otto. The life of my brother.

Czar. But your acquaintance with the Count here?

Otto. I came to solicit his interest—But why did you leave Dantzic so suddenly? come, now, wasn't there a Lady in the case?

Czar. Ha, ha, ha! Is it possible, jealousy can form any part in the composition of my Ottokesa?

Otto. Jealousy!

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

I'd fain ask you a this, but in steps a that,
Ah! why did you, truant, away from me go?
Yet not that I'm curious, but merely for chat,
'Tis only no harm to know it you know.

What Lady detain'd you? I'm sure she was fair,
Much taller than I am, perhaps full as low?
No business of mine 'tis, what colour her hair,
'Tis only no harm to know it you know.

Pray was she demure, or coquetishly gay?
The voice of a Cherub, or may be so, so?
Her eyes, I don't ask whether hazel or grey,
'Tis only no harm to know it you know.

But one thing, Oh! tell me, no more then impart,
Did't give her what was not your own to bestow;
Tho' sure you'd not venture to give her your heart,
'Tis only no harm to know it you know.

Come, you shall see this dear brother, from my
character of you he longs to know you.

Czar. But where is he!

Otto. Confin'd at Deptford.

Czar. The very place I was this instant going
to—The Czar's present darling object is to build
a fleet of his own in Russia; and a friend of mine
has advised me to learn the art of ship-building,
as the surest method to recommend myself to his
notice. Be comforted, for take the word of your
Michaelhoff, if his life depends upon the Czar
Peter, your brother shall not die, except he's un-
worthy to live.

Otto. Then you'll meet me at his prison.

Czar. Most certainly.

DUET.

DUET.—CZAR and OTTOKESA.

- Czar. Should worldly cares oppressing,
Encircle us with woes;
Wilt thou, my earthly blessing!
Then soothe me to repose?
- Otto. Let fortune's children sever,
When riches shall depart;
We've that must last for ever,
The treasure of the heart.
- Czar. Let Monarch's rule a nation,
Otto. Gay Belles court admiration;
Czar. The soldier thirst for glory---
Otto. The thoughts of cloyster'd vestal,
Dwell on joys celestial;
- Czar. And honest Britons rave of Whig and Tory,
Otto. Convinc'd of thy affection---
Czar. Their joys are poor to mine,
Otto. Their joys are poor to mine.
Both. To guardian love's protection,
The coming hours resign;
What blifs to make election,
Where love and truth combine.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Prison.*COLONEL LEFORT *discover'd reading a newspaper.*

Col. L. Tho' this wise Justice has imprison'd
me for a spy, I hope, before I'm freed, he won't
discover me for the Colonel Lefort, that the reward
is here offer'd for; I'm on the rack to know what's
become of my sister. Ah! her mind runs upon her
absent Michaelhoff; thank Heaven, I am so far
happy

happy, that love hasn't thrown in his dart to augment my distresses.

AIR—COL. LEFORT.

The power that form'd the human mind,
And gave creation birth;
Each pair of hearts, one mould design'd,
And bade them fly to earth.
Sweet sympathy! Sharp thorns remove,
That strew the paths of life;
Fond hearts, go bless with mutual love,
The husband and the wife.

They cleave the Æther side by side,
But in the trackless way;
Ah, luckless pair! they soon divide,
And from each other stray.
The partner dear, again to find,
A blessing seldom given;
So where they can, they match and bind;
A chain ne'er made in Heaven.

Beyond thy first all wise decree,
Extend the gift benign;
Oh, gracious power! Point out to me,
The heart first made with mine.
Some Angel say, what gentle fair,
Has lodg'd it in her breast;
In pity speak, for only there,
Can my poor heart find rest.

My Sister!

Enter OTTOKESA.

Otto. My dear Brother, do you think I forgot you in the hour of calamity? I've laid a train of interest with the Czar, for your release.

Col. L. Then you imagine I've been apprehended on his proclamation; Philip might have told you 'twas to clear him when he was taken up with my drawings for a spy.

Otto.

Otto. My fears have led me into an error indeed; however, I think Michaelhoff will even free you from this—He's here in England, in the service of the Czar.

Col. L. (Alarm'd) Indeed! then I hope, as he knew you in Dantzick only by our assum'd name of Melzoff, you didn't tell him who I am.

Otto. No, because I suppos'd he knew it already.

Col. L. That's well, he might, with all his profess'd love to you, seize this occasion to win the Czar's favour, by sacrificing me to his resentment.

Enter TURNKEY.

Turnkey. Ma'am, a gentleman enquires, I suppose it's for you.

Otto. 'Tis Michaelhoff (*apart*) Shew him in.
[*Exit Turnkey.*]

Col. L. Hold! perhaps some emissary from the Czar, come to examine my person; but if it should be he, don't, in the fond moment, tell him I'm Lefort.
[*Exit Col. Lefort.*]

Otto. Well, till you give me leave, I'll not reveal you even to the man, whose heart is truth and honour.

Enter The CZAR.

How kind!

Czar. My charming Ottokesa, Commodore Swivel has enquir'd into the nature of your brother's affair. It's all a frolic of some young nobleman; but I can neither see wit or humanity, in a jest that gives another (even a seeming) affliction.
Where's

Where's your brother, I long to be introduc'd to him.

Otto. My dear, my best Michaelhoff! I'm now not asham'd to own indeed I love you.—Ah, when last we parted at Dantzick—

AIR.—OTTOKESA.

How bitter the moment with those we hold dear,
When exchanging the tender adieu;
I follow'd you far with my eyes, when a tear,
Hid the object I lov'd from my view.
I pensive retir'd to forget you, ah vain!
I found solitude cherish'd despair;
In company sought a relief from my pain,
Your dear image still follow'd me there.

Thro' Grove Mead and Garden I varied the scene,
With fond hope some repose I might find;
But still a lov'd spot where together we've been,
Some lov'd incident brought to my mind.
When I muse in the Grove there I see my poor name,
That you carv'd on the rind of a tree;
In the Garden I'm charm'd with a rose-bush, the same
Whence a flower you presented to me.

I range thro' the meadows attended by Tray,
Once yours, his affection is proved;
And my Linnet's sweet pipe can blest rapture convey,
When it carrol's the tune that you lov'd.
By Moonlight I walk, I enjoy her mild rays,
And this heart soothing fancy pursue;
I think at the instant whilst on her I gaze,
She then may be look'd on by you.

Czar. To restore your tranquillity gives me infinite delight. (*looks on a picture hanging from Ottokesa's neck*) I've seen these features—Eh! the face of that traitor Lefort—Ottokesa, do you know him.

Otto. Do you think Lefort a traitor?

Czar.

Czar. An audacious rebel, that could insult his Sovereign, and then dare not abide the punishment of his crimes—A secret lover!

Otto. No, you wrong him and me.

Czar. Deliver the lurking miscreant to my vengeance.

Otto. Your's! why, what has he done to you?

Czar. ———I———I don't mean mine, but, as a loyal subject, to present him to the indignation of my injured master.

Otto. You're in an error.

Czar. Can your brother be privy to this? Does he know Lefort?—Likely he has given harbour to the assassin, who, I am told, only now skulks for an opportunity to stop the hand of justice, by a murder on his master that raised him to the dignity he's disgrac'd.

Otto. Your zeal for the Czar hurries you to an inhumanity, that I thought a stranger to the breast of my gentle Michaelhoff. (*weeps*)

Czar. Tell me where's Lefort.

Otto. I die first.

Czar. As I promis'd there's your brother's discharge—I must love you, Ottokesa, but farewell for ever.

[*Exit.*]

QUARTETTO.

Otto. (*looking after the Czar*) Oh stay, rash lover! do not leave me;

In smiles return, once gentle youth!

I'm faithful still, oh! yet believe me;

He flies, (alas!) the voice of truth.

Fatal secret! thee concealing,

All my hopes of peace are cross;

Sad alternative! revealing,

Sure a Brother's life is lost.

Re-enter COLONEL LEFORT and JAILOR.

Col. L. Left in tears! (*looking at Otto*)

Enter MRS. APPLEJACK.

Mrs. A. Where's our prisoner?

[*Colonel Lefort retires:*

Re-enter the CZAR.

Czar. False Maid! one word and then adieu. (*to Otto*)

Mrs. A. This a strange place, Miss, for you. (*to Otto*)

Otto. Oh speak! (*to the Czar*)

Col. L. Shall I become an abject list'nér?

Mrs. A. (*to Otto*) You'd see the spy? I want him too.

Czar. (*to Otto*) Accept this trifle, think me true. (*gives Otto a purse*)

Otto. I scorn! (*flings it away*)

Col. L. By heavens he shall not wrong my Sister! (*aside*)

Mrs. A. He flung this at her. (*takes up the purse*)

How lucky it miss'd her. (*puts it in her pocket*)

Here you

Turnkey. (*calling*) Turn him out. (*looking at the Czar*)

Otto. Michaelhoff!

Mrs. A. You Turnkey!

Col. L. Ottokesa!

Otto. With love, fear, hope and doubt,
The conflict rends my breast.

TRIO.

CZAR.

And must we part? Oh fate severe!

Love's chains in prison bind me;

I'd fly to peace, and yet I fear,
I leave that peace behind me.

MRS. AP-

THE CZAR PETER.

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MRS. APPLEJACK.

A chirping glass of wine shall cheer
Your friend, pray Miss do mind me,
A boon companion, you my dear
Shall o'er a flask find me.

COLONEL LEFORT.

The voice familiar's to my ear,
Of this her haughty lover;
To see his face too, but I fear,
Lest I my own discover.

OTTOKESA.

How distressed!
Retire! (*apart to Col. Lefort*)

COLONEL LEFORT.

These glowing cheeks my sword upbraid,
To see thee wrong'd sweet helpless maid.

CZAR.

Passions rage with warring clangour,
Justice! every with controul;
Love, or jealousy, or anger,
Still let honor sway the soul.

ALL.

Passions rage, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The King's Dock-yard at Deptford.

Enter COMMODORE SWIVEL and Mr. and Mrs. APPLEJACK, opposite sides.

Com. S. Come, come, Mr. Applejack, we
must now pipe all hands, work double tides—

ten ships to be put into commission; besides here's the Emperor of Russia come to take a view of our shipping.—Have you ever seen the Czar?

Apple. No, tho' I'm told he's every where.

Com. S. Ay, tho' the most distinguished character on earth, his ambition is to be unnoticed in a croud. (*walks up*)

Mrs. A. Are not all the workmen booked yet, my love?

Apple. My dear, we're short two hands.

Mrs. A. Yon tall man's a carpenter, if he wants work, why don't you call him to book?

Apple. Holloa, master!

Com. S. Here the Monarch of Russia comes to labour like a handy crafts man.—Let the Kings around him be robed in Majesty—The true glory of the Great Peter's humble carpenter's jacket, shall transmit his actions to posterity with splendour and admiration.

Enter the CZAR, in shipwright's dress, with tools, &c.

Apple. Are you a carpenter?

Czar. No Sir, I'm a shipwright.

Apple. Wife, this is a faucy Jack.

Mrs. A. No, I think he's a fine man.

Apple. The fellow has large bones, but the little men are so nimble.

Mrs. A. What country pray?

Apple. Aye, where are you come from?

Czar. Finland.

Apple. Your hands might, for they are like the fins of a grampus.—he looks strong.

Mrs. A. No he don't, my dear; these tall men are mere wisby-washees.—Now here's Muscle. (*pointing to a tall large made carpenter*)

Apple.

Apple. Aye, here are joints well knit, you are not strong enough for the work of this yard,

QUARTETTO.

Czar. The Throne of Britannia's the ocean,
She smiles sweet, serene, and majestic,
Her great floating castles in motion,
Secure her each comfort domestic ;
Her Bulwark's a stout man of war,
Her guard is a bold British tar.

Com. S. See the oaks of the forest transplanted
Into tall men of war, here they're growing.

Mrs. A. Big nothings like you are not wanted,
Apple. To Finland tall cock, with your crowing,
Our work is for much smarter lads,
So hop with your hammer and adz.

Mrs. A. Look around ! hark the sound ! 'tis victorious !
Hammer clink ! hatchet chop ! chissel chip !

Com. S. To Britons what fight half so glorious,
As a Man of War, launched from the slip,
The carpenter's mallet goes knockety
knock,
The screws all fly out, and away goes the
block,
She glides like a swan to the Thames,
from the Dock.

Czar. No employ, then my hatchet there lie,
(*Strikes his hatchet into a block of wood.*
Deptford Yard, and Old England good bye.

Apple. That there seems an excellent Hatchet,
Strong George, (*to the carpenter*) If you please,
prithee reach it ?

(*The carpenter makes several fruitless attempts to pull it out, quits it, turns, looks at the Czar with wonder, then sneaks into the croud.---The Czar, using but one hand, plucks the hatchet out, and presents it to Applejack.*)

Com. S. A Bull dog to bite French or Spaniard !

Apple. A Mastiff to guard the King's Tan yard !

Mrs. A. With me, dear Sir, will you drink tea ?

Apple. Wil't hammes ?

Com. S. Go cruizing with me ?

Czar. I'll hammer, drink tea, go cruizing with thee.

[*Exit the Czar.*

Apple.

Apple. Oh, here comes another to be hired.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI in shipwright's habit, carrying tools, &c.

Mrs. A. Heavens, what's this?

Com. S. Ha, ha, ha! Let's see how the Count will behave? (*aside*)

App. You're not a carpenter?

Cou. (aside) You've a devil of a guess, Sir. I have the honor to be a very neat mechanic.

Apple. Certainly you're a very neat fellow—but I think you could make a raspberry tart, better than a man of war.

Cou. Why something in the Menzikoff cut indeed. (*admiring himself.*)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Cou. (disconcerted) The Czar to bring me into this ridiculous situation; he'll only get himself found out by it. (*aside*)

Apple. And where are you come from?

Cou. From Kensington Gardens. (*bows*)

Mrs. A. But my dear the young man may be a carver; smart at ornamenting the cabin of a yacht—So pretty when we've company to drink tea on board.

Cou. Yes, ma'am, I can carve and gild.

Apple. Ay, and paint too, if one may judge from your face.—Wife, he has a fine head, for the stern of the Sunday-Frog—Here's a mallet and chissel, let's see how you handle them, my spruce mechanic?

(*Couvanski cuts and chips the mallet with the chissel.*)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter

Enter NIB.

Nib. (apart to Applejack) Lord Sir, this Colonel Lefort your new state prisoner is making such a noise for his dinner the house can't hold him.

Apple. The house shall hold and keep him fast too: but my dear you'd best step over to the tavern, and desire them to make haste with his dinner, for I begin to be a little hungry myself.

[Exit Mrs. Applejack.]

Cou. Since I'm come here to Deptford, I'll set my charmer's brother at liberty, and leave the cleaving of timber to his hard-fisted Czar-ship.

(aside)

(the ship launched, shouts and acclamations.)

AIR, GLEE.

Noah built a mighty ship,
 Happy he o'er mountains sail'd,
 'Till he drank out all his flip,
 Then his noble courage fail'd;
 Bade the dove go fetch a sign,
 That water then no more did spout.
 Took the olive for a vine,
 Or he'd ne'er have ventur'd out.
 Noah first of shipwrights staunch,
 Laid a keel and chissel'd thus;
 Broke a bottle on the launch,
 Press'd the grape and drank like us.
[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

APPLEJACK'S House—A Table laid.

Enter MR. and MRS. APPLEJACK, severally.

Apple. Well, my lovely Winny?

Mrs. A. My dear, I've been over to the tavern—The Colonel's dinner will be here presently.

Apple. Since I brought him here, he's like a young magpie, all gape and gobble. (*looks at the labels on the bottles*) Latore, Frontigniac, Calcavella, Hermitage—Wife, he shall not have as much wine as he chooses to swallow.

Mrs. A. Yes, but he shall, my love. The greater bill he runs up the more money we shall make of him; for if it was ten times as much the king of Muscovy will pay for all.

Apple. Then I'll swallow as much as I can to make his bill double.—Ay, it's all this high feeding and rich wines that make your gentlemen run so devilishly after the women—I desire you'll keep as much as possible out of the Colonel's way, Mrs. Applejack, for I could never bear to see him even kiss you.

Mrs. A. See! no, I suppose you'd have the manners to walk out of the room; but don't fear; a man, in my mind, is a mere wooden post when I think of you, my dear husband.

[*Exit.*

Apple. That's a very pretty compliment.

Enter PHILIP.

Phil. What's the meaning of this, when do I dine?

Apple.

Apple. It's coming your honour.

Phil. What is a man of condition like me to wait, 'cause I am a prisoner!—No table ready!—I'll make interest to be remov'd to the Tower. Do you hear?—I'll have two courses to-day, and see that there's plenty of olives and roasted chefnuts with my claret, and while I smook my pipe, Justice you'll read the newspaper to me; and in the evening over my coffee your wife will sing me a song.

Re-enter MRS. APPLEJACK and Waiters, with covers, which they lay on the Table.

Mrs. A. Colonel, pray be seated. (*she begins to carve, Philip sits*)

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI in his own cloaths.

Cou. (aside) Now to release my charmer's brother—Eh! is this he—a Colonel's uniform!—(*aside*) Sir, your servant, I conclude I have been under some mistake as to your rank in life, and beg you a thousand pardons for putting you in this disagreeable situation.

Phil. Sir, no apology, my situation is quite agreeable.

Cou. I come to make atonement and to take you from it.

Phil. Pray Sir, don't give yourself that trouble.

Cou. (to Applejack) Get his hat.

Phil. What do you want with my hat?

Cou. I come to give you freedom Sir.

Phil. Give! I think you take a deal of freedom.

Cou. Quick! it's my only means to make it up with my lovely creature.

Phil. So, I musn't dine, 'cause you make up to lovely creatures?

Cou. Why, what the devil Sir, don't you wish for liberty, come along man.

Mrs. A. But he shall not come a long man.

Apple. No, nor short man.

Phil. That's right madam, Justice keep me fast. (*eating*)

Apple. He's my prisoner, and I am answerable for his body.

Phil. Ay, take care of my fine body—remove that dish, I order'd no calve's head at my table. (*looking at Count Courvanski*)

Cou. Psha! my dear fellow, come.

Apple. But he shall not go out of this house, but by an order from government.

Cou. Demme! what do you mean? my word is the order, and myself the government.

Apple. I'll let you know, that nobody orders here but me; and I am in this, my castle, the Governor.

Cou. Castle! ha, ha, ha!—I'll desire my footman to hang up your castle in my porter's lodge, and my cook shall cram the governor into a marrowbone!

Apple. Cram a Justice of peace into a marrowbone!

Mrs. A. A rescue!

Cou. I tell you 'twas I put him into custody, and by Heaven I will now take him out of it.

Apple. An accomplice! why by the Lord this is the minikin shipwright.—Oh, oh! I see now what brought you into the Dock-yard, an incendiary,

cendiary, his fingers are brimstone matches, and his skull a tinder box.

Cou. Come along.

Apple. Touch him at your peril.

Cou. The man dies that prevents me.

Apple. Where's your Habeas Corpus?

Cou. Here, (*takes out a pistol*) and my Habeas animam. By Heavens, Sir! if you don't instantly come to your sister that loves you——

Phil. I have no sister, and I love a turkey.—Don't remove me 'till the cloth's taken away.—I'll die before I quit my dinner—Justice save me a slice—Ma'am—Death and hell, spare me the merry thought.

Cou. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in COUNT COUVANSKI'S House.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI, PHILIP, and ROMANOWSKI.

COUVANSKI.

YOU'RE welcome, Sir.

Phil. I am a man of genius, and you shou'd not have taken me from my dinner.

Cou. My dear friend, a thousand Pardons.—

(whispers Roma. who goes off.)

We shall dine at fix.

Phil. And now it's only two, confound your fashionable hours, I shall eat my gloves; cou'dn't you give a body somewhat, just to pass away the time?

Enter SLIP.

Slip. (apart to Cou.) Sir, there's the Justice below

below making a riot about the gentleman you forced from his house. *Exit.*

Cou. If the Czar hears him—(*aside*) Sir, step in there.

Phil. Just send me in the leg of a fowl.

Cou. You shall have a whole ostrich, and keep your mouth shut.

Phil. I shall have no cause here to open my mouth.

Cou. Go in. (*pushes him in*)

Enter APPLEJACK.

Apple. So Sir, Where is he? I can break open doors.—I've found out who you are; I'll see if your Czar of Muscovy bids you pluck a prisoner from a bed of justice, as if you were pulling up a turnip.

Cou. My dear friend don't make such a noise.

Apple. I am a Justice of Peace and will make a noise.

Cou. If the Czar hears you, I'm undone.

Apple. Are you? how dare your lordship rescue my prisoner? Who's now to be cram'd into a marrow-bone. (*very loud.*)

Cou. Hush! why man 'twas I that seiz'd him for a piece of humour.

Apple. You, you seized Colonel Lefort.

Cou. (*aside*) What! the Clod I have within here, the accomplished Colonel Lefort!

Apple. You'd defraud me of the hundred pounds for taking him.

Cou. I'll give it you, and be quiet.

Apple. Do.

Cou. I haven't so much about me now: but I pledge my honor I'll send it to you.

Apple.

Apple. You've not so much of that to spare, so I'll be content with your note.

Cou. You shall have it, but pray go.

Apple. (aside) I'll make more of this—but where's all the fees.

Cou. I'll pay them.

Apple. (going returns) His tavern bill—the great dinner—that I eat myself. *(aside)*

Cou. Make a bill of all.

Apple. My fine long set of china—two and forty pieces, he broke into five hundred, in my own garden.

Cou. Well, put in the garden.

Apple. A fine laced cap, he tore on my wife.

Cou. Zounds! put wife, cap, and all in the bill.—The Czar is in the house, and if he hears you, the Colonel's life is gone.—Take that, and for heaven's sake—*(gives him a purse)* go along you confounded little catchpole. *[Exeunt.]*

Phil. (peeps out) Mad beau to tear me from my dinner. *(a servant crosses with cake and wine)* Oh, oh!—*(follows him)*

Enter BALLYBOUGH and ELLEN dressed.

Ellen. Lord, how I have been squeez'd in that vulgar Greenwich coach! such horrid company too!—So this is the gentleman's house—dear, if he really intends to marry me, how charming! beautiful! what a deal of rooms, all one beyond another.

Bal. (Opens the door of the room from which Philip entered.) Wait in that room ma'am, master will come to you. *[Exit.]*

(Ellen goes in.)

Enter

Enter the CZAR.

Czar. The sight of a British dock-yard, has rous'd my ardour, to see such a floating forest at Petersburg. But now for Couvanski. The story I've heard from the Commodore, of his attempt to seduce the poor young woman at Deptford—If I can but bring his scandalous conduct to a proof—

Re-enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

Cou. So, I've brush'd off that infernal little wasp. This Col. Lefort that I have within here!—then his simplicity must be feign'd—if he falls into the Czar's hands he's lost.—I'll convey him safe away, (*goes to the door, where Ellen went in, and knocks softly*) Colonel, come out!—the Czar! (*aside*) stay in.

Czar. Who have you got there, that may come out and stay in?

Cou. Sir, 'tis only—(*much confused*)

Czar. A female mathematician?

Cou. A good hint to secure the Colonel. (*aside*) Then, Sir, it is a lady.

Czar. (*aside*) Perhaps Ottokesa again.

Cou. (*aside*) He wont be so impolite as to insist on seeing—

Czar. If 'tis the lady I found with you to-day, I'd speak with her.

Cou. No, Sir, this is quite an honourable affair.

Czar. Then, Count, I expect to be consulted.

Cou. Sir, I would not marry a constellation, without your Majesty's consent—(*bows*) but Sir, she is so bashful—

Czar.

Czar. Let me see her.

Cou. (aside) Yes, he'll have the Colonel out.— Then, Sir, to confess the truth, I am ashamed—a little afraid her face is (*grimaces*) you (like other people) will say her back is a little on the uppish or so; but a lover's eyes you know, Sir.—

Czar. You have so much excited my curiosity, that I will see her: Madam approach.

Cou. Your highness, don't ask her—she's only slept in to settle her head-dress before the glass— Colonel, jump out of the window. (*In an undertone*)

Czar. Madam.—(*opens the door*)

Enter ELLEN.

Cou. Eh! who's this! (*starting back surprised*)

Ellen. (to Cou.) Dear Sir, how could you keep me so long a waiting?

Cou. Ma'am!—this brings both me and the Colonel off—but where has he got to! (*aside*)

Czar. So, Couvanski, this is the lady you design to marry?

Ellen. I am, Sir.

Cou. Are you faith. (*aside*)

Czar. And when is the ceremony to take place?

Ellen. Oh, as soon as the gentleman pleases.

Czar. Well, Count, what do you say? I'm sure the lady's very kind.

Cou. Curse her kindness. (*aside*)

Czar. You cool on the business—be assured I'd treat you with the severest rigour, if I thought you a seducer of female innocence. Speak, do you mean to marry her.

Cou. Why, Sir, as to marrying the lady, I have no objection, but only this happens to be the first time I ever had the honour of seeing her.

Czar.

Czar. Didn't you say your intentions were honourable towards the lady in that room, and here she is just come out of it.

Cou. In or out, she is totally unknown to me.

Ellen. Oh, lord, how can you say that? wasn't you so crazy about me, that you had poor Philip drag'd to jail, that you might have me all to yourself!

Czar. Your profligacy sha'n't injure a helpless innocent, and disgrace me and your country—marry her you shall.

Cou. But Sir, she's an utter stranger to me, and it's my way always to marry an acquaintance.

Ellen. Stranger! oh lord, hayn't I it here under your own hand! (*takes out a letter*)

Cou. Shew me.

Ellen. No, you look, Sir. (*gives it to the Czar*)

Czar. This is your hand. (*reads*) "Divine angel."

Ellen. You see that's me.

Cou. Why, this is the letter I sent to my sweet girl. (*aside*)

Czar. "Pity's fake come to me!"

Ellen. Yes, and here I have come in pity you creature.

Czar. "Ador'd wife of the faithful Couyan-ski." Why this is in fact a promise of marriage, and I'll see it executed.

Cou. (*aside*) You shall first see me executed.—Why, zounds!—

Czar. Don't swear my Lord, recollect in whole presence you are.

Ellen. Dont swear my dear.

Enter BALLYBOUGH.

Cou. (*apart*) You infernal rascal, who did you give my letter to?

Bal. Sir, to my lady there.—Here's all the poets and philosophers waiting for your Highness. [Exit.]

Czar. I Come, Count I have heard the whole process of your scheme on this lady, and in the evening, previous to the ambassador's gala, I shall see your nuptials solemniz'd.

[Exeunt the Czar and Count Courvanski.]

Ellen. This evening I shall be solemniz'd. I must forsake poor Philip.

Re-enter PHILIP.

Phil. Now I'm quite another man! This drinking puts a body into such spirits, it has even made me amorous. I want nothing but a little bundle of bank notes to make me a compleat man of fashion. Pretty Nelly's at home so melancholy for the loss of me.

Ellen. What fine gentleman's this. *(aside)*

Phil. A smart looking young lady that. *(aside)*

Ellen. As I'm likely to be mistress of this house, I shou'd now take some state upon myself and do the honors.

Phil. Whilst I have these fine cloaths, I shou'd take the opportunity to gallant a little.

Ellen. Sir, may I have the honor?

Phil. Madam, you may.

Ellen. Oh Sir, the condescension. *(curtsies)*

Phil. My mellifluous presumption. *(bows)*

Ellen. Upon my reputation!

Phil. Ellen! — } *(Surprised)*

Ellen. Philip! }

Phil. I suppose you've put on your mistress's cloaths, you audacious hussy.

Ellen.

Ellen. Perhaps, you've got into your master's coat you impudent puppy.

Phil. But your mistress shall know it.

Ellen. Upon my soul I'll tell your master.— Philip, while you behave yourself you're welcome to my house; but if you make too free my husband may be jealous.

Phil. Husband! who is he?

Ellen. Don't I tell you I am mistress of this house.

Phil. Oh, ho! So, the mad beau only brought me here to triumph over my love. Nelly, you're a jilt.

Ellen. I a jilt.

Phil. You've been these two years laying out for new sweethearts, only to get presents from them.

Ellen. Me!

Phil. The encouragement you shew the young men is just according to what you want at the time, and what they can give—Last October, on the set in of winter—"Ha, it's got astonishingly sharp"—then, nobody like Sam Duffil the woollen draper—you smirk'd and smil'd, 'till he made you a present of a handsome Bath great coating; yes, the woollen draper was a most charming lover for frost and snow; but in April out come blossoms and sunshine, and, oh dear, we must have a muslin gown to flaunt at the tea gardens.—Up steps Mr. Smart the haberdasher, yes, he's the sweetheart for summer wear—That vulgar woollen draper! Shou'dn't ha' thought of such people speaking to one in public.

Ellen. How jealousy puts these men out of temper

DUETT.—PHILIP and ELLEN,

Ellen. Philip my lad,
 There was a time
 When you might court and not in vain,
 But ah, dear boy, that time is past,
 Tho' with you I danc'd,
 On May day,
 Hey day!
 Now I'm advanc'd.
 And view me a lady.

Phil. Philip my lad,
 Nelly my las.
 With you I chime,
 For now the fates do so ordain,
 Oh, cruel lot! the die is cast,
 Tho' my fond heart
 You're rap'd in,
 Lap'd in,
 Yet we must part,
 For view me a Captain,
 Nelly my las.

Ellen. Philip my lad,
 If you will learn
 My hair to dress, I may employ
 You as a barber now and then,
 Or flourish your flam
 -Beau flaming,
 Streaming.
 When with dear Pam,
 All night I'll be gaming,
 Philip my lad.

Phil. Nelly my las,
 As you can darn
 Silk stockings well, pardonez moi,
 And ruffles mend, and wash them clean,
 When you are my laun
 -Dress, rub well,
 Scrub well,
 Or my own man,
 Oh damme I'll drub well,

Nelly my las.

Ellen. Philip my lad.

Phil. Nelly my las,

Ellen. Good bye.

Phil. Good bye,

Ellen.

THE CZAR PETER.

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Ellen. Adieu,
Phil. Adieu.
These sighs;
Ellen. These tears.
Phil. Farewel.
Ellen. Farewell.

In my fine cloaths,
I'll flaunt it,
Rant it,
With smartest of beaux,
Oh how I'll gallant it.

Phil. Philip my lad,
In my fine cloaths,
I'll flaunt it,
Rant it,
Smartest of beaux,
Oh how I'll gallant it.
Nelly my las.

[Exit Philip.]

Re-enter COUVANSKI.

Cou. Here still! how shall I get rid of this girl? Now the Czar has set his obstinate head on it, he'll force me to marry her—making her refuse me is my only chance to get off.

Ellen. Oh the Count—pray Sir, do you know my uncle Applejack?—don't you love me?

Cou. Too well to impose on you, and my pretty dear, you really think me a Count.

Ellen. And an't you? won't you marry me? that great gentleman said you must.

Cou. Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha!—Why my love, that was my uncle Toby, the Czar's butler, who has the charge of his house here, until his Highness arrives, Old Toby who doats on me, heard you had a rich uncle, so dress'd me up in hopes to get you and your fortune, for at present my goddess, I am only a poor footman.

Ellen.

Ellen. Indeed !

Cou. So as I have frankly confess'd this most shameful scheme, I hope you'll reward my honesty with your heart and beauteous hand.

Ellen. (*cries*) Oh, oh—First I got myself turn'd out of uncle's for Philip, supposing him a gentleman, and now I've turn'd him off for thinking you a Lord.—Don't talk, don't look at me.

Cou. Nay, my charming— (*unseen rings a bell*) That's Mr. Slip the valet's bell for me—I must go—but you're an angel and you shall be mine. (*snatches up a stand of glasses, and runs off*)

Ellen. I won't, I won't be your's.—A fine Count indeed ! Why even Philip wasn't a rinsor of glasses, for his master had no glasses to rinse. Ah, poor Ellen, what a market have you made of yourself.

AIR.—ELLEN.

My folly I have cause to rue,
Why not content with one ?
Of lovers I must needs have two,
And now, Alas ! I've none.
When foolish Tray the river cross'd,
Like me, poor filly maid !
The precious substance thus he lost,
By snapping at the shade.

My golden dream is fled away,
I've from my chariot fell ;
I'm now no more a lady gay,
But little Deptford Nell.
With hopes of cream my wishes crown'd,
O'er night my milk I sat ;
When to my grief, next morn I found,
'Twas sup'd up by the Cat.

I gave a child a full blown rose,
Upon its balmy breast he blows,

To make the leaves expand---
Ah! thoughtless wanton, for thy pains,
See nothing but the stalk remains,
To grace thy little hand.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*A Dressing Room in COUNT COUVANSKI'S House—
Magnificent cloaths laying on a chair.—The CZAR
discovered in his Shipwright's dress, at a table,
with papers.*

Czar. Now to dress for my Ambassador's Gala;
yet, were it not for the State necessary to Majesty,
I should prefer convenience to pomp, and the
sweet society of a friend, to the brilliant tumults
of a court.

Enter APPLEJACK, (looking about with caution.)

Apple. No, the Count has lock'd up this
Colonel in some cup-board or other, for the
devil a button of his coat can I find, and I'm a
tolerable ferret too—I shall lose the reward, I have
search'd every room in the house—Isn't yon the
new Bully Shipwright I engag'd just now at the
yard? why how the devil did you get here, my
Finland Grampus?

Czar. Ha, ha, ha! My disguise has play'd its
part. (*aside*)

Apple. Why, you're a pretty sort of an impudent
scoundrel, out of my great goodness and com-
passion, I give you employment, set you to work,
then no sooner is my back turn'd, but you off with
your

your apron, scamper to town, and here I find you in a great easy chair like the sitting Alderman.

Czar. (*Rises.*) Don't be angry, Master, I—

Apple. What you're come here to tipple with some of the Czar's servants! for they all take the example of their master.

Czar. Why the Czar is no sensualist?

Apple. Do you pretend to know Peter as well as I, you faucy—don't chatter to me, Sirrah!—Instantly back to your work, on with your apron, or I'll—

Enter ROMADANOWSKI, with a bowl of wine, which, as he offers to the Czar, Applejack takes.

Stop, friend! after me is manners—(*drinks*) my first refreshment since I left home. Hark'ee you Mr. Whiskerousky. (*to Romadanouski*) do you know that I'll desire your master not to suffer his barbarous crew of Kalmucks, to corrupt and encourage his Britannic Majesty's ship carpenters, to come here carousing and drinking like fishes. (*drinks*) Lay that by—(*gives the bowl to the Czar, who lays it on the table*) Come along you. (*to the Czar, who makes signs to Romadanowski, he goes off.*)

Apple. Ah, I saw your signal to him, to give me the slip. Eh! but I'll slip you off the books.

Czar. Then, Sir, out of employment, I must perish.

Apple. Ah, that you shou'd have consider'd—(*aside*) but hold, this strong hulk may assist me to retake the Colonel. (*aside*) Hark'yee, you must know I come here to look after a prisoner, rescued from me; if you'll help me to catch him again, and then hold him fast, besides forgiving your

your fault, tho' I'm only to get one hundred pounds reward, I'll give you half a crown, that is in Grog—and I'll make it for you myself.

Czar. To oblige you, Sir, but who is this prisoner?

Apple. The great rebel, Colonel Lefort.

Czar. How had you Lefort in custody? (*with surprise and emotion*)

Apple. Ay, but it might be Colonel Lefort in your mouth—Yes, I had him till he was rescued by this Count here:

Czar. Rescued by Couvanski? The traitor!—(*aside*)

Apple. Don't you think the Czar will thank me if I find him for him?

Czar. That he certainly will—This is most fortunate—(*aside*) Where do you think you can find him?

Apple. Only you come with me as I direct, and ask no questions—When I start the prey, you seize it, my mastiff.

Czar. Come, not an instant's to be lost. (*takes his arm*)

Apple. Not so familiar—(*pushes him back*)—Remember there's some difference between I and you.

Czar. Sir, I confess it—If I can but get Lefort once in my power—(*aside*) Come (*going*)

[*Exit. the Czar follows.*]

Apple. (*Pulls him back*) After me is manners.

SCENE III.

A Room in COL. LEFORT'S House, (trunks open).

Enter COL. LEFORT.

Col. L. As I owe my liberty to this Michaelhoff, to do away the obligation, I'll deliver myself up to the Czar, and let him take my life; but first Michaelhoff shall give me satisfaction for the wrongs he has offer'd my sister. Where can my poor girl be? (*looks at the trunks*) She has dress'd—unnecessary to render herself more attractive to those who already think her an object worthy of insult—Ah! the sensible girl, prude, and coquette, are alike when a lover is in view.

AIR.—COL. LEFORT.

Thoughtless smiling fair,
Why with studied care,
Practice useless art?
Nature's charms give every grace,
Best adorn the lovely face,
Best can 'trap the heart.

Ne'er secur'd, tho' thus you have him,
Or at best a fool you gain;
By device when you enslave him,
Wife is he who slips his chain.
Come, 'sweet maid; in dress tho' simple,
Yet thy beauties all thy own;
Native blush, bewitching dimple,
Thou art mine, or I'm my own.

[*Exit.*

Enter PHILIP.

Phil. Now I've got home, Master has pistols—
this

this Beau-Turk Couvanski to run away with Ellen from me ! I'll fight him—let's see, I was taken for a gentleman, by a wise Justice and his wife, and why not—tho' women are neither Justices or Constables, yet where a man is in the case, they are most excellent Judges. Poor master's safe in prison, why mayn't I, by the help of his cloaths carry on my frolics, and marry an heiress ? —I will.—If young ladies run off with guittar masters, and footmen in livery—why not with a footman in the livery of honour—Oh my rival—Hem ! I'll begin the gentleman with a duel, but if a duel should end the gentleman—take my girl from me !

AIR.—PHILIP.

Gadzounds ! who now but me ?
 I'm somebody,
 Could ladies see
 So smart a figure in this coat,
 My finery they'd be trap'd in---
 If quarter'd in a country town,
 I lay a crown,
 My high renown,
 Would make the girls all on me doat,
 When pretty young Phil the Captain.
 Before the ladies I'll cut a puff,
 Hey, dem'me ! I'll march so bold and bluff;
 The Belles I'll kiss, the beaux I'll cuff,
 With my tat-a-rat rantum rare ro.

Back gammon and whist I play,
 Officers way,
 Help out his pay,
 After dinner for old black strap---
 The bones we merrily trundle,
 At cards who dare my honour doubt ?
 I'm then so stout,
 I call him out,
 A nose I pull, or a mazard slap,
 Who bids me to refund all.

Before the ladies, &c.

B B 2

Shou'd

Should a young lady be abus'd,
 Her fame traduc'd,
 By all refus'd;
 For innocence, pell-mell to arms---
 Her champion then regard me,
 The slanderer, challenge to the ground,
 Receive a wound,
 The lady's bound
 By gratitude, with all her charms,
 And fortune to reward me.

Before the ladies, &c.

(While singing the Burden of the last verse, flourishing and capering he strikes himself against Col. Lefort who enters with a written letter.)

Col. L. Philip! Equipp'd in my cloaths too!
 Is it the retired manner I have lived in here, that encourages you to take such an impudent freedom.

Phil. Sir it's all along of Nelly—So obstinate she would'nt let me brush your coat on the back of a chair, but would dust it on my back, merely, I believe to shew how nimbly she cou'd lay a rattan acrofs my shoulders.

Col L. Take them off Sirrah; I want you to carry a letter.

Phil Yes, Sir.

Col L. I should appear to this Michaelhoff as myself,—here—*(giving a key)* take out a suit of regimentals you'll find in that trunk.

Phil. Yes, yes, Sir. *(unlocks a trunk at the back and employs himself in looking for and taking out cloaths)* I see no regimentals—Oh I have you here by the epaulette.

Col L. Michaelhoff I find is here at Deptford with the Czar—Make haste, *(to Philip who is still at the trunk—Col. Lefort sits at a table, and takes some time in folding, superscribing and sealing the letter.)*

Enter

Enter APPLEJACK.

Apple. Come along you—(*speaking softly off*) If 'nt yonder the spy that was released, (*looking at Col Lefort*) and the Colonel too. (*looking at Philip*) I'll nab him, why don't you come? Quick, softly, (*speaking off*) Don't knock your high wooden head against the top of the door case.

Col L. Make haste. (*to Philip.*)

Enter the CZAR at the back.

Apple. I'm right, (*to the Czar*) yonder's Lefort. (*looking at Philip*).

Czar. There he is indeed. (*looking at Col Lefort*).

Apple. There! no; there you oaf, look.

Czar. I am looking at him.

Apple. Are you? then you squint most abominably.

Col. L. Have you got the cloaths?

Phil. Here they are, Sir. (*advances to Col Lefort with the cloaths—Applejack and the Czar retire.*)

Col. L. Go deliver this letter as directed. (*Philip being incumber'd with the cloaths lays it on the table*) Quick, and leave those in the next room for me.

Phil. I fly.

[*Exit.*

Col L. (*Looking out*) Yes! ha, ha, ha! I thought she had been dressing, and most splendidly too.

Czar. By heaven 'tis Ottokesa! residing here with Lefort! There's not a doubt of her perfidy. (*aside.*)

Enter OTTOKESA, (magnificently dress'd).

Otto. Now by your smiling do I suppose you think at such a juncture, my mind might have been

been better employ'd than upon the decoration of my person, but don't chide me, for in it I have only your good at heart my dear Lefort.

Czar. Her dear Lefort!

(aside.)

Col. L. Nay Ottokesa, you give yourself too much concern on my account, but what's your purpose in attiring yourself thus?

Otto. To throw myself at the feet of the Czar and implore his mercy if he has any.

Col. L. He has, but not for me, great in all his actions, yet he pursues my life with despicable revenge—Oh! were he not my sovereign and with a sword wou'd but meet me in a desert then he might feel what it was to wrong Lefort.

Otto. Cherish that spirit; you shall be again a soldier.

AIR.— OTTOKESA.

Fly oblivion, death to fame
Hence, nor noble deeds erase;
Fling thy veil o'er pallid shame
Nor dare the gen'rous soldier face;
From his sweet domestic Bow'r
Where he sits with roses crown'd
Honour bids the Hero tow'r
Hear her in the trumpet's sound.

[Exeunt.]

Czar. (advancing) Meet you in a desert! except the punishing your private, fair advocate, my soul could'nt receive a greater transport. Suffer myself to be decoy'd from the path of glory, by attachment to a smiling wanton! yet if she loves him her constancy is noble. What's here? *(looking at the letter which Philip had left on the table)* Michaelhoff! directed to me by my assumed name, *(opens it and reads)* "Sir, The censure of
" my Sovereign I abide, but no other man on
" earth

"earth shall wrong me or mine, my designs admit of no delay, in two hours hence I shall be at the west end of Greenwich Park, where I expect you'll answer with your sword—Lefort."—I don't know the ground of this quarrel with me, as Michaelhoff, unless it be to contend with me for the heart of Ottokesa, dispute that with him and all mankind I will—this is the wish of my soul, in giving him his revenge now I can take my own.

Re-enter PHILIP.

Phil. Old Applejack's striding thro' the field after me was for no good—lucky I gave him the double round the hedge, but where the plague could I have left the letter my master gave me to give this Michaelhoff, (*perceiving the Czar*) Eh what great strange fellow's this in our house (*looks at the letter in the Czar's hand*) why by the lord this is the very—then I suppose you've read that?

Czar. I have.

Phil. Then perhaps you open'd it too?

Czar. I did.

Phil. You did! then you did a confounded impudent thing to open and read another man's letter.

Czar. It's mine—my name is Michaelhoff.

Phil. Oh, then as I have delivered you the letter by your own hand, you'll give me an answer.

Czar. Tell the gentleman, I shall be ready to give him what he demands.

Phil. Give it me, and I'll keep it for him.

Czar. Follow him with my answer, or I'll crush you to atoms.

Phil. Yes, Sir. (*frightened*)

Czar.

Czar. Say, I'll meet him.—Go!

Phil. Yes, yes, Sir. *[Exit, terrified.]*

Czar. I burn to chastise the rival in my love,
and the rebel to my authority.

AIR—CZAR.

Welcome liberty and joy
From me Cupid, Idle boy!
Lead the fair one in thy hand
Reason bids obey command,
Let her take the frolic wile
Scornful frown and winning smile,
But the frowns no more alarm
Where the smile has lost its charm
Yet I still allow thee fair
Tho' deceit I must not bear.

Come Minerva blue ey'd maid
Bring lov'd science to mine aid,
Polish'd manners, art refin'd
Soft embellishments of mind,
Rays from thy bright burnish'd helm
Chase rude darkness from my realm
Next oh lend a pond'rous spear,
Such as Mars himself might bear;
Subjects wild to civilize
And the foreign foe chastise.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV; *and last.*

Greenwich Park.

Enter COL. LEFORT, (in regimentals).

Col. L. I hope this Michaelhoff will answer my challenge—I repent having entrusted it to Philip.—It's near the time.—For Greenwich Park, this seems the most remote part I cou'd have fixed on. It appears, this Michaelhoff is the servile follower of Prince Menzikoff,
a villain

a villain! that wou'd basely wrong my sister,
and build his fortune on delivering me up to the
Czar; but my sword——

AIR.—COL. LEFORT.

Vengeance for a people's wrongs,
To the soldier's arm belongs;
Yet while fame records his deeds,
And he for his country bleeds;
Let him, whilst the sword he draws,
In the great, the general cause;
Guards the honour of a throne,
Let him still protect his own.

Ha! I hear footsteps—He comes—

Enter the CZAR, (in regal dress.)

The Czar!

Czar. You sent me a challenge—I'm here to
your hour—Draw. (*Draws*)

Col. L. Sir, I never dared——

Czar. Lefort, I am Michaelhoff; on the spot
where our dispute arose, I was your Sovereign,
and consistent with the duty of a subject, you
could not then claim the right of a soldier—now
I am out of my dominions we're upon equal terms.
If the Emperor wrong'd you, the man offers you
reparation.

Col. L. Oh, Sir, see before you a broken spi-
rit, a heart flaw'd by adversity; under your dis-
pleasure, my life has been a burthen. Take it—
(*Kneels.*)

Enter OTTOKESA, and COMMODORE SWIVEL.

Otto. Ah, Michaelhoff! Would you kill my
brother?

Czar. How, Madam! Lefort your brother? Then have I wrong'd you, my Ottokesa.

Otto. Unkind lover, raise him to your heart, for he's worthy your esteem.

Col. L. Sir, pardon my sister, tho' she lov'd you as the man she suppos'd you to be, her thoughts never aspired to the hand of her Sovereign.

Otto. Sovereign!

Czar. But still your faithful Michaeloff, a title which I glory in more this instant than the Emperor of Muscovy.

Otto. Amaz'd with awe! Yet why should I endeavour to conceal my humble, yet presumptuous hope—Oh, Sir, your displeasure has showered woes on us both, but one word seals my happiness—pardon my brother.

Czar. If he'll forgive me, and restore me to my ensigncy in his regiment, my future conduct shall be an example of obedience even to a drummer. (*pauses*)—and was it then for Lefort himself I gave you the discharge? (*to Otto*) At the very time I fought his life—I blush for my vindictive spirit—and your poor Artist too, whose works I so much admired. (*To the Commodore*)

Com. Ay, I hop'd his merit, and your generosity, Sir, might moor you both again in the harbour of Friendship.

Otto. Ah, Commodore; war is your concern: you see a lady is the best peace-maker.

Enter COUNT COUVANSKI.

Cou. Flutes, fiddles, hautboys, inundations of melodious sounds to drown the soul in harmony. I'm come to beg your Majesty will honour my wedding with your royal presence, and here comes my

my super-elegant bride—I know she'll refuse me, so I may venture. (*aside*)

Enter ELLEN.

Otto. Ellen! my cloaths I think.—

Czar. Madam give me leave to present you to—

Ellen. To your nephew the footman. I beg to be excused, Mr. Toby the butler.

Cou. And you really won't have me, I dreaded this cruel stroke of fate.

Czar. Then Madam you release him from his vows?

Cou. Oh yes, we're all free—now if I cou'd but find my little sempstress, she throw out of marriage secures her to me. (*aside*) Sir since this lovely goddess rejects my supplications, there is a certain young girl.—I confess she is only an humble milliner—Love has brought down my spirit.—If your Highness would grant your sanction for our union—

Czar. Hold Count; First pay homage to the future partner of my Empire. (*presenting Ottokeza, Count Couvanski kneels to her*)

Otto. How! the dignified Count Couvanski kneeling to the "humble little milliner".

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Cou. You Madam!—Is it possible?—What the devil!—Marry her!—Can he know Lefort's her brother. My gracious Lord you must be ignorant the lady is sister to Colonel Lefort.

Czar. Here Couvanski is Lefort himself.

Cou. That Lefort! and reconcil'd!—Well this is the most miraculous—but who is this then that I have been taking for the Colonel,

Enter PHILIP in his own dress, led prisoner by MR. and MRS. APPLEJACK and NIB.

Apple. Here your Highness, I deliver up the traitor Colonel, and claim a hundred pounds reward for apprehending him, for I was obliged to do it all over again thanks to that scampering Count.

Cou. Oh, you'll get the hundred pounds reward. Ha, ha, ha!

Apple. Yes I will, and I'll be reimburs'd all the money I laid out for him.

Cou. Then you laid out a deal of money for him. Ha, ha, ha!

Apple. Why he drank a matter of two dozen of Champagne on me.

Cou. Champagne. The Justice is bit.

Col. L. Why, what have you done now poor Philip?

Phil. Nothing good master, so pray have me undone. (*points to the cords on his arms*)

Apple. What do you mean by Philip?

Cou. Why don't you hear that's poor Philip that has drank your Champagne?

Apple. I say that he mayn't be rescued any more, step over the tedious process of trial by jury, and hang him up at once: The Emperor of Morocco's ambassador cut off his slave's head in Piccadilly, and why may not you Royal Sir?

Phil. Nelly, are you sorry for me?

Ellen. Yes, Philip; when I thought you fine, I didn't think of you at all; but now I see you in trouble; I feel I truly love you.

Phil. So then the only proof of your love is my trouble.

Apple.

Apple. What is he really not the Colonel—Am I to be chous'd out of my hundred pounds! Is nobody to be hang'd?

Phil. Hang yourself.

Apple. Fire and combustibles, this the celebrated incendiary that has led me over hedge and ditch—O you Will-o-the Wisp! But Sir, for my zeal, mayn't I have the honor of kissing your Majesty's hand on some pretty post?

Czar. What, salute "the fin of a grampus"?

Apple. (*looking at the Czar*) 'Tis he, the prince of carpenter's!

Czar. That I should banish such talents to find them abroad. (*to Colonel Lefort*) Count, by your false pursuit of London pleasures, you've gather'd weeds in a flower garden—most contemptible, the degenerate noble who plumes himself upon the illustrious actions of his ancestors; but the man who by his own worth rises from a private station, gives nobility its truest lustre, the dignity of merit.—Commodore, shou'd any of my successors forget that 'tis to Britain they owe their first spark of Naval Glory, may British thunder punish their ingratitude.—Come now my amiable Ottokesa, let me shew the English Court, that it's my pride, to bid you share a Throne your virtues must adorn.

FINALE.

OTTOKESA.

Life shews Spring reviving, winter to destroy,
But it's happy summer, friends; let's now enjoy,
See the intrepid Hero to each ill resigned,
Then never fading wreaths his temples bind.

Let

THE CZAR PETER.

Let voice and heart be gay,
Let pleasure crown the day,
And raise the jocund lay.

CHORUS.

Let voice and heart, &c.

ELLEN.

Gad-a-mercy, Master Philip, if you wont,
Another will you know ;
What pray, Sir, do you mean, you cap'ring Count,
To use a woman so ?
Wou'd you'd never knew me,
Sure you came to woo me,
Only to undo me,
Devil's in the beau !

PHILIP.

Put a finger in an eye, poor Nelly,
And has it lost it's Doll ?
When I've got a bottle in my pate,
Perhaps I'll at your window call.
When I chuse to drop in,
Or, my eye-brow pop in,
Do not let that Fop in,
Pretty little Poll.

COL. LEFORT.

Life shews spring reviving,
Winter to destroy,
But it's smiling summer,
Friends, let's now enjoy.
As happy be our gay amusements seen,
As rustic gambols on the dewy green.

CHORUS.

Let voice and heart, &c.

COL.

COM. SWIVEL.

O'er our nuptial banquet, tho' innocence preside,
Yet to merry Momus we'll throw the portal wide.

CZAR.

Maids all rosy blushing flit the mazy round,
Feather footed pleasure lightly trip the ground,

CHORUS.

Let voice and heart, &c.

MRS. APPLEJACK.

What the deuce, my dainty Madam Slip-slop,
Is your fine new coach broke down?

COUNT COUVANSKI.

Dem'me too severe upon my quondam,
Mifs Maraud don't dare to frown. (*to Applejack*)

APPLEJACK.

Hark'ee, little crack hemp, if you'll marry Nell
A noble hundred pound.

PHILIP.

Is it the reward for taking me pray tell
My little fly blood hound.
I'll, my little trimbo
With my arma kimbo
Shove you into limbo.
'Sblood if here you're found.

OTTOKESA.

Mantling cheeks, eyes sparkle, wit shall point the jest,
At the feast of reason, love's a welcome guest,
O'er

THE CZAR PETER.

O'er our highest blisses, tears of pity flow,
And prove the noblest joy's to heal anothers woe.

CHORUS.

Let voice and heart be gay,
Let pleasure crown the day,
And raise the jocund lay.

THE END.

THE
LONDON HERMIT;
OR,
RAMBLES IN DORSETSHIRE.
IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,
IN 1793.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Whimmy,	Mr. SUETT.
Pranks,	Mr. AICKIN.
Tom Pranks,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Peregrine,	Mr. EVATT.
Apathy,	Mr. BLAND.
Poz,	Mr. BARRET.
Bite,	Mr. COOKE.
Naty Maggs,	Mr. PALMER, Jun.
Barleycorn,	Mr. BENSON.
Tully,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Ben,	Mr. ABBOT.
Barebones,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Toby Thatch,	Mr. PARSONS.
Carter,	Mr. BURTON.
John Grum,	Mr. ALFRED.
Postboy,	Mr. COMERFORD.
John,	Mr. LYONS.
Coachman,	Mr. LEDGER.
Dian,	Miss HEARD.
Mrs. Maggs,	Mrs. WEBB.
Kitty Barleycorn,	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Mrs. Anyman,	Mrs. CUYLER.
Mrs. Dainty,	Mrs. HALE.

SCENE, *Dorsetshire.*

THE
LONDON HERMIT;
OR,
RAMBLES IN DORSETSHIRE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*Before a Country Inn and great Gates leading to
WHIMMY'S House.*

Enter BARLEYCORN, (from the Inn.)

BARLEYCORN.

TOBY, Toby Thatch! what dost stand gaping
about there?

Enter TOBY.

Toby. Been up hill to look towards great road.

Bar. Any carriages coming?

Toby. Fine coach and four horses—a high
thing-o-me-chay—a phæton (I think they call
it)—and a whiskey-me-gig.

D D 2

Bar.

Bar. And there's a boat full of company just put in at the cove, all to see 'Squire Whimmy's improvements—Then there's our poney-race. Dang my buttons, we shall have a house full to-day. What a donkey was I to let that daughter of mine go gadding to Blandford. Company flocking,—and my child, that ought to have my interest at heart, when she shou'd be preparing entertainment for the guests, mayhap, she's now gawking over a race-course,

Toby. And all the business left upon I.

Bar. Always grumbling, you idle rascal.

Toby. Well, I've more trades than the best idle rascal in all England. I bes waiter and attend the company, as oßler I waits on horses ; I paints the names on the smugglers' boats ; I plays the fiddle at church ; I'm a tight locksmith ; I'm a bit'n of parish constable ; and for walking on messages to Weymouth, Blandford, Corfe, Poole, or Wareham, I'm allow'd to be as smart a foot-pad as any in the county of Dorset. (*Laughing without.*) There's the 'Squire's sarvants within, ha ! ha ! ha !—they have rare stingo at home, and yet come drinking our taplash. I'll go sarve 'em (*going*)—but there's their master come upon 'em ;—he's in a mortish fury with som'at.

Bar. Dang my buttons ! This daughter of mine not come home yet, and here the house now chuck full.

Toby. I'll run and see ; for I warrants Kitty will bring home some fine ballads. (*aside*)

Bar. Our subscription's not full to buy the silver cup ; and the folks are already gaping for the race. Take you the paper about and ax what the company will give towards it.

Toby. I wool.

[*Exit.*
Bar.

Bar. My daughter Kitty! This is letting her go see relations—"Do now, Cousin Barley-corn—Kitty must spend a day or two with us at our races she'll see all the new fashions." Then, its "Miss Kitty, and, Miss Kitty must have some diversion, and Miss Kitty must drink tea with us, and Miss Kitty must walk in Brianston Meadows, and Miss Kitty must dance at the Ball at the Greyhound." But I'll walk and dance her! Promis'd to send her home to me last night, and here this is Wednesday. Instead of brown mugs for the company, I might have silver tankards for the money I've laid out upon her cloaths. Oh! these women with their gauzes, flippeties, top-knots and what-nots—eh!—the 'Squire—seems in a woundy passion.

Enter WHIMMY.

Whim. You, sirrah! did I not build this inn here for you at the very entrance of my improvements? Did not I put you and your family into it, and an't you getting money here as if you coin'd it? Is it not a bean-garden, that I've turn'd you into; and an't you fattening in it, like a base ungrateful great boar as you are.

Bar. Great boar! I don't understand what your honour would be at.

Whim. Here, on the very day that I have appropriated to oblige the world of taste and fashion, by showing them my house, pictures, gardens, and improvements, you must fix your twopenny poney-race.

Bar. I did it to draw company to the village.

** Whim.*

Whim. Yes, to your own paltry alehouse, you fordid clod.

Bar. Improvements!—Who'd come to view your improvements, Sir, if they w'an't sure of a good dinner from me? If they can eat marvel and drink water, they may feast upon your improvements; but after all their eye-gluttony in your gardens, their palates are ready enough for a Scotch-collop at the Red Lion. Here, you Toby, why don't you mind the company. (*calling off*) Dang my buttons!—Landlord!—Big boar—Pay his rent. [*Exit muttering.*]

Whim. Here's plebian gratitude!—Oh! plague of the fingers that sign'd your lease.

Pranks. (*without*) No, no,—I'll walk up to Whimmy's.

Enter PRANKS.

Oh! why he's here—How d'ye do, Dick?—Found you out, eh!

Whim. My name is Richard. — What! the friend of my youth, Billy Pranks!—(*aside*) Now shall I be twitted with former favours, and I don't like that.

Pranks. So, you've pick'd up the mocusses in the Indies! Pack'd up, came over.—Never look'd after me.

Whim. I ask'd every body after you.

Pranks. What! I suppose you ask'd King Charles, at Charing-cross;—Nobody about 'Change could tell of William Pranks, the banker of Lombard-street? You hound, I was your friend when you hadn't another.

Whim. Hound, what's the matter with you?
Wou'd

Wou'd you have me advertife or fend the bellman about to cry you?

Pranks. You're most plaguily alter'd for the worse. How's your daughter? fine girl I hear; wonder'd at it, when I thought of your phiz.

Whim. As civil as ever.

Pranks. You shall give her to my nephew, the greatest rogue in England.

Whim. Why there may be finer girls than my daughter, yet I think she's too good for a rogue.

Pranks. Where did you make your fortune?

Whim. You know in the Indies to be sure. (*aside*) If I had millions this fellow still overawes me, that I'm a mere mouse before him.

Pranks. I scorn to remind you;—but you owe all that fortune to me.

Whim. (*aside*) 'Twill be long enough before I repay you.

Pranks. Only think of all the good things I've done for you. Didn't I suffer you to write for me from six in the morning to seven at night; lock'd you up, and fed you upon bread and cheese, to sharpen your industry upon the grindstone of necessity.

Whim. Yes; you did keep me to the grindstone.

Pranks. Wasn't it I got you out to Bombay in the respectable line of a guinea-pig? Didn't I procure for you letters to the governor and general officers? Didn't I write myself, "This young man, the bearer, is a prudent lad, that will do all your dirty work?"

Whim. Certainly, your letter did me great honour.

Pranks. Didn't you derive all your interest from a pamphlet that I wrote, and gave you the credit of,

of, tho' I thought 'twou'd bring the author to the pillory?

Whim. You were very kind.

Pranks. Didn't I, to give you notoriety, spur you on to kick the captain that horlewhip'd the duke on the race-ground, tho' I was sure he'd blow your ear off for it.

Whim. I acknowledge all your goodness.

Pranks. Then give your daughter to my nephew; they shall have every penny I'm worth when I die.

Whim. Aye; but there's danger of your living a great while, Billy.

Pranks. What! are you afraid of it you golden calf?

Whim. Where is your nephew?

Pranks. He was in the Temple; is now in the Kings Bench; he does't know it, but it's I that keep him there, to make him, from a dread of confinement, avoid running in debt. Shan't give him two fixpences, unless he marries your daughter.

Whim. Aye; but I've promis'd her to a good young man in the neighbourhood here, who has made the tour of Europe. Ah! Mr. Peregrine brought home taste enough to lay out my gardens, dispose my statues, and make yon spot the seat of virtù and elegance.

Pranks. (*aside*) Got his money like a knave, and now spends it like a fool.

Whim. Not half an hour since I actually promis'd Mr. Peregrine that he should marry Dian tomorrow.

Pranks. But, don't you recollect a prior promise to me? Didn't you engage if you ever made a fortune and had a child, my next a-kin shou'd have both?

Whim.

Whim. Aye; but Peregrine will shoot me if I break my word to him.

Pranks. Break it with me, and I'll cut your wizen.

Whim. Oh dear! I'm brought into this dilemma by my bad memory. Harkye, Billy, I'll make Peregrine wait, on pretext that his constancy must be tried.—Yes, I'll send him to travel again for five years.

Pranks. Instead of marriage, let him go to-morrow.

Whim. Aye; but on his return he'll claim my promise.

Pranks. Pshaw!—his back turn'd, my nephew will be here;—I've already sent for him; Tom's a sprightly blade, monstrous wicked tho'.—Is this the entrance to your grounds?

Whim. Yes, I've transported Italy into England.

Pranks. Italy!

Whim. Here you'll see gardens.

Pranks. I've a garden at Brixton Causeway.

Whim. Such bananas---then my hot-house—half a dozen such peaches last Christmas! upon a sum up, the rearing will cost me two guineas a piece.

Pranks. For whose eating?

Whim. My own, to be sure.

Pranks. Old Nick jump after them; swallow in a minute, what would have kept a whole family for a twelvemonth!

Whim. Wer'n't they my own?

Pranks. Superfluities are not our own, whilst the poor want common necessaries. When do you dine?

Whim. Not till to-morrow, because I resign my house and improvements to-day, to the ad-

miration of a wondering public; but you shall sup with me, my friend.

Pranks. Thank ye.

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Sir, Parson Jack be making collections for the poor sufferers that were burnt out there at Minehead. He has sent the paper here, to put down your worship's name for a trifle.

Whim. I wish Parson Jack would mind the business of his own parish; what have we to do with the poor of another county?

Pranks. Hark ye, Dick Whimmy, in the hour of calamity, the unhappy of every country are our fellow-citizens (*gives money.*) Put that down.

Bar. Your name, Sir?

Pranks. Never mind my name—If I can do any good, I don't want to blow a trumpet about it.

Whim. Eh! well, as it's charity, I'll give—

Bar. How much, Sir?

Whim. I'll give them—As I love to be modest, put down plain Mr. Richard Whimmy, one pound one.

Bar. I'll give it myself, and dang me if your shabby name shall disgrace our parish paper.

[*Exit.*

Pranks. That fellow has a soul.

Whim. There's a saucy villain.

Pranks. Yes; but Dick, a fordid mind sinks a man into contempt, though master of millions.

Whim. I desire, Billy, not to hear disagreeable things; will you come up with me now? No! Well, you'll excuse me till supper.—I must give Tully, my gardener, his lesson—and—no hermit got yet! Look! I've advertised for a man to sit dressed

dressed up as a hermit, in the hermitage of my gardens. (*pointing to an advertisement pasted on a sign post*)

Pranks. Dick, have a good supper; remember old times.

Whim. Yes, I shall never forget bread and cheese. [Exit.

Pranks. Invites every body to see his gardens, and then the shy churl sneaks out of the way. Tell me of carvings and paintings! I say the best part of a gentleman's house is his kitchen and wine cellar.

Enter TOBY.

Toby. Shall your horse have any oats, Sir?

Pranks. Yes, Sir; but if you please, Sir, I'll see him eat them myself, Sir; for if the poor beast is cheated, he can't even summons us to a court of conscience. [Exit.

Toby. Stand to look at a horse eating corn! then you must be main fond of seeing other folks at dinner. [Exit.

Enter TOM PRANKS, and KITTY BARLEYCORN in travelling dresses.

Tom P. Exceeding fine weather indeed Ma'am, but have you forgot any thing in the chaise.

Kitty. Oh dear! yes, (*searching her pockets*).

Enter POST BOY.

Post B. Miss you dropt this. [Exit.

Kitty. My book of ballads that I bought at Blandford.

Tom P. A divine girl!—but what does she want with a book of ballads? (*aside*)—Really Miss don't you go any farther?

Kitty. Why no, Sir.—I hope he won't find out that my father keeps this inn here. (*aside*)—Sir, I wait here, and expect my friends to send a servant and a horse for me.

Tom P. Then you're fond of riding, I presume, ma'am?

Kitty. Yes, Sir, with a pillion.

Tom P. Oh!—behind a——Heavens! that I was the happy servant to ride before you.

Kitty. Cou'dn't expect a gentleman like you, Sir.—Dear, I'm afraid my father or Toby will come out to expose me. (*aside*) Then, Sir, you're going on to Weymouth?

Tom P. Yes, Ma'am, my feet, head, body, and hands, but my soul remains at——What's the name of this village, Ma'am?

Kitty. I really don't know, Sir,—though I was born in it. (*aside*)

Tom P. I wonder do we change horses here, or get another chaise?

Kitty. I fancy, Sir, you change the carriage. I wish it was ready and he'd be off, though when he's gone, I shall be indeed unhappy. (*aside*)

Tom P. Won't you take some refreshment? we'd best step in.—Permit me the honour of accompanying you.

Kitty. (*aside*) Oh dear! when he finds out who I am, he'll despise me.—Why no, Sir—my grand papa's servant may be now waiting, and he's a very cross crusty grumps, if he'd see a gentleman with me.

Tom P. Then, Madam, tho' a moment's conference with you wou'd give me the highest felicity

city yet my intrusion shall not be the means of your incurring the displeasure of your friends.

Kitty. Sir, you're exceedingly polite—How genteel, kind and generous! He must be some very great gentleman. (*aside*) Sir, tho' your horse was'nt successful at Blandford races, I hope it won't have any effect upon the pleasantry of your temper?

Tom P. Oh! Ma'am, I lost only a couple of thousands on it—A mere nothing—Tho' it hasn't left me another guinea in the world. Eh! what's going on yonder up the hill? a race I believe.

Kitty. Yes, Sir, for the silver cup.—Dear! What a fine thing 'twou'd be for father to win it. Our parlour customers love to drink out of silver.

Tom P. Customers!

Kitty. (*aside and confused*) Oh, Lud!—I mean, Sir—my papa—likes a race. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Tom P. Madam, (*they part with ceremony and tenderness*). [*Exit Kitty into the house.*]

Oh, by Heavens! she's a cherubim! a good fortune, I dare say—thinks me rolling in gold. Ah! she'll be in all the fashionable blaze of Weymouth, and shou'd I see her, I must sneak out of the way with my empty pockets,

Enter PEREGRINE.

Pere. I was right enough—'tis Tom Pranks.

Tom P. What! my worthy Cambridge Johnian, George Peregrine? ah! how d'ye do?

Pere. But Tom, what has brought you here? what are you on?

Tom P.

Tom P. I'm on air, fire! Are you on a visit here?

Pere. Visit! no, at home; I've a sort of a little lodge hard by, at which I shall be very happy to see you; but, come, what brought you down here? To see Mr. Whimmy's gardens?

Tom P. Whimmy! who's he? No, you can't conceive what a variety of high—low—jack—and game, since the morning we parted at the Crown and Anchor, you in a post-chaise for Dover: I in a phaeton for Newmarket, just run a horse at Blandford—lost—best of the fun, I'm at this moment a prisoner in the King's Bench.

Pere. A prisoner in the King's Bench, and a hundred and twenty two miles from town? Why Tom, you've skipp'd out of bounds indeed!

Tom P. You may suppose, George, that my expences far exceeded my uncle's allowance; thought to help out by a lucky hit now and then, so bought a blood mare at Tatterfalls, had her put into training, then entered for the plate at Blandford—a beautiful thing—the crack of the course—but before the meeting, a few positive mechanical rascals thrust me into the King's Bench, where I liv'd as nobly as a newspaper writer in for a libel.—Must go to Blandford though, so procured the rules, and in hopes the turf could bring me in money enough to pay my debts, off I spank'd for Dorsetshire, and, spite of informers appear'd on the course. The opinion seemed all in favour of my mare; but like a cursed green-horn, I withdrew her from the plate, and made a by-match to run her against Lord Skelter's Sour-croust, to ride ourselves—but after the first round, my infernal groom told me I carried
too

too much weight, flung part away, came in first; but my Lord insisted on our being again weighed, I was too light by a pound and an half, so that though I won, I lost the race; two thousand to his Lordship; in short every guinea of a full five thousand that an honest methodist preacher, my landlord in the rules, raised to equip me for the expedition.

Pere. Ah, Tom! I thought when you and I were at Cambridge together, your scampers to Newmarket would turn to this at last.

Tom P. Certainly it's life, my boy.—You were always a dead fag, and I was a blood. You know I never could prevail on you, even then, to make one of our toxophilite club.

Pere. But where are you going now?

Tom P. Can you tell me? Dem'me if I can tell you.—Sir, I was distressed—distracted.

Pere. Ay! but Tom, your mare,—as she won—

Tom P. She's gone; sold her for five hundred, went to dinner, tuck'd three bottles under my girdle—hopp'd off as steady as old time to the assembly, laugh'd at the minuets—tol lol, adjourn'd to a snug hazard party—lost every face—roll'd into the street at eight in the morning—saw a carriage at the Greyhound door—pretty girl all alone—finding it was a return chaise, stept in without knowing whither bound—had a most delectable chat—a lovely creature—single—hither we've come—she's there—I'm here—she's an angel with a great fortune—I'm a dog without the price of a collar.

Pere. Ha! ha! ha! Well this is a most curious detail of your adventures. But Tom you
hav'n't

hav'n't heard, perhaps, I'm going to be married to the heiress of this estate.

Tom P. Indeed! this is your muzzing for a fellowship.

Pere. But won't you return to the King's Bench?

Tom P. No! can't do that; they'd never let me out again.

Pere. Yes; but if you're found out here, it will be worse: what will you do?

Tom P. What will I do? Psha! you're always putting me to the mathematics: fling by your Euclid, and you tell me what shall I do.

Pere. Ha! ha! ha! the very thing for you, Tom, ha! ha! ha!

Tom P. Plague of your sneer; what are you at?

Pere. Read that paper.

Tom P. Paper! (*reads the advertisement*) "A liberal offer.—Wanted a person to sit dressed as a hermit in the hermitage of very capital gardens: on condition of his attendance for five years, he will be entitled to a gratuity of one thousand pounds, and three hundred a year for the remainder of his life.—For particulars inquire within."—Eh! what's all this about? Hermit!

Pere. Tom, don't you think sitting in the hermitage preferable to a coop in the King's Bench. Suppose you apply for this.

Tom P. Me! what I turn hermit?—Poh, nonsense! a high go, faith.

Pere. Will your uncle pay your debts?

Tom P. He! I've got a hint 'twas he threw me into prison.—No! I never shall touch an ounce of his.

Pere.

Pere. A thousand guineas—three hundred a year for life!

Tom P. Oh! but how would it tell among one's friends? mine are all bucks.

Pere. While you can keep pace with them in flash and expence: but driven into a corner by sickness or poverty, there they leave you.

Tom P. Three hundred a year——

Pere. If you think it an object, I'll answer for your getting the situation.

Tom P. What else can I do? for when I came into this village, I didn't know which way to turn my face; back to London I cannot go; I'll have it—a thousand! three hundred a year! I'll have it.

Pere. No, but stop—can I believe that you'd continue five years in solitude?

Tom P. Be independent of uncle—dress'd up in a gown and long beard, dam'me, I'll be a fine old bald-headed buck—besides the change in my person, if the marshal should send constables down here after me—the very thing!

Pere. Then I'll introduce you. Stop in the house a few minutes, and I'll acquaint Mr. Whimmy.

Tom P. Do tell him I'll be a hermit, a pilgrim, (sings)

“ In penance for past folly,

“ A pilgrim blythe and jolly,”

[*Exeunt.*

[*Tom Pranks goes into the house.*

SCENE II.

*A Room in the Inn.**Enter BARLEYCORN.*

Bar. Oh! the gentlefolks that came from Weymouth by Water; they seem to have got a fousing.

Poz. (*without*) All your fault, Mr. Bite.

Bite. (*without*) Mine! 'twas your's, Mr. Poz.

Enter Poz and Bite.

Poz. You know you wou'dn't let the sail be up.

Bite. If it had; we shou'd have tipp'd over, been knock'd against Durdle Door rock, as they call it.

Poz. I know better; we shou'd have skim'd like a swallow—boxing about three hours in dabbling oars. We came upon a party of pleasure, and had nothing but crosses and wrangling. Keep your temper like Mr. Apathy yonder.

Bite. Aye! Because Mr. Apathy is a man of fashion; his absent insipidity is thought agreeable. He don't seem to know whether he has either senses or faculties, for he doesn't put one of them to its proper use; in stepping on shore, he dashes one leg into the water, and with the other, shoves the boat back again, and sets the ladies a shrieking.

Enter APATHY.

Apa. And this is a party of pleasure.

Bite.

Bite. Droll enough, Mr. Apathy, your making one of it—Looking about on the pier at Weymouth, you hand one of our ladies into the boat, step in after her, off we put, and here you are.

Bar. Do you dine here, gentleman?

Apa. No, I've a party to dine with me at Gibbs, Portland Arms.

Poz. Then you'll get there about 7 o'clock to-morrow night.

Bite. But we shou'dn't have left the ladies.

Apa. Mrs. Anyman wont long leave us.

Enter MRS. ANYMAN.

Mrs. A. Oh you creature! to push us out to sea again, but I must take your arm Apathy.

Apa. Ma'am you do me honor. (*Tawns, and walks away*)

Poz. Ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Anyman, don't you think Mrs. Dainty is a most agreeable woman?

Mrs. A. All affectation! With the constitution of a life-guard-man, she pretends to be as delicate as a fine thing made for a shew glass.

Enter MRS. DAINTY.

Mrs. D. Oh I shall faint! my nerves are in such a state! Water excursion! Horrid! this is some vulgar club room, I suppose.

Bite. And this the president's chair.

Poz. Aye, it just suits a fat beadle.

Apa. So it does. Will you please to sit, Ma'am, (*hands it to Mrs. Dainty.*)

Mrs. D. Offer me a great chair, indeed.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Oh! that dear sweet gentleman—from his having such fine running horses, he must be certainly some great 'squire. Heigh, ho! (*sits*)

Mrs. A. Pray do you know this young lady?

(*To Barleycorn*)

Bite. Miss, will you take a glass of negus?

Bar. I ax pardon. Miss, will you be kind enough to go boil the lobsters for the company? Dang my buttons, this is letting you go to Blandford races—I'll buy riding habits and feather'd hats for you—go put on your white apron—there's the keys—get along.

Kitty. I shall father; don't be angry. As that charming gentleman doesn't see me in this mean situation, I don't care what any body else thinks of me; but he's far off by this. (*aside*) What wou'd you please to have, ladies?—Father, I hope the gentlemen haven't been long waiting. I'll look to every thing myself, father; don't make yourself uneasy. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. A. Oh! then good man, that is your daughter?

Bar. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. D. You shou'dn't suffer her to give herself such airs before people.

Bar. True ma'am, that's all along of an aunt of her mother's—leaving her a little budget of money—makes the saucy slut independent of me.

Enter TOM PRANKS, slow and ruminating.

Tom. P. This charming young lady—but she's by this with her friends—oh, company! I fear I intrude?

Poz.

Poz. No, Sir, we dine in this room; but we were just on the wing to see the gardens.

Enter a WOMAN.

Woman. (to *Tom Pranks*) Master, I be's poor woman, brings fish to Blandford; Mrs. Pooley, at the Greyhound, sends you this, you had forgot there. (*lays a small valise on the table*)

Tom. P. Yes, faith, here's my jockey dress—there you beauty. (*gives money*) [*Exit woman.*]

Enter TOBY.

Toby. If one of you gentlefolks be called Lawyer Poz, and be come from London to breed disturbances, there's a mon would talk with you.

Poz. Any man that talks to me, must pay for my talking to him. Where is he?

[*Exit, Toby follows.*]

Mrs. D. Mr. Poz to come out upon pleasure, and then to quit his party for business?

Bite. Business! Why ma'am he charged me six and eight pence for only inviting him to dine with me, because I happened, in the course of conversation, to ask whether I cou'd recover damages of Brigadier Bounce, for running his thumb in my wife's eye, whilst we were all playing blind-man's buff together.

Tom. P. Landlord, who were those ladies I met just now at the door, one was the finest woman my eyes ever beheld.

Mrs. A. Sir, you should always except the present company.

Tom P. Madam, I ask pardon—and the other the

the most ordinary woman I ever saw, (*bows*) the present company excepted.

Mrs. A. } Ah! Shocking!
Mrs. D. }

Apa. I like a party of pleasure, come madam. (*Takes Barleycorn by the hand.*)

[*Exeunt all but Tom Pranks.*]

Tom P. I recollect this Attorney Poz, and a very litigious scoundrel he is too. Let's consider a little on this hermit business—Yes—I'll do't—five years—I'll try it however—I think Peregrine would lend me a supply—but borrowing money of a friend.—No, in necessity, give me the money-lending griper, whom I pay for his kindness, and look full in the face, whilst I pocket his cash. I'm cursedly low. Eh! they sell wine in this house I suppose—waiter! (*rings and throws himself in a seat*)

Enter KITTY, (in a plain dress, with a glass in her hand.)

Kitty. Did you please to call, Sir? is this wine and water for you, Sir?—Oh, lord! I shall sink with shame. (*aside*)

Tom P. My dear, if you please to get me—Eh! why 'tis certainly she? could she have so much deception? but I'll not distress her. (*aside*)

Kitty. (*confused*) Sir—I—I—the—the waiter shall bring—you what—you want.

Tom P. Poor thing! I feel her confusion from my soul, (*aside*) I—do, Miss—Ma'am—my dear—I—I—dam' me but I'm as much confused as herself! I—hem!—I rang the bell.

Kitty. Yes, Sir—you call'd—I thought you call'd—you wanted—

Tom P. Yes, my dear, I wanted—that is it.—
Curse

Curse me if I know what I wanted: (*aside*) Her modesty gives me some hope that this may have been the first little art she was ever guilty of.

Kitty. Toby! bring the gentleman the—the—
Sir, you shall have it presently.

[*Exit with emotion.*]

Tom P. You most delicate piece of artful love-liness!—now is she the maid or daughter of the Red Lion? the daughter she must be. Oh! ho! now I see her wish for the silver cup—I wish I cou'd win it for her. I've my jockey dress here ready, (*puts his hand on the valise*) and cou'd ride, but a horse is necessary. This lovely impostor—such a fair cheat! old Grumps waiting to bring her to grand-papa! a very good offer that faith, ha! ha! ha! Oh! this has clinch'd it. I'd turn hermit for one-and-twenty years, if only to be near this beautiful hypocrite.

Enter BEN.

Ben. Sir, I believe you are the gentleman—Mrs Peregrine's compliments, would be glad to see you up at Mr. Whimmy's. [*Exit.*]

Tom P. Very well! I've a mind to ring the bell again for another look at this charming girl—girl! true, I'm a hermit.

“ In penance for past folly,

“ A pilgrim blythe and jolly.”

[*Exit singing.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

*Before the Inn.**Enter from it TOBY and POZ.*

Poz.

WELL, where is this man?

Toby. (Looking about) He's not in the road, nor he's not in the house, nor he's not in the stable, nor he's not in—

Poz. Zounds, man! I don't want to know where he is not—

Toby. Here be the very mon.

Poz. (Looking out) Eh! what Ham Barebones, the Methodist preacher, informer, pedlar, money-lender, broker, old-cloaths-man. In the way of my profession a most choice friend; the conversation between him and I won't admit of a third person,

person. (*To Toby*) Has your master no call for you? but you must stand grinning here.

Toby, Yes, Sir, I've the knives to rub, and dinner-tables to set out; but I'll be in the way, for I know when a lawyer comes down here amongst us, he soon cuts out work for the constable. [Exit

Enter BAREBONES.

Poz. Ah! Master Barebones, so far from London, how dost do?

Bare. Lives—as much as honest folks can do now-a-days.

Poz. I know better, my old friend; you'll live where an honest man will starve.

Bare. When I was a coal-heaver, my face was a black angel, but my inward man was as white as a white wall that is white.

Poz. Plague o' your canting to me! if you have any business? Come, to it at once.

Bare. I am a tender Christian, and with my money I did relieve the poor by lending it them.

Poz. On good interest.

Bare. I did take care of myself; I did lend 5000 pounds to a young Muster Pranks.

Poz. Why wasn't it I that threw him into the King's Bench for you?

Bare. As he received the money by a third hand, not knowing I was the creditor, when he got the rules, he did take lodgings in my house in St. George's Fields; I did advise him to run from his bail, that I might get a reward for retaking him. Don't you know him?

Poz. No! When I send a man to quod, 'tis enough for me if my bailiff knows him. Lucky

your finding me here; I come down to Weymouth upon business. So, as my client paid all expences, thought I might give my wife a little water-dip. When I came upon this water excursion to see Mr. Whimmy's improvements, but left her behind, as we've ladies, Barebones, I'm in genteel company, so don't seem to know me—Oh! yonder they're going into the gardens; you and I will talk over this affair.

Bare. You are encompassed with the wicked—I am moved by the spirit.

[*Exit Barebones as in ejaculation.*

Poz. Ha! ha! sanctified face, and rogue's heart.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in WHIMMY'S.

Enter WHIMMY.

Whim. The company are flocking in already to admire my gardens; that tough old bully Pranks won't even pay me the compliment to see them. I must have a good supper for him tho', or he'll do nothing but quarrel—must give orders to Mrs. Maggs, my housekeeper, about it. Oh! here she is. Since I set her to show my house and pictures, it has given her such a consequential—all talk herself, but never listens to any body else, always dinning in my ears the grandeur of the last people she lived with; nothing but the family of the Olmondles.

Enter

Enter Mrs. MAGGS.

Mrs. Maggs, you must—

Mrs. M. Well Sir, I know that very well.

Whim. What, before I tell you! a gentleman sups with me to-night.

Mrs. M. Well, Sir, I know a gentleman sups with you.

Whim. Ay! you know now I tell you; and I'll have—

Mrs. M. Well, Sir, I know what you'd have.

Whim. Before I tell you! I must be sure to have a Brill, and variety of other fish.

Mrs. M. Well, I know you must have a Brill, and variety of other fish.

Whim. Certainly you know when I tell you. Besides all other wines, as my friend is a London soaker, have some of my oldest port, some bottled porter, and a pipe.

Mrs. M. Well, I know you must have bottled porter and a pipe of port.

Whim. Now you know nothing at all about it—go along Madam.

Mrs. M. Ah! when I liv'd with Squire Olmondle, he never bid me go along.

Whim. Stupid wife fool!

Mrs. M. Oh! the Olmondles! that was the genteel family that knew how to treat a house-keeper like a gentlewoman.

Whim. The Olmondles! I detest the very name; it grates my ear like cutting of cork—a teasing ninny! you know all, won't let any body else know any thing, and after all know nothing at all. Mrs. Maggs, step and bring me word—

Mrs. M. Certainly, Sir, I'll bring you word—

(going.)

Whim.

Whim. Of what now? See if the young man, the hermit that Mr. Peregrine spoke of is come from Barleycorns.

Mrs. M. Well, Sir, I know that.

Whim. Ay! you know that and this—And, after that, Mrs. Maggs, you must——

Mrs. M. Well, Sir, I will, you may depend upon it. [Exit.

Whim. Now, what will she! never knew one of your professed notable clever women worth a penny in a house, but to say all and do nothing.

Enter PEREGRINE and TOM PRANKS.

Pere. Sir, here is—

Whim. Sir, your most obedient—(*bows respectfully*) Won't you please to sit, Sir? (*hands a chair to Tom Pranks*) who is the gentleman? (*apart to Peregrine.*)

Pere. You know, Sir, the Hermit I told you of.

Whim. Oh! the young man that's come to engage himself as Hermit—Hem! (*pulls the chair away, and seats himself.*) Pray, how old are you my lad? (*surveying him*)

Tom P. Very impudent! Peregrine, I think I shall kick your friend.

Pere. Be quiet, not overwise to be sure; but my future father-in-law. (*apart*)

Whim. I say, what time of life are you?

Tom P. I'm—thereabouts I believe.

Whim. Thereabouts! Well, hem! Where was you born?

Tom P. I don't remember.

Whim. What's your name?

Tom P. Tom Touzle.

Whim. I suppose you're poor and glad to catch at any thing.

Pere. Sir, but—remember he's a gentleman.

Tom.

Tom P. Never mind, Mr. Peregrine—I think Epictetus says a person without money, is like one man's fingers to another man's ears—you may pull twice before he'll laugh once—(*pulls Whimmy by the ear, he roars*) There, Sir, you see—

Pere. Ay, Sir, you perceive this gentleman's a philosopher and fit to be a hermit.

Whim. Fit to be a hermit because he pulls my ears! What a devil do you mean by that both of you? Are you willing to be my Hermit, to sit in my Hermitage?

Tom P. I've ask'd Tom, and he says, Oy.

Whim. You've have asked Tom! Who's he?

Pere. Himself, Sir. You know this is Tom Tonzle. I think, Sir, he's very smart.

Whim. Yes, and he has made me smart too—a devil to his Philosophy! However I must acknowledge he has a genteel address—Can you submit to cloud your fine person in a gown and beard, and hide that brown head of hair of your's in a wig?

Tom P. You were talking—What was it pray?

Whim. Why, how will you like to appear as a bald-headed old man?

Tom P. How wou'd I like to appear as a foolish, bald-headed, ugly old man; I'll see, Sir, (*whips off Whimmy's wig, and stares at him.*)

Whim. The Devi Sir! what's that for?

Tom. P. Tom says Oy.

Whim. Is that more of your philosophy? You know you're to have two hundred a year.

Pere. Oh! Sir, three.

Whim. What! is it three in the advertisement?

Tom. P. True, Sir, it's four hundred a year in the advertisemet.

Whim.

Whim. Only three, at the end of five years—
You're

You're to dine at the second table with my housekeeper, butler, and valet.

Tom. P. And you're coachman, Sir?

Pere. Sir, you're still forgetting he's a gentleman.

Tom. P. You'll sit at the table with me, Sir?

Whim. Me! not I!

Tom. P. I don't dine with you, Sir? oh, then I agree.

Whim. What! Peregrine, is he making me out worse company than my own servants?

Pere. Well Sir, you see he's an oddity, and you never can prevail upon any other to accept this disagreeable office.

Whim. Ah, here's Tully my gardener.

Tom. P. What! does he dine with me too?

Whim. No, he'll give you your instructions, and your dress, and conduct you to your post—Oh, here he is.

Enter TULLY, with a hermit's dress.

Tully. Won't your honor give something towards the silver cup, that the ponies are to run for on the top of the hill?

Whim. The devil's in you and the ponies, and that spiteful rascal, Barleycorn, fixing the race on the very day of shewing my gardens.

Tom. P. True, a race here, and I going to sit like a rat in a corner.

Tully. Oh, is this our new old young hermit?

Whim. Tully, I commit Tom Touzle into your hands.

Tom. P. What do you think of Tom Touzle?

Pere. Ay, Tully, I met this reverend greek when abroad—and brought him home from the Apennine mountains.

T. "

Tully. Now, Sir, if you had brought the mountains home, you'd have told us some travelling news.

Tom. P. Tho' you see by my boots I'm a traveller, yet perhaps Mr. Gard'ner, you think I look more like a rake than a rolling stone?

Whim. Ay; but you must be fixed in your station like the Sun Dial—Come, Peregrine, I want to talk to you and Dian, about your marriage to-morrow.

Pere. Sir, I attend you.

[Exit Whimmy.]

PEREGRINE following, TOM PRANKS pulls him by the sleeve.

Tom P. Very humiliating this! Ca'n't bring myself to it.

Pere. The thousand pounds, and snug annuity.

Tom P. True! I'm in for the plate.

[Exit Peregrine.]

Tully. Well, Mr. Touzle, try on your apparel.

Tom P. Oh! let's see.

Tully. Your Banian!

Tom P. Fits me like a centry-box. (*throws it on*) A sanctuary this against the boners. Eh Tully?

Tully. You'll find the sanctified bones on your grafs-table.—That skull-cap's for your head.

Tom P. And the skull-cap's for my head—thank'ye.

Tully. And there's a rope the cestus for your middle.

(*Tom Pranks and Tully go over to the looking-glass.*)

Tom P. I hope Sir, I don't deprive you of a necklace.

Enter

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Toby insists that this young gentleman here came up with Ben, and father told me that the post-chaise return'd to Blandford empty.

Tully. Arrah ! Miss Kitty you creature, then are you come up here to us ! To the beam of your eye, honey, I'd be a sun-flower ; ay, and I'd bow like the sensitive plant if you were to touch me at the length of a hop-pole.

Kitty. La ! who's that, Mr, Tully ?

Tully. It's the poor man that's come to hire himself to be master's hermit.

Tom P. Well, Sir, what's to be done now ?
(*turning and advancing*)

Kitty. Eh ! good gracious if it isn't — poor man ! La ! then he's of no higher condition than myself.

Tom P. My pretty fellow-traveller ! mortifying that she shou'd see me in this miserable plight.

Kitty. He wou'dn't put me to confusion by seeming to know me this morning, and now I'll return the compliment.

“ There dwelt a Man in fair Westmoreland,
“ Jonnny Armstrong men did him call,
“ He had neither lands nor rents coming in,
“ Yet he kept eightscore men in his Hall.”

[*Exit singing.*]

Tully. Why Kitty Barleycorn and Tom Touzle, look'd at each other like two acquaintances that had never seen one another before. Come along man, up to the hermitage—As this is Wednesday, and the company will be upon you, you can only have your hermit's dinner, a bowl of spring-water,

water, and a raw parsnip: but when your day's work of sitting quiet's over, you may come into the house and get a bit of hare, and a piece of a cold pie.

Tom P. " And may at last my weary age
 " Find out the peaceful Hermitage,
 " The Hairy Gown, and Mossy Cell
 " Where I may sit, and nightly spell
 " Of all the Stars that Heav'n doth shew,
 " And all the Herbs that sip the dew,
 " Till old experience do attain
 " To something like prophetic strain."

[*Exit.*

Tully. Oh! the devil, such a fine hermit as this we never had. See how he capers along: Eh, why arrah! he wont sure—(*looking out*) By the powers of Moll Flanders, if he hasn't jump'd up on a little horse—there! there he gallops round the fish-pond, as if the very devil was before him—but I must shew him his hermitage, and his dead man's head, and his little lamp—By my soul, he shall have a jewel of a supper, or there's no cheese in Kinnegad—Salmon in Leixlip—or cakes in Balruddery. —

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Magnificent Gardens, Statues, Fountains, &c.

Enter WHIMMY, (repeating with exultation.)

" I build, I plant, whatever I intend;
 " I rear the column, and the arch I bend;
 " I swell the terrace, or I sink the grot —"

Enter Tully.

Oh Tully! Well, you have given my new hermit his dress—but now you must look to yourself, brush up all your eloquence for your post of Ciceroni, to describe the attic urbanity of my English Tusculum here—but mind, Tully, I command you not to take a penny from one of the Company.

Tully. A penny! not I, Sir but mayn't I take a crown or two if they offer it?

Whim. No. Gentlemen suffering the public to pay their servants wages, and turning their dwelling houses into a Sadlers Wells, and a Royal Grove, is mean. I never paid for seeing pictures in palaces, or vines in gardens, that I didn't blush for the disgrace thrown upon the dignity of the owner. Is the water party come that stop'd at the Red Lion?

Tully. Yes, Sir. Mrs. Maggs is now showing them the house. But do you know, Sir, she told them, that the picture of Mary Magdalen was Mrs. Molly Olmondle.

Whim. Oh, most horrid——

Tully. Sir, don't fret about that woman; you know in the showing way I'll bring up your credit with a wet finger; Mrs. Maggs will insist that this is a pyramid—now pray, Sir, isn't it an obficle? I must go and put on my Wednesday's fine suit of cloaths that you gave me to show the gardens in. Oh! Sir, I sometimes forget the name of that statute that you told me came out of the sea.

Whim. My Venus!

Tully. Ay, my dog of Venus. *(takes out a book)*

Whim. What dogs and cats are you at man?

This

This has nothing to say to the Doge of Venice—
This is a goddess—my Venus de Medicis.

Tully. Now, Sir, that tall man with his paw
out, I know his name—what is it, Sir?

Whim. My Apollo of Belvidere; and that,
that's my Saturn devouring his children; my
Mercury, the Messenger of the Gods; my Julia,
the Daughter of Augustus, my real antique.

Tully. (*Peruses a book, and alternately looks at
the statues*) Sir, since your hand's in for sculpture-
ship, you may as well tell me about all the other
groves and rivers.

Whim. My Avernus, or subterraneous river;
my Tartarus, my Elysian fields——

Tully. What country fellow's that stalking
about the walks—only I'm in a hurry to dress
myself, or by my soul I'd knock his head against
the gateway. [*Exit.*

Whim. Obstacle! statute! very ignorant this
said Master Tully; I must watch how you go on
with your description. I shou'd like to come at
the people's real opinion of my gardens and im-
provements.

Enter a WAGGONER, (whistling and staring about.)

Were you desired to walk in here?

Wag. Noa! 'twas my own fancy.

Whim. Why then it's my fancy that you walk
out again.

Wag. Ah! if I thought I cou'dn't do that, I
shou'dn't have com'd in, I can tell thee.

Whim. What! keep your distance.

Wag. I wool; because, at the same time, you
keep yours.

(*Lead*)

—*(Loud laughing without)*

Whim. Oh! the company. I wish to hear how Mr. Tully performs his office of orator. If I could mix amongst them without being known—this clodpate's hat, and wig, may do it—you've no objection to a draught of strong beer and a slice of beef?

Wag. Noa!

Whim. *(mimicking)* Noa! then come with me.

Wag. I wool.

Whim. *(turns to look at him)* Doo! *(mimicking)*

Wag. Yez. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter TULLY, in a suit of tarnished laced cloaths and a bag wig, with a small white rod in his hand, followed by BITE, POZ, APATHY, BAREBONES, MRS. DAINTY, and MRS. ANYMAN.

Tul. Hem! my Lady, this is counted the finest place in all Ireland—England I mean, for figures, and fountains, and green little mountains, and groves, and banana's, and ducks, and Diana's.—Gentlemen look and see, but don't lay your fingers on any thing; pray Ladies abstain from pulling a posey.

Mrs. A. What noise is this under ground?

Tul. My Lady, it's the succedaneous river of black Tartary; it creeps over sticks and stones like an eel down the rocks yonder; then it sails away, so gay, into the sea like a maiden ray.

Bare. *(apart to Poz)* I've spoken with the post-chaise boy that did drive a gemman and the girl of the publichouse to the village here, and by the description it's young Muster Pranks, the man ve wants.

Bare.

Poz.

Poz. (*apart*) The parish constable is the walter at the Red Lion, engage him to arrest Mr. Pranks—hem!

Enter WHIMMY in a waggoner's frock, &c.

Whim. I don't think they can know me—now I shall hear how my gardener performs his office. (*aside*)

Bite. What figure call you this? (*points to a Laocoon*)—

Tully. Ay! you're a nice figure to come thrusting yourself into the company of ladies and gentlemen. (*to Whimmy*)

Bite. No! I mean this.

Tully. That's Venus, the goddess of medicine—a pretty employment I've got to throw away my oratory and knowledge to divert such dirty blackguards as you. (*to Whimmy*)—this is—

Whim. Apollo of Belvidere. (*apart*)

Tully. that's Poll the bell-weather, that run after Daphne, and was kick'd out of heaven by Jove—"by Jove I'll be free," and so turn'd cow-boy to—

Whim. Shepherd to king Admetus. (*apart*)

Tully. To be sure I admitted them—get you out, who bid you put in your prate?

Mrs. D. Heavens! who is that?

Tul. That is—that's (*confused*)—that is, my Lady—Why, your honour, it's not a watch box, nor it's not a wheel-barrow, nor it's not a summer house—

Poz. We don't want to know what it is not, but what it is.

Whim. (*Whispering*) Minerva—Pallas.

Tully. It's not a palace, or a cake-house—I wish you'd hold your prate—you made me say it was

was a watchbox just now—why it's marvle, it's all made of marvle.

Mrs. A. But the lady marvels who 'twas made for.

Tully. Oh! 'twas made for my master; he bought it from the stone-man.

Poz. Is it like?—

Tully. I'm glad you like it.

Mrs. D. This I suppose is—

Tully. Not at all, my lady, 'tis, 'tis—

Whim. (apart) Saturn eating his child—

Tully. Yes, ma'am, 'tis the child eating citron—will you hold your prate, (*to Whimmy*)—this, gentleman and ladies, is—

Bare. Idolatry!

Tully. What is it? Pooh! Now had not you best all teach me instead of I larning you! You see, your honour, he has a flute in his mouth.

Whim. (Such an infernal Irish plough-boy!

Tully. Ay! “The infernal Irish plough-boy that whistl'd o'er the lea,” that's the man.

Poz. A curs'd stout fellow this, Who is he?

Whim. (apart) Hercules of Farnese.

Tully. It's not bare knees, nor big knees, nor big legs,—that's the tired paver resting himself on his stone paving-stick.

Whim. Oh heavens! I've sent to Italy for a fine purpose, (*aside*)

Tully. But I'm talking here by word of mouth, when I might say it all in reading, as I have it by heart from my describing-book—now I desire you'll hold your tongues, for if you talk you'll put me out; please your honour, hem! (*takes out a book and looks at it*) “These”—Oh! now I go on velvet; (*holds the book behind his back*) These gardens, which are now the admiration

ration of the larned and curish, were once a barren flat like Salisbury Plain, till Mr. Humphry Freak Whimmy, Esq. gave forty thousand pounds for the ould castle and lands, turn'd the course of the river through them, and with Roman taste and British magnificence—

Apa. Pray, friend, what o'clock is it?

Tully. Roman—half an hour after one—two—Roman—two—Roman—breeches—hem!—breeches—British magnificence—the river—in the ould castle—ran!—round the lands. The curish—of Salisbury Plain. The devil's in this man, and his what o'clock is it? He's put me all out—so I must—my describing book. *(takes out his book, wets his thumb, and turns over the leaves hastily, and vex'd.)* Bri-tish mag-ni-fi-ci—Oh! here it is. *(looking and reading)* Having first travell'd to see the ancient beauties of Italy, I-I-taly—*(looks again)* Italy, *(puts the book behind his back)* and selected with classical—Ah! ah! classical—Ah! damnation! *(thrusts the book into his pocket)* These gardens which are now the admiration of the learned and curish, were once a barren flat like Salisbury Plain, till Mr. Humphrey Freak—

Apa. Pray, my friend, does Mr. Freak take snuff?

Tully. Yes, blackguard—till Humphrey Freak Whimmy, Esquire—Humphrey, Esquire—Salisbury Street—pooh!—the Plain—larned and curish—river upon the ould castle—land turned—about—about—

Mrs. A. Why the orator's in a hobble.

Tully. Orator Hobble—oh! the devil take—I was sailing on like a young swan, till this fellow comes with his snuff. *(very quick)* These gar-dens,

dens, which are now the admiration of the larn'd and curish, were once a barren flat like Salisbury Plain, (*drops the book, stoops to recover it*) 'till Humphrey Freak Whimmy, Esquire, gave forty thousand pounds for the ould castle, (*Apathy picks it up*) and lands around it—(*looks at Apathy*)

Apa. (*opens and reads*) "Turning to the left you wind through a most delicious shrubbery."

Tully. (*confused*) Humphrey Freak---a barren flat. My master's a flat.

Apa. "You reach the labyrinth."

Tully. Like Salisbury Plain.

Apa. "So intricate that you're puzzled to get out."

Tully. I'm puzzled to get out---I'm out---Humphrey Whimmy---

Whim. Blockhead!

Tully. Is a blockhead.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Tully. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I don't wonder at your laughing at my master's nonsense in laying out so much money on the balderdash you see round about you here. But, ladies and gentlemen, though my master's a fool, you'll remember my trouble, I hope. (*stretching out his hand*)

Whim. Not a farthing. (*apart to him*)

Tully. Why a didn't expect any thing from such an ill looking beggarly whelp as you. Will you walk aut of the grounds, if you please, Sir? The next thing you're to see is---

Whim. An aviary and pheasantry.

Tully. Yes, my master's knavery and pleafantry. Then there is the Tartary---then my master's Elysian Fields---then my master's hanging wood, where my master will hang himself---and then the hermitage.

Whim.

Whim. If the new hermit's not ready, he'll disgrace me as much as my worthy gardener has done. (*Going*)

Tully. Oh! stop—you and your farthing. Pretty manners, to walk out before the gentlemen and ladies, that intend to give me half a crown a piece for the loan of my civility.

Bare. The spirit doth whisper, "Ham Bare—bones arise, and speak the word to thy deluded brethren."—Down, accursed Dagon. (*Pushes down a statue, and stands upon the pedestal.*)

Tully. Why, then I suppose you think yourself a fine Roman bust. The devil's in your assurance to cock yourself up there! If you please, you'll walk down.

Bare. Brethren, I was a coal-heaver, but on the stony cage where I now stand, I have brought you some biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens and the sweet swallows of the church.

(*A sudden noise without of falling water.*)

Tully. Oh! the devil!—If what o'clock hasn't pull'd up a sluice. Half the garden will be overflowed; and we shall have the carp and tench dancing among the daisies. [*Exeunt hastily several ways.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Gardens, with the view of the Outside of an Hermitage.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. The race is over, and I not see it! Since
VOL. III. I I this

this dear gentleman is obligated to take a hermit's place, he can't be angry at my playing off the fine lady upon him——In there he sits. (*Points to the hermitage.*) But hold! I shou'd take warning by my last new old ballad—Ah poor Jane of Osmington.

A BALLAD.

By friends forbad, a gentle youth,
And fond believing fair;
In secret met, and plighted truth,
An honor wedded pair:
But soon he flew from her embrace,
To trust the fickle main;
Ah! never more her Jemmy's face,
Shall chear his hapless Jane:

Anon she sings, ah! woe is me forlorn,
What shall I do when my poor babe is born.

No wife was Jane, nor yet a maid,
Her virtue but a name;
Now foes revile, and friends upbraid,
A blush confess'd her shame:
With hasty step the cliffs she sought,
And thus with streaming eyes;
By love and fate I'm hither brought,
In wild despair she cries:

No father for my child, ah! me forlorn,
What shall I do when my poor babe is born.

As you were first, O faithless wave,
The source of all my woes;
Now let me in a wat'ry grave,
Find shelter and repose:
Prepar'd to plunge, the pitying tide
Into the Haven bore,
A stately ship, and from its side,
Her Jemmy leapt on shore:

Thrice happy Jane, no longer weep forlorn,
A father comes to bless your babe when born.

Enter

Enter at the side TOM PRANKS, in a loose coat, with a silver cup.

Tom. P. Huzza, my girl! the day is your's.

Kitty. The gracious!—

Tom. P. Tully left me in the hermitage—I slipped out again—flung off my gown, beard, and girdle—had my jockey-dress that I rode in at Blandford ready under it—the poney I found yonder; first try'd it through the gardens—spank up the hill—four poor jades ready to start—a village race—horse, mare, colt, or filly—I was enter'd—rode myself—won. Huzza! the glorious prize is your's. (*Gives her the cup*)

Kitty. What a wild gentleman! Sir, don't think little of me for the fib I told you this morning.

Tom P. No, my sweetest, when a man's heart is set in a flame by such a charming girl as you, it isn't a cup of tea that can extinguish it.

Kitty. Wou'd you have a cup of tea, Sir?—la! Sir, you haven't din'd.

Tom P. Oh! yes, my dear, I dined—yesterday. (*aside*)

Kitty. It's Mr. Whimmy's way not to allow the hermit any dinner on the day when the company's expected: but, you shan't fast while my father's house affords a dinner. (*aside*)—But what did you come down here and turn hermit for?

Tom P. For love of you my dear—I've been dying for you these five years.

Kitty. Sure!

Tom P. Yet never saw you before this morning. (*aside*)—(*looking out*) The very lady I danced with at Blandford assembly!—My love, a gentleman comes yonder with whom I must talk politics. (*kisses her*)

Kitty. The deuce is in you for a hermit. [*Exit.*]

Enter DIAN.

Dian. I wish my father, with his other changes of humour, wou'd give up this fancy of resigning the house thus to strangers; people, one knows nothing of every Wednesday here come parading thro' the chambers—even my dressing room is not my own.

Tom P. My charming angel, to meet you here, such a blessing!

Dian. Bless me Sir, you! I hope you're very well.

Tom P. Are you on a visit here Madam?

Dian. No, Sir, this is my father's house!—

Tom P. Her father's house!—Oh! here may be another crusty old grumps. Hem! my dear, you love riding on a pillion, like Queen Elizabeth going in state.

Dian. Sir!

Tom P. I mean—"your parlour customers like "to drink out of silver".

Dian. Parlour customers!—But the unexpected honour of seeing you here!

Tom P. Merely for admision to you, my angel; I've hir'd as your father's hermit--dying for you ever since we parted---a fine creature---but demme, if I ever thought of you since. (*aside*)

Dian. I thought you then a rattle, and find I was right,—but don't tease me now, for I'm really distressed.

Tom P. Eh! Peregrine's intended! distress'd! how? tell me—you may, for I know all. Why, my dear ma'am, you don't know, perhaps, that I'm your Perigrine's most intimate friend.

Dian.

Dian. Was it indeed you I saw just now arm-in-arm with him?—Oh! then you don't know perhaps that my father after giving his sanction to the address of Peregrine, now suddenly changes his mind, and insists upon my marrying the nephew of some old friend of his. Yonder's Peregrine, (*looking out*) he hasn't yet heard this unlucky news. [*Exit hastily.*]

Tom P. (whistles) I had hopes, that if my friend got this lady and her fortune, he might lend me a thousand or so, without a five year's imprisonment in the old gentleman's hermitage; but borrowing money is throwing water upon the warm heart of friendship. (*laughing without*) 'Sdeath, the company!—I must now earn my annuity.—Heh! is that Kitty gliding through the bushes? a most dear dangerous little Barleycorn this. Marriage is all out of sight, and without it to take all a simple young girl's innocence may bestow, would be indeed giving life in my breast to the worm that never dies. [*Goes into the hermitage.*]

Enter KITTY, with a covered dish, knocks at the door.

KITTY, (*singing.*)

“Fair Eleanor came to Lord Thomas's bow'r,
“And pulled so hard at the ring,”

Are you within, Mr. Hermit? from the moment I saw this dear gentleman, I forgot all my pretty songs.

Enter MRS. MAGGS.

This poor hermit mustn't sit here, and have no dinner. My master has got so crusty with me of late,

late, that I'm quite weary of looking after other people's concerns: and as our young lady's to be married to-morrow, this will be no place for me. If I cou'd get a man to my mind, I'd keep house for myself, and this handsome fellow is just to my liking—Besides, my conceited son, Naty Maggs, is soon out of his time; he shall have a father to thrash him, when he gets saucy to me.

Kitty. The hermit's Wednesday allowance is roots and cold water, but—(*sings*)

“None so ready as Lord Thomas,

“To let fair Eleanor in.”

[*knocks.*

Mrs. M. What are you doing here, Kitty Barleycorn?

Kitty. O lord! Mrs. Maggs the housekeeper! Ma'am, I was going—

Mrs. M. I know you was going. Child, do you know the danger of a young woman like you, resorting to this lonely place, where this new-come hermit sits with his books and his skull, and his cross bones? Do you know Kitty that this hermit may be a ramscallion?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am—to be sure, ma'am—thank ye, ma'am—

Mrs. M. What have you got there?

Kitty. A little eatables and a little drinkables.

Mrs. M. For this Mr. Tom?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*curtsies*)

Mrs. M. Then you were now going to see him?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*curtsies, sings*)

“Calista, hapless maid,

“Sought out a sacred shade.”

Mrs. M. And you have heard some love nonsense from him?

Kitty.

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*Curtseys*)

Mrs. M. And you think me very impertinent for interrupting you?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*curtsies, sings*)

"This old figure, as we hear,

"To this sweet angel prov'd most severe."

Mrs. M. Child, take example from me—Do you think I'd sit there alone, to eat and drink with any strange hermit?

Kitty. Yes, ma'am. (*curtsies, sings*)

"Young Cupid his arrow he quickly let fly,

"And wounded this old figure desperately."

Enter JOHN, with a tray of covered dishes.

John. Mrs. Maggs, here I've brought the dinner.

Mrs. M. What dinner?—Go along! (*apart, confused*)

John. Why, the roast fowl for you and the hermit, as you ordered me. [*Exit.*]

Kitty. (*mimicking*) Child, do you know the danger of a young woman, like you, going into this lonely place? Do you know, Mrs. Maggs, that this hermit may be a ramsallion?—Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit.*]

Tully. (*without*) Now, if you please Mr. Dagon, don't walk upon the grass beds.

Mrs. M. Oh! the company, they will keep that hussy away, and when all are gone, this dear youth and I can sit down to our little collation together.—Ay, there he is—he mustn't see me tho'. [*Steals off.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Inside of the Hermitage.

TOM PRANKS *discovered in his hermit's dress at a table, on it a lamp, skull, bones, large book, and jockey whip.*

Tom P. A hermit shou'd have been my last trade. Tol de rol lol. How develish well Slingsby kick'd the tamborine. (*Holds up a wooden trencher and kicks at it*) Zounds! (*runs suddenly and seats himself at a table.*) Eh! Nobody!—I wish that gander Tully, wou'd bring his flock of staring geese, till I get down again to play with my little lamb at the Red Lion. Old Whimmy on the other days it seems, flints me to a bottle. What's two bottles to me? how many have I won, by jumping over the table at Medley's? By'r leave pair and his nob. (*Puts the skull and bones by, is going to jump, but sits down suddenly.*)

Enter TULLY, BITE, MRS. DAINTY, and MRS. ANYMAN.

Tully. The hermitage, please your honour.

Mrs. D. Is this your anchorite!

Tully. My lady, I didn't hear he was an anchor-wright. He's old father Antony.

TOM PRANKS, (*repeating in a tremulous tone.*)

"Here I may sit and rightly tell,
"Of all the stars that heaven doth shew,
"And all the herbs that sip the dew,
"Till old experience---"

Tully.

Tully. Ah! what signifies your old experience man, with your beard across your forehead? What the devil have you been about with your indecency?—Now, if you can but sit quiet Tom just while I explain you. (*apart*)

Tom. P. Tom!—I'll break your head, Sirrah. (*apart*)

Tully. Will you? arrah man I'll break your two heads, (*apart*) please your honours——

Enter WHIMMY, (in the carter's dress.)

Whim. My sarcophagus defaced, my Atlas thrown down, my labyrinth overflown! But now let's hear how Tully and my new galloping hermit go on. (*aside*)

Tully. Gentlemen and ladies, this is a hermit. Here he lives, and never stirs out of this lonesome grotto.—Hide your boots, you devil you. (*to Tom Pranks*)

Whim. What not take off his boots?

Tully. What's that to you?—you've come in here too. Here he always sits at his prayers, all alone by himself, and nobody with him, and never sees a human soul.

Tom P. Tedious fool!—I'll quicken him with a touch of the rippers.

Tully. He's so meek and quiet. (*Tom Pranks spurs him, he jumps up*) Oh! (*alights on Whimmy's foot.*) He eats nothing but herbs.

Whim. And wild berries. (*apart to Tully*)

Tully. And gooseberries! What you will be putting in your jabber. Lives on roots and fruits.

Bite. (*uncovers a tray*) Fine roast fowl, faith!

Tully. Why now man what bewitch'd you to spoil my descriptions? (*apart to Tom Pranks*) and drinks of the pure——

Whim. (*apart*) Purling rill.

Tully. He doesn't drink purl and gill. The hermit drinks nothing but—

Whim. (*apart*) Mere element.

Tully. A mere elephant!

Whim. (*apart*) The limpid brook, sirrah.

Tully. I'll make you a limping rook, if you don't hold your—He drinks nothing but—

Whim. (*apart*) Water.

Tully. Aye, this hermit drinks nothing but clear rock water.

Bite. I'm proud to say, this is—(*takes up a bottle and drinks*) devilish good wine.

Tully. Wine and chicken! why you did it on purpose. (*apart*)

Tom P. I wish whoever left them had told me.

Tully. Tho' he's a well-behaved old man—

Tom P. Say gentleman, you rascal. (*apart*)

Tully. Oh! be aisy—An't you an old saint? (*apart*)

Whim. These two villains muttering and quarrelling! (*aside*)

Tully. He neither uses napkins, nor plates, nor knives, nor forks. All his household furniture is in the empty trunk of that hollow tree. That's his cupboard; and there he keeps his wooden dish and his little pitcher.

Bite. Ah! well let's see. (*Goes towards it.*)

Tully. There! you see his bed is the moss, and the herbs and the innocent simplicities of the earth. Go you out! (*Pushes Whimmy, who falls on the leaves.*)

Kitty. Ah! (*screams, and discovers herself under them*)

Mrs. A. So! this is the hermit's simplicity!

Bite.

Bite. And this, I am proud to say, is his little pitcher. (*Discovering Mrs. Maggs in the hollow of the tree.—The company laugh.*)

Tom. P. (aside) A smart dinner—a pair of women! and I sitting here like a grave owl!

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. I've follow'd you, dang my buttons!—So you've com'd up here after this hermit.

Kitty. O father! you're the cruel step mother. (*Barleycorn takes her off.*)

Bite. Well, this is—

Mrs. M. Yes, Sir, I know it is as you say, and I have my reasons, as Mr. Olmondel says.

[*Curtseys round and exit.*]

Tully. Arrah! Tom, is this like a hermit, to have Kitty and Mrs. Maggs shut up with you here. What do you stand shaking your fist at? (*to Whimmy, who is threatening Tom Pranks*) Get out! (*collars him*)

Whim. I'm your master you rascal.

Tully. You master me! we'll see that—(*puts him out.*)

Enter APATHY.

Apa. Mr.—what's it, has a pretty looking poney in the paddock yonder; but I'd run my brute against it for fifty pounds.

Tom P. Done, damme! and I'll ride myself. (*flings off his hermits gown, and appears in a jockey dress*) Zounds! I forgot—but since it is so, hey!—we start! (*jumps up upon the table and mimicks the action of a jockey*) the way—knees tight—toes in—spur out—carpet ground—flow gallop—crack—take the lead—tough at bottom, t'other horses

wind rakes hot—slack girt---want a fob---down ears—whisk tail—rattle whip—give a-loose—push for it, hey! all to fortune, the way, the way.

[*Exit running and cracking his whip.*]

Tully. Holloa! stop, Tom; come back till I explain you out! [Exeunt.]

Enter PEREGRINE and WHIMMY, (in his own dress).

Pere. Only hear me, Sir.

Whim. Cou'dn't you find any other man in England to make a jest of but me? How dare you, Sir, introduce such a rascal as that? He a hermit!

Pere. Sir, I'm very sorry—

Whim. I lay out forty thousand pounds, and then such a scoundrel to get me laugh'd at by the world! but, you marry no daughter of mine. A good excuse to quarrel and put Pranks's advice into practice. (*aside*) You did collect some valuable things for me to be sure, but your taste's not confirmed, you shall travel again, make another five years tour; and by heavens not till you return will I give you my daughter.

Pere. Sir! sure you can't have the cruelty---break your word! only think—

Whim. I'm determin'd, I won't hear another syllable.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Pere. But, Sir!

[*Exit following.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*The Gardens.**Enter PRANKS.*

PRANKS.

TO consider on the plaguy news this puppy, my 'prentice, has brought me from London; he too gaping at Whimmy's raree show.—Naty Maggs. (*calling*)

Enter MAGGS.

Maggs. (looking about) Beats Kenington hollow!---make a smart Vauxhall!---wants an orchester---cascade---a handsome box to eat custards.

Pranks. So you say the Marshal of the King's Bench—

Maggs. Yes, Sir, as you desired, he gave your nephew, young Mr. Tom, the rules; but he's run away. The Marshal's best respects, Sir, has got information he's down in these parts; a man's come

come after him; but he'd know if you'd have him catch'd and caged up again.

Pranks. A mad dog. After all I have done for him—ingratitude is worse than—

Maggs. A face without cheek whiskers.

Pranks. Whiskers!

Maggs. Sir, by the description, Mr. Tom rattled off from the inn door at Blandford for Weymouth with a pretty girl in a post chaise.

Pranks. Weymouth! I'll have him—Step you and fetch my horse up from the inn, firrah! Stop, I'll go myself. [Exit.

Maggs. Fetch his horse! firrah! As Kit Cateaton, says, the time's out for firrahs and scoundrels—cracks over the scone with canes—I'm not an apprentice now, to breakfast on cold scrag of mutton and small beer—retiring from table after dinner with one glass of wine; I'm not an apprentice now. I'll no more punish my half ounce at the playhouse, no more afraid to cry up or cut down the new piece over a pint and an oyster, thanking the footman for letting me in, and sneaking softly up stairs with my shoes in my hand, and my hat in my pocket, to my flock bed in the attic. Your authority over me is out, and I'll let you know it too, old Bounce.—I'll let him and every body know that I am out of my time.—Nobody's boy; but my own man—and dem'me I'll set up for myself. Eh! hey!—

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. For the soul of me I can't bide at home while this delightful Mr. Tom the hermit is here.

Maggs. One of the family! Servant, Ma'am,
(*ref-*

(*respectfully*) When in town, my mode to fetch a rural saunter, cross Holborn before breakfast to Bagnigge Wells, cull the newspapers, give a twiggle on the organ, and take a tiff of rum and milk. Shall I thank your pretty good nature in that way, Madam?

Kitty. Sir, if I had you down at our house, we keep the Red Lion.

Maggs. Red Lion! How d'ye do, girl! (*familiarly impudent*) My dear, my late master, Mr. Pranks of Lombard-street, a friend of Mr. Whimmy's, have agreed that young Mr. Tom Pranks—

Kitty. La! I heard Mr. Peregrine call my hermit by some'at like that name.

Maggs. I suppose every body knows he's to marry the young lady of this house.

Kitty. No, Sir, it's the young lady of our house he's to marry; but I don't set up for a lady neither; though when dressed, all the folks here allows that somebody would make a good sort of a lady. Aye! all except Mrs. Maggs;—but she's jealous and envious.

Maggs. Mrs. Maggs! who's she, pray?

Kitty. The 'squire's housekeeper.

Maggs. Oh! true, my very honored mother, her last letter, which I never answered, said, that she was coming to live with some old rich East-India Quiz in this very part of the country, (*aside*) She'll claim me as her son; but I'd sooner be found playing at skettles at the Devil and Bag-o'nails.—Oh, zounds! yonder is indeed my very mamma (*looking out*) She'll be for calling me her son, and her dear boy Ignatius. But, as Kit Cateaton says, I'm out of my time; nobody's boy, but my own man. Eh! hey!

[*Exit.*

Kitty.

Kitty. Then Mr. Tom is really a gentleman after all? going to be married to Miss Dian?--- Ah! that's because she has a power of money--- I shall break my heart.

Enter TOM PRANKS.

Tom P. Ah! my cherub---

Kitty. Ay, Sir, now that you're going to get this great fortune by marrying---

Tom. P. Marry who! Mrs. Maggs?

Kitty. Then he hasn't yet heard of it, and you'd really wed poor humble I?

Tom. P. Wed! eh! why, my love I--I--love you to be sure, and—we'll walk and talk together, and when tir'd we'll sit and rest ourselves in the hermitage my love. Tol de rol lol, I love you so, oh! my divine creature!—Distraction!—Rose buds!—Sun beams—and pretty birds! Come; but such innocence.—I'm in a humour now—I'll not venture into the hermitage, honor and humanity forbid it. (*aside*)

Kitty. Sir, since you're so good as to think of a poor girl like me, you sha'n't demean yourself for want of being informed that you may have Miss Dian and all her wealth.

Tom. P. I have Miss Dian?

Kitty. Yes, Sir, it's agreed upon.

Tom P. By whom!

Kitty. Miss's papa and the old gentleman—Mr.—Mr.—Lud now I've forgot the name again.

Tom. P. No, no, it can't be me, my love—However, your intention is charming—Kitty, you're a lovely—a good girl—and for your disinterested

interested generosity in revealing a circumstance that you supposed might rob you of me ;—for I will be vain enough to think you're—a—little—partial—towards—a certain ordinary fellow, (*fondling*)—I owe you eternal gratitude.

Kitty. Oh, then you are a great gentleman—but my joy that you're not to have a lady and a fine fortune is very ill-natured of me. Don't you think so?

Tom. P. Ch! you sweet—(*kisses her hand*)

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Dang my buttons, go home and sweeten the punch, and squeeze the lemons—Tom, come and handsell your silver cup; you're an honest lad, I must say; but if you want any chat with my daughter, you must come to my house for it, good Master Hermit. [*Exit with Kitty.*

Tom. P. Well, if a publican will keep the sign of an angel, surely there a faint may take his bottle,

“ In penance for past folly,
“ A pilgrim blythe and jolly.”

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Inn.

Enter KITTY and BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Come, now do child, mind the business.

Kitty. Oh! I'm so happy!—I've yet some hopes

that this dear Mr. Tom.—Father, though he is a hermit, he is a gentleman.

—*Bar.* Well, I'd be a gentleman if I'd nothing else to do.

Kitty. I forgot my singing, I don't know how long, since I've seen this sweet fellow. (*Sings*)

“ A young gentleman she saw.”

Enter TOBY and JOHN GRUM (from the house.)

Toby. (*Singing.*)

“ Who belonged to the law.”

Measter, I'm now constable. Miss Kitty, you like “ bachelors of every station.”

Kitty. Dearly!

Bar. Do you? it's that new-come Mr. Tom has brought you to this; so if he does marry you, let him keep you to himself an he can.

Kitty. “ Being at a noble wedding,

Toby. “ In the famous town of Reading.” (*ringing within*)

Bar. Od dang you both, am I to be rhim'd and ballad sung, and the business of my house all topsy turvy?

Kitty. “ If she's rich you'll rise to fame,

Toby. “ If she's poor you are the same.” (*ringing within*)

Bar. Will you go?

Kitty. “ She was left by a good grannum,

“ Full five hundred pounds per annum.”

Toby. “ Wed me, Sir, or else I'll fight you.”

Bar. You'll fight me? Dang my buttons, I'll fight you, and knock you to the devil, you idle rascal; I'll sing and ballad you, (*beats him*) and you, you baggage!

Kitty.

Kitty. Father, I believe you're uncle to the Babes in the wood.

Toby. You're the ould barbarous Blackamore.

Bar. Get in you jade, *(Puts her in, and exit)*

Toby. Oh! Jahn Grum, here be the mon that sent for us.

Enter BAREBONES.

Bare. According to Lawyer Poz's advice, I'll have young Muster Pranks apprehended.—You be's a sinner and a publican.

Toby. I'm nō sinner, and only sarvant to the publican. Eh Jahn, I'm a bit'n a parish constable though, 'twas said you wanted to attach som'en, wa'n't it Jahn?

John. Hum!

Bare. I does. Seize him! he run'd out of prison, Thomas Pranks is the man.

Toby. Oh! Thomas Pranks's man.

Bare. I thought him a sarvant of grace.

Toby. Oh, he thought him a sarvant out of place, d'ye see, Jahn.

John. Hum!

Bare. I followed the chap with this here var-rant, I be's coom'd from Babylon after him.

Toby. Babylon! oh, that mun be in Barkshire.

Bare. Great London itself. Thou seem'st strong in flesh, is the spirit with thee?

Toby. Don't vally the devil his self, when I'm duing my duty, no more does my assistant, Jahn Grum, doey, Jahn?

John. Hum!

Bare. There be's a description of his parson.
(gives a paper.)

Toby. Measter Barleycorn would know if you'll eat dinner at Red Lion. You may bring company, for we've entertainment for mon and beast—An't we Jahn?

John. Hum!

Bare. Get a good dinner for me, for I loves to eat and drink of the best.

Toby. You're a genteel mon—(*apart to John*) Jahn, he'll be as drunk as a tinker, then I comes chalk double on him. Eh, Jahn!

John. Hum!

Toby. Oh! the Squire—(*looking out.*)

Whim. (*Without*) Where did he run to?

Enter WHIMMY.

Oh, you are the canting bawler that broke down one of my statues. (*to Barebones*)

Bare. I had an inward call.

Whim. Curse your call!

Bare. He does put it in mine head, with the same act, to comfort my flesh, and do a good work, I vill get myself an appetite fore dinner with disbolishing this man's idols in his groves and high places. [*Exit.*]

Whim. If you are a constable, why didn't you take that dangerous leveler into custody?

Toby. I munna; he be the planter, and walks at large where he list! but I'm going to catch the defender, and I'll bring his body and soul before your worship, in a safararo.—Come, Jahn!

John. Hum!

[*Exeunt.*]

Whim. This prancing hermit has so deranged and jumbled all my schemes of elegant magnificence—No attention to my old friend Pranks; my

my daughter not yet prepared to receive his nephew—the final dismissal not yet given to Peregrine—Lucky that the rest of my household is in train, that all my servants are sober and regular. Isn't this my fine Irish orator? [*Retires.*]

Enter TULLY, (with a mug.)

Tully. Upon my soul this hermit is no better than a bad man, that he can't stay there at his business—Oh fie, to come here drinking in a public house!

Enter COACHMAN, (with a mug.)

Whim. And my coachman!

Coachman. Ah! Master Tully, I saw you go out at the gate, and so out of pure good nature I followed you, to give you a little hint, that if Master hears you left the gardens to-day, you may chance to lose your place; besides, coming here to booze is not quite the thing. (*Drinks*)

Whim. My daughter's footman too!

Enter BEN.

Ben. Eh, waiter!

Enter BARLEYCORN, (with a mug.)

Ale! I ordered Negus—bring me a gill of wine, some water, sugar, and a lemon.

Bar. Why, for wine, I takes out the licence to-morrow; the man is to call next Wednesday with the lemons; my daughter Kitty has lost the key of the sugar-chest; nobody drinks water at
the

the Red Lion, so I have brought you a mug of ale. (*gives it*) [Exit.]

Whim. (*Advancing*) Hey! What are you all at here with your mugs?

Ben. Sir, I came to look for coachman. [Exit.]

Coachman. And I came to bid the gardener drive home. [Exit.]

Tully. And, Sir, I came after the hermit, because he came before me.

Whim. You most stupid—

Tully. Stop, Sir, what sort of talk is that, I'm stupid? faith, and that's a secret, Sir Isaac Newton never found out. Sir, I'm a gardener, and though I do dig, I'm not a spalpeen potatoe-boy—I've read big books of botamy, and the Millar's Dictionary and Cyclopaddy's. Didn't I graft a mayduke upon a kackagay apple-tree, then in my hot-house? Didn't my Lord (when he breakfasted with you) pull from the same tree a cannister of Hyson tea, and a basket of Seville oranges? A'n't my flowers so sweet that the hives round the country are empty, and the swarms of bees come in a grand congregation into your gardens, humming every body with their bagpipes, so discreet, all in their black bonnets, and their yellow velvet breeches?

Whim. Men! rascals! I wish I could, like the Great Mogul, be attended only by women. Ay, one comfort, my female servants are diligent and sober.

Tully. Faith, Sir, and here's the head of your female servants coming in very sober; but how she'll get out I don't know, for I don't think her business here is to drink tea.

Mrs. M. (*Without*) I will find him.

Enter

Enter Mrs. MAGGS.

Whim. Mrs. Maggs, did you want me or my coachman?

Mrs. M. No, Sir, it was the hermit brought me here.

Whim. Why, I think——

Mrs. M. Yes, Sir, I know you think.

Whim. 'Twas the hermit brought us all here.

Mrs. M. He's come after Kitty—and my love for him is scorned

Tully. He's a ramping devil.

Tom P. (without) "With cockle shell on hat brim."

Tully. There he hops over the bush like a jackdaw.

Whim. Stop him!

[Exeunt all but Whimmy and Mrs. Maggs.]

What vexations! Now, my dear Mrs. Maggs that I've found out Tully is a worthless man, my whole dependence of shewing my fine place is upon you.

Mrs. M. Now that is so like Mr. Olmondle.

[Exit Whimmy hastily.]

Bless me! here comes this most delightful young man. I protest his very approach brings all the blood up in my face, my heart throbs, and my limbs—I'm such a poor creature—so faint—I must sit. *(goes into a porch at the door)*

Enter TOM PRANKS.

Tom P. Now for Kitty, come out there, you most delicate loveliness, my darling rose bud.

Mrs. M.

*Mrs. M. (rises and appears) Oh, dear Sir—
(smiling)*

Tom P. By the lord, this is my little pitcher again.

Kitty. (unseen, whips out of the door, and taps him on the shoulder) Mr. Thomas!

Mrs. M. A'n't you ashamed of yourself, Kitty Barleycorn?

Tom P. Come, my dear creatures, you mustn't—

Mrs. M. Well, I know we mustn't—

Tom P. What, Ma'am? Don't quarrel about me, I'm like a stately peacock between a pheasant and a turkey hen.

Kitty. La! you're so wild—

Mrs. M. But he's very merry, he, he, he!

Tom P. Wild! merry! my whole life has been one frolic. My sweet creature, I came here to hand-fel the silver cup. Hey! a bottle of port and a roasted orange! Ladies, I vow on the honor of a hermit, I'll treat you with a bishop.

[Exit into the house.]

Kitty. Toby! *(calling)*

Enter PRANKS.

Pranks. Eh! Where's this young dog my apprentice, bad as my mad nephew. Waiter! my horse.

Mrs. M. Sir, you'll return to sup at our house. *(to Pranks)*

Pranks. Foolish Dick Whimpy to have no dinner! plague of his gardens, in his ponds plenty of carp and tench, that nobody dare fling into a stew pan; on his green slopes, neither grass lamb
or

nor asparagus, and for flocks of geese and chickens, there a peacock struts, or an eagle perches, that instead of any body eating him, by the Lord, looks as if he'd eat us. My dear, I'm going to Weymouth, cou'dn't you give one a snack.

Kitty. Oh! our bill of fare, Sir—(*going*)

Pranks. (*Stops her*) As fine a bill of fare as ever I look'd on. (*gazing*) What dish shall I choose—a white forehead, a brace of black eyes, garnish'd with long auburn eye-lashes, two rosy cheeks, cherry lips, my desert.

Kitty. A pity, Mr. Thomas, to disguise his fine hair and delightful shape in that long old beard and gown. La! Sir, what a choice hermit you'd make for Mr. Whimmy; you'd be a nice bald-headed buck, as Tom says.

Pranks. I a bald-headed buck! don't you see I wear my own hair, child?

Re-enter TOM PRANKS.

Tom P. I've brew'd the bishop. Eh! what old fellow is that so smooth with Kitty—Sir, a word if you please. (*twitches off Pranks's wig*) Zounds, my uncle! (*runs off*)

Pranks. Stop that scoundrel! (*runs after him*)
[*Bell within rung violently, Kitty exits into the house.*]

Enter NATY MAGGS, (hastily).

Mrs. M. Oh, Heavens! my son Naty! my dear Ignatius!

Maggs. Mamma! she has me, but I won't be disgrac'd. (*aside, turns*)

Mrs. M. My dear child, who cou'd think of

seeing you down here. (*he turns from her, and traverses*)

Maggs. Any business with me, Ma'am?

Mrs. M. Why, my dear! don't you know me, Naty?

Maggs. Pray, Ma'am, don't Naty me!

Mrs. M. Won't you speak to your mother? why Naty!

Maggs. Who are you talking to, Ma'am?

Mrs. M. Look at me, my Son!—No! my own child deny me! (*puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and walks up*)

Enter TOBY THATCH and JOHN GRUM.

Toby. Jahn, is that the young man you saw? (*pointing to Maggs*)

John. Hum!

Maggs. (*Looking at his watch*) I shall be late with my party. (*going*)

Mrs. M. Stay, my dear boy!

Maggs. I'm nobody's boy, but my own man.

Toby. Seize him. (*to John Grum*) What's your name? (*to Maggs*)

Maggs. What is was yesterday, and will be to-morrow.

Toby. Mind how he shuffles; do ye see it Jahn?

John. Hum!

Toby. Tell me your name to-morrow.

Maggs. Musn't because of mama. (*aside*)

Toby. You belong to Mr. Pranks.

Maggs. Supposing so.

Toby. Then I suppose you're my prisoner.

Maggs. Me! for what?

Toby. You broke out of jail in Babylon, but we'll handcuff and send you to Dorchester.

Maggs. (*aside*) Handcuff! Broke jail in Babylon!

lon! Ay! why surely they take me for Tom Pranks!—I'm not the person you want.

Toby. I arrest you.

Maggs. I'm not the man indeed, my friend.

Toby. Who answers for you? who knows you?

Maggs. Then I must acknowledge mother—let me go, this gentlewoman here is my honour'd mamma.

Mrs. M. (aside) A wicked wretch, first to deny, and now to own me in his distress!

Toby. Mrs. Maggs, be he your son?

Mrs. M. Oh! no, he's no son of mine.

Maggs. Nay, my dear mamma.

Mrs. M. Sir, don't mamma me; who are you talking to? (*mimicking*)

Maggs. Why sure, sweet mamma!—not know your own Ignatius.

Toby. Stop; you see my friend it won't pass. Jahn, look he don't run away, while I read description of his parson, (*takes out a paper and reads*) "five feet eight inches tall, an expressive hazle "eye, pleasing features, a dark good complexion, "fine teeth," shew your teeth, (*to Maggs*) a handsome countenance—

Maggs. 'Pon my soul this description's very much like me tho'.

Toby. Well-made, a genteel deportment; upon the whole, a gentlemanly figure.

Maggs. Amazing! what a picture of me!

Mrs. M. Astonishingly like the child indeed.

Toby. You see it's you.

Maggs. No, it's such another handsome fellow, but really it's not me.

Toby. Come, I arrest you with a little tap, (*trips up his heels*) hold his legs, Jahn, that he mayn't kick I.

Maggs. Duced uncivil this !

Mrs. M. I can't bear to see him treated so—
let the child go you fellows !

Toby. Yes the child shall go—to prison.

Mrs. M. You're wrong he's my son.

Toby. And just now you said he wasn't. Jahn,
don't mind her, Madam Maggs is so fond of talk-
ing, she'll say any thing—bring him along.

Maggs. Sir, gentlemen constables ! mamma !
kind country justices ! mother ! (*Toby holding him
by the head, and John by the legs, they drag him off.*)

Mrs. M. Why, you horrid villains, you shall
not!—my child ! [*Exit after them.*]

SCENE III.

*The Gardens. Statues thrown down, and broken
fragments lying about ; shrubs and plants, &c. as
pulled up.*

Enter BAREBONES, with a broken statue.

Bare. Satan faith, says he Barebones don't raise
a hubbub against my kingdom, but I said, Satan
says I, it don't signify your palaver, I vill do that
thing, I vill make thy servant, this here master
Whimmy as a nay void in the teeth of his neigh-
bours—I vill complete the good work ; lay there
accursed, (*throws it down on a heap*) and I vill
pull up thy groves, and I vill root thee out of
the land, (*pulls plants out of pots, and flings them
about*)

Enter BARLEYCORN.

Bar. Dang my buttons ! here's a fine kickup !
(*looking*)

(*looking round*) what rascal cou'd have got in here—some one that owes the 'squire a grudge.

Bare. I've been doing of the job, 'twas all pagan vanity.

Bar. So it was, Sir, and you were right to capsize it.

Enter KITTY, (singing).

Kitty. " Ah gone he is whom I love best,
" My handsome Gilderoy."

Oh! father, I shall go distracted; I'm sure it's my belov'd Tom that they're taking pris'ner to Dorchester, yet so cruel not to let me see him.

Bar. Why Kate to keep you at home I must lock you up in the till.

Enter TOBY THATCH.

Toby. I've left the prisoner in safe custody with Jahn Grum.

Bare. (aside) Then I brings him up to town, and lodges him with the Marshal.

Kitty. Oh heavens! tell me Toby, is it the hermit?

Toby. No.

Kitty. It is.

Toby. 'Tis not—why you're as bad as Mrs. Maggs, who just now said he was her son, and he wasn't her son—there's description of his parson. (*gives Kitty a paper*)

Kitty. (reading with emotion) Handsome, dark countenance, fine teeth, expressive eye—'tis he! you hard-hearted creature—but I'll release my own true love, tho' I beg my bread for it.

[*Exit hastily.*

Toby.

Toby. Be's I to lay the cloth for you in the two-bedded room. (*to Barebones*)

Bare. I loves to eat in a parlour.

Bar. Why we wish to reserve that for other company.

Toby. Parlour! then, Sir, shan't I tap no wine—he won't inform—(*apart to Barleycorn*)

Bare. I drinks vind, for I thirsts after the good things of this world.

Bar. That's right.

Toby. He's a wet Christian.

Bar. Shall they take up dinner?

Bare. Yes, I hungers after good; I could munch one morsel of Portlin mutton; yea, one pound and an half, and six and four, and two wheat ears, roasted in vine leaves, and other settries of niceish savor.

[*Exit with Toby.*]

Bar. (*looking out*) The 'squire—dang my buttons, here'll be work. [Exit.]

Enter WHIMMY, (looks at the broken statues with amazement)

Whim. Fury and distraction! what's all here!—Tully! (*calls*)

Enter TULLY, (a little intoxicated)

Tully. (*singing*) “ They'd be like the Highlanders eating
of kail,
“ And cursing the Union, says Grana-
waile.”

Whim. This is your going to the alehouse, here's your brags, here's yellow bees humming their bag-pipes—but I'll turn over a new leaf, I'll dig and root out—

Tully.

Tully. Arrah, Sir, I wish you'd let the leaves and the trees alone! you've been digging and rooting here prettily: what put it into your head pull up the plants in this manner?

Whim. My head, there's my dancing Faunus—

Tully. Oh! I see how this is; you want to keep me only as your show-man, and take the head gardening into your own hands—the geraniums all torn, the myrtles, and lillies, and laylocks, all pull'd about as if they were old bean stalks.

Whim. You rascal! what do you talk of the paltry plants—look at the statues, none equal to them in the Vatican.

Tully. What do you talk Sir of cans and pitchers! Only tell a body what you intend to put down in the place—if yourself was planted, the devil a thing would grow out of your head but potatoe apples.

Whim. Two of my seasons—

Tully. You don't know the seasons; you're a gentleman, and you've money to buy roots and fruits, but I tell you, you don't know an annual from an evergreen. I got myself finely laughed at to-day by shewing your kickshaws, but I wash my hands out of it. There's your describing-book (*throws book down*) and you may get another Ciceroni magpye to chatter to the company.

[*Exit.*

Whim. There's a villain!

Enter PRANKS.

Pranks. Pull people's wig's off—can't think who the fellow was!—Dick, I'm on the spur to fetch my nephew from Weymouth; what perplexities

plexities he has involved me in ! Dolts to apprehend Naty Maggs for him ; these country constables are so obstinate, won't even take my word : but what sort of wild people have you settled amongst here that pull folks heads about ?

Whim. Yes, heads, legs, and arms, look ! (*points to the statues*)

Pranks. (*looking round*) Ha ! ha ! ha ! a good deed this however.

Whim. What, to demolish my beauties ?

Pranks. Your modern gardens are art spoiling nature ; fixing up a stone woman where one expects to find a rosy girl of health, flesh, and blood : if we must have statues, instead of importing ancient heathen gods into English meadows, why not encourage British arts to celebrate British heroes ? for a Jupiter by Phidias, give me a Howard by a Bacon : the five thousand pounds you laid out upon that clumsy pantheon yonder, wou'd have built a neat cluster of almshouses, where age and infancy might find an asylum from the pangs of indigence.

Whim. Why, but Billy---

Pranks. When I reflect I owe my present independence to my education in the Blue Coat School, as I drive my whisky on a Sunday by Dulwich College, I feel more warmth of affection for the memory of Edward the king, and Alleyn the player, than for all the travelling cognoscenti in Christendom. Dick, I love reason.

Enter TOM PRANKS.

Tom P. A rare chace, but I got from him--- S'death ! (*sees Old Pranks, runs off*).

Pranks. Oh, I'll have you. (*pursues*)

Whim.

Whim. He likes reason, and the fellow's mad ; there he runs after my hermit.—Certainly 'twas this savage old Goth committed these barbarisms here, I hope he'll not find his nephew ; however, I must prepare my daughter for the marriage.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Inside of the Hermitage. TOM PRANKS discovered sitting in his Hermit's Dress, as if put on hastily.

Enter PRANKS.

Pranks. (looking about) I thought I had a glimpse of him darting this way---Eh! one of Whimmy's toys---(*seeing Tom Pranks*) Father Dominick did you see a young fellow run in here—Do ye hear! can you speak!--it was certainly my nephew; can you see? I'm on the hunt for a nephew, I've been good to him, and in return he does all he can to torture me, a curs'd hound! break out of jail, skulking about here, and suffer an innocent man to be taken up for him; hand-cuff'd, haul'd, and dragg'd—

Tom P. An innocent man suffer for me! (*throws off his hermit's dress*) My dear uncle!—

Pranks. You! Oh you villain! How dare you borrow money about as you have done!

Tom P. Sir, (*confused*) I---I---borrow'd money to get out of debt.

Pranks. Eh! how?

Tom P. Yes, Sir, to pay my debts.

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Pranks.

Pranks. But why get in debt?

Tom P. All owing to my good principle, the people would trust me, my character was so excellent.

Pranks. Then from your excellent character they think you a rogue!

Tom P. Dear Sir, discriminate between vice and folly; you are the only one I ever wrong'd, my second parent, my friend, my benefactor. Sooner than let this person you spoke of just now any longer bear the disgrace that I alone deserve, I'll instantly free him by delivering myself up to hopeless imprisonment, (*going*)

Pranks. Eh! stop you rogue you, consider how terrible a prison is.

Tom P. Lord, Sir, no! the only difference between me and the people walking by is, that they're on one side of the door and I'm on t'other. to resign myself to imprisonment now, is barely performing the duties of honesty. [*Exit.*]

Pranks. Surrenders to free the guiltless! Not so bad as I thought him. A mad fellow, but youthful intemperance draws him from the path of right—a generous lad too.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Sir, I've been told you're a banker gentleman in London, you bankers, Sir, have always a great deal of money.

Pranks. (*aside*) I've heard of petticoat pads—a pistol may come out here! Well my dear, granting I have money, do you want any?

Kitty. Not for myself, Sir; but there's a young
gen-

gentleman is taken up for debt, Sir; I thought it a pity he should go to prison, as he ran out of it before, and that, you know, Sir, is a sign he doesn't like it; hard for a person to go where they can't be happy.

Pranks. Upon my word this young lady reasons extremely pretty; she must mean Naty—Well, Miss?

Kitty. And Sir, my aunt by my mother's side, has left me three hundred pounds, independent of my father; here are the papers, Sir, all about it, if you'd be so kind to advance the money, and transact the business of releasing the young gentleman with it, I'd be very much obliged to you, Sir. (*curtsies*)

Pranks. Here's a charming girl!—But who cou'd think my 'Prentice had merit enough to attract her attention? (*aside*) And so, my dear, you think Naty Maggs so fine a fellow, that you give up all your fortune to release him.

Kitty. Naty Maggs! No, Sir, our 'squire's hermit, Mr. Tom Pranks,

Pranks. What! my wild nephew! (*overjoyed*)

Kitty. Sir, keep the papers, I know you'll free him; you look so good-natured, I beseech you, Sir.

[*Curtsies and Exit.*]

Pranks. The heart of an amiable woman is the true touchstone of manly merit. This good and delicate creature loves my nephew, he must be a worthy lad.—But this attachment is very recent, a wiser match, perhaps, for him than Whimmy's rich daughter. The girl, no matter for her situation, is come of a good stock, and should be transplanted. I didn't, till now, know Tom—I'll forgive, I'll give him all—Go to the King's Bench again!

again! that he shan't, while I've a guinea to keep him out of it. [Exit.

SCENE IV ; *and last.*

A Gallery in WHIMMY'S House.

Enter TOM PRANKS, (hastily crossing) and PEREGRINE meeting.

Pere. Stop, Tom, whither now?

Tom P. To the King's Bench—what's the matter? Oh, true, Miss Dian told me—upon my soul her father uses you both very ill—who is this whelp he is going to give her to?

Pere. I don't know; Mr. Whimmy has never even seen him.

Tom P. An uncle isn't it that brings this about?

Pere. One chance, this young man may, as it's a forced thing, be indifferent, and old Mr. Whimmy doats so upon his daughter, that were an emperor to slight her, 'twou'd for ever lose his favour.

Tom P. What's this nephew's name?---who, where, what is he?

Pere. I know nothing about him.

Tom P. Nor old Whimmy either.

Pere. He has never seen him, as I'm told.

Tom P. Then I'll personate him, and I warrant disgust the old fellow sufficiently to make him break off the match; then, Peregrine, is your harvest. I'll be with you in a trice—never be dismay'd, when you admit me a schemer into your cabinet, for I have turn'd my coat so often
since

since I arriv'd in these parts, that there is no doubt of my being a most finished politician.

[Exit.

Enter WHIMMY, and DIAN weeping.

Whim. In vain talking, child—I must keep my first promise.

Dian. But, dear Sir, will you sentence your child to misery?

Pere. Sir, you encourag'd me with a certainty that I shou'd be the happiest of men, and now in a moment, to snath me from Heaven, and plunge me into an abyfs of despair.

Whim. Can't help it, Dian;—I must give you to my friend's nephew.

Enter BEN.

Ben. Sir, here's a young gentleman insists on seeing you—seems in a piteous taking.

Enter TOM PRANKS, disguised like a boy, his hair loose, and pulled round his face, &c.

Tom P. (crying) Oh! I will not have her.

Whim. Who are you?

Pere. It is certainly Tom Pranks.

(to Dian)

Whim. What do you want?

Tom P. I don't wan't a wife.

(Roars out crying.

Whim. Who the devil cares whether you do or no—have you any business?

Tom

Tom P. No I'm a gentleman. My uncle says I must marry your daughter; but I won't.

(*Roaring.*)

Whim. Can this be the wild rogue I've heard so much of?—Why, your uncle told me you were another kind of being. Dian, this is your husband—How do you like him?

Dian. (*apart to Peregrine*) I see this—Sir, if Mr. Peregrine can pardon me, since you've set your heart on it, I'm resigned to your will, with the dutiful obedience of a daughter.

Whim. Now, that's lucky, Peregrine, you see——

Pere. Then, Sir, since the lady is so very fickle, I resign her with little regret,

Whim. Ah! this is all very well; then we'll call your uncle; Parson Jack is in the next room, and you shall be married immediately.

Tom P. But I won't marry her, oh! (*cries*)—I'll never say, dear father-in-law, to such an ugly old fellow as you.

Whim. Why, you impudent young scoundrel, dare you affront me, and refuse my daughter? then let your uncle do his worst. There, Peregrine, take Dian, and may I be drowned if ever I again attempt to part you.

Pere. You'll alter your mind again, Sir.

Whim. I'll put that out of my power—go children; Doctor! (*calling off*) tack that couple together instantly.

(*Puts Dian and Peregrine off.*)

Enter PRANKS.

Tom P. 'Sdeath! My uncle again!

Whim.

Whim. Billy, what a bouncing you've kept about this nephew of your's. -He a blood!—a bubbering milkfop.

Pranks. My Tom a milkfop! I say he's a buck.

Whim. I say he's an afs.

Tom P. (*Still crying*) I won't have a wife.

Whim. There's the buck! a tasteless cur, has been abusing me here, and refused my daughter.

Tom P. The devil! am I really the character I thought I only personated. (*aside*)

Pranks. Where is he?

Whim. Can't you see? thrash him for his impudence to me.

Pranks. This whimpering clown my Tom!

Tom P. Aye, poor Tom! (*throws off his disguise*) Ha, ha! uncle!—Whimmy, how are you my boy? (*claps him on the back*)

Whim. By the lord, it's my galloping hermit! and your nephew too!

Tom P. (*to Pranks*) Sir, I now see your goodness; but had I even before known it, I could not have enjoyed the blessing you designed for me, at the expence of a friend's happiness. Mr. Peregrine has love and merit.—I admire, but don't deserve the lady.

Pranks. Then, since you're so disinterested as to decline the golden pippin, I'll give you a sweet wild strawberry.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. O Mr. Banker, have you indeed released him!—'tis he (*looking at Tom Pranks with joy*) thanky, Sir. (*Curtseys to Pranks.*)

Pranks.

Pranks. Tom, here's a young girl that wou'd have barter'd all her little fortune for your freedom; and now as you hope for mine, take her.

Whim. Why, she's daughter to the Red Lion.

Pranks. Eh! my honest landlord that reliev'd the sufferers of Minehead, while you were swallowing peaches in December, and the poor shivering in cold and nakedness! Red Lion, Dick! where honor is derived from benevolence; she's daughter to a nobleman.

Tom P. What say you, my dearest girl?

Kitty. Only, Sir, that my heart is fill'd with gratitude; but you must ask the Red Lion's consent; for tho' you were a husband for a queen, I wou'd not have a prince, if it might grieve an indulgent parent.

Enter TOBY THATCH and JOHN GRUM, with MAGGS, prisoner, (his dress disordered and torn)

Toby. Your worship, the defender here is obstropolos, and has lick'd I and Jahn Grum.

Maggs. Aye, dem'me, I plump'd 'em.

Tom P. Was't you, Naty? I'm sorry that my irregularities shou'd have involv'd you in this trouble.

Enter MRS. MAGGS.

Mrs. M. Oh! Ignatius Maggs—my child to be haul'd about—but this comes of your not acknowledging me your honor'd mother.

Pranks. May the son never get better usage who cou'd deny his parent.

Enter

Enter BARLEYCORN and TULLY, bringing in BAREBONES.

Bar. Dang my buttons, but you shall pay me.

Whim. What's this?

Tully. Only this devout preacher walks into Mr. Barleycorn's and crams himself like a great fowl; then walks off without discharging his shot; when ask'd, says he, you'll be paid above, and says Mr. Barleycorn, who by there! and says he, why by Abdiel; so they walk'd up stairs to me, where I was taking a pint and a whiff of tobacco. I was christen'd Mr. Tully, so I walks down—but who ever saw an angel with a pipe in his mouth? I don't mind paying for a man's dinner; but, Sir, be so kind as to send this gentleman to jail for bilking the house. How do ye do, Mrs. Maggs? (*bowing*)

Tom P. My Saint George's Fields landlord!

Bare. The spirit openeth my mouth.

Tully. You opened your mouth to swallow a leg of lamb, honey.

Bare. All things shall be in common with the righteous?

Toby. Pay me for serving capias on Master Pranks.

Tom P. Me! how?

Pranks. Capias! What, are you that Ham Barebones that has lent my nephew money at an exorbitant usance.

Tom P. That, like the devil, tempted me by the means, and now punishes me for the sin.

Enter PEREGRINE and DIAN.

Pere. Mrs. Peregrine. (*to Whimmy*)

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Dian.

Dian. Dearest father your blessing. (*they kneel to Whimmy*)

Tully. There, my blessing on you both, you two souls. (*puts his hand on their heads*)

Tom P. Then, my dear uncle, I take my lovely Kitty Barleycorn, and whilst her gentle qualities convince our friends, that birth and rank are not necessary to constitute an amiable wife, my respect for her virtues may prove, that the thoughtless prodigal can make a tender husband.

Whim. Oh! I'm happy! ha! ha! We've all got so very generous. Peregrine, with his little fortune, has Dian and all my wealth; your nephew, with your riches, takes little Kitty Barleycorn with nothing at all; and Mrs. Maggs looks so charming, that I could find in my heart to —(*going up to her*)

Mrs. M. Now that's so like Mr. Olmondle, (*smiling and advancing*)

Whim. (*runs from her*) To the devil with the Olmondles.

Tom P. Then, Sir, here ends my five years hermitage, and, instead of my annuity, I shall think myself nobly rewarded, if my fancies can, by an indulgent smile, receive the forgiveness of my generous friends.

THE END.

THE
IRISH MIMIC;
OR,
BLUNDERS AT BRIGHTON.
IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1795.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cypress, Mr. MUNDEN,
Captain Clifford, Mr. M^RREADY,
Parrots, Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Kitt Katt, Mr. CLAREMONT,
Cohin, Mr. FAWCETT.
Harry, Mr. BERNARD.
Porter, Mr. THOMPSON.

Miss Melcombe, Mrs. DAVENPORT,
Miss Julia Melcombe, Mrs. LEE.
Landlady, Miss PLATT.

COMPANY, BAND, SOLDIERS, &c.

SCENE, *Brightelmstone.*

THE
IRISH MIMIC;
OR,
BLUNDERS AT BRIGHTON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter COLIN with a Basket.

COLIN, (*looking out*).

YES, it be's, Harry.

Enter HARRY, (in morning dress, and Bathing Man).

Harry. No, tell Bishopp I shan't bathe to-morrow.

[*Exit man.*

Every morning relaxes, and we come down here to brace ourselves up like drums, for the rattle of a London winter campaign.

Colin. My brother Harry!

Harry.

Harry. Colin ! What brought you here ?

Colin. An if you go to that, what has brought you here ?

Harry. I came but yesterday with my lady.

Colin. Oh, then you got a pleace since ? So did I the very day after we parted in London.

Harry. Why, that's lucky, the first week you set foot in town.

Colin. No, it was quite misfortunate. My place was so badish, Measter was one of the shew.

Harry. What, an actor ?

Colin. Yes, he acted your foreign Opera Plays, in Haymarket.

Harry. Oh then, you were servant to an Opera singer ?

Colin. Yes, that was it ; he got a huge deal of money from our high gentry here in England ; but to save it all, and bring it away with him, he starved himself, and gave me nothing to eat. I'll be dom'd but he did ; for his fallads, -made me pick dandelion and water cresses out of the ditches ; then he made maccoroni, which be's just like our hard dumplings cut into long tobacco stoppers ; then he made omlettes, and when he used to boil eggs, he wanted me to sup the broth, an Italian son of a sausage, wanted to fatten an Englishman with egg broth, so I left him—oh, I left him.

Harry. Well, who do you live with now ? Some Suffex Squire, Eh ?

Colin. No, I bes servant to a desperate voine lady ! Miss Melcombe, from Lancashire.

Harry. What ! (*surprised*) ha ! ha ! ha ! by Heavens exceeding good !

Colin. Now your mistrefs's name, Harry ?

Harry. Miss Melcombe from Lancashire—You impudent puppy, how dare you tell me you live with

with Miss Melcombe, when I am certain, I'm the only man servant she has at Brighton.

Colin. I say I'm her only man servant, and don't your impudence, brother Harry! a conceited fool! in his trowsers, strutting about like a pair of compasses.

Enter CYPRESS.

Cyp. Oh, sure I've seen you before. (*to Colin*)

Colin. Yez, Sir, afore the chair, and behind the coach.

Cyp. You live with Miss Melcombe?

Colin. Now mind that, Harry—I do, Sir.

Cyp. My belov'd here? oh, let me fly!—no, she likes ceremony, I'll send in my name first.—
(*takes out a card and writes*)

Colin. But I must go give cook the Arundel mullets. (*goes into house*)

Cyp. (*turns*) Eh, where's Miss Melcombe's servant?

Harry. (*advancing*) I'm here, Sir.

Cyp. Then you too belong to the lady?—step in with this card to your mistress, and bring me back an answer; tell her you saw her dear Cypress, and that I look charmingly. (*Harry goes into a distinct house from Colin*) Never man had such disappointments! it's the business of my life to be kind to my old friends; to be sure I hope they will leave me something when they die, but no chance of that here I suppose, they fancy a puff of sea air can restore their breath, and a mouthful of salt water pickle and preserve them, and it's no fancy, Tom Nibble that I saw in town with one foot in the grave, I met just now with two in a pair of boots. Dick Toothless that I left
sleep'd

steep'd in barley water, I find at Hick's Tavern, peeping at me over a round of beef.—Lady Squab I parted, hid in a stuff'd elbow chair, met this morning galloping over the downs, running a race with a staff officer.

Enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Clif. What, Mr. Cypress!

Cyp. Mad Captain Clifford here!—eh, he don't look well, I'll be civil, (*aside*) how d'ye do a thousand times, my dear, dear, Sir?

Clif. Never better, thank heaven! just escaped from our mess; they drink so hard—

Cyp. I see now he's fresh and florid, find every body I meet in barbarous health! so vexatious! (*going*) Oh, but true, I must wait for an answer from the mistress of my heart.

Clif. Ha! ha! ha! who is your goddess? Come don't be ashamed to tell!

Cyp. Sir, I boast of my love for Miss Melcombe, as her love to me is her greatest glory!

Clif. Miss Melcombe! Can it be my Julia! (*aside*)

Cyp. Yes; I'm the lad of her soul, I've sent in my name; now you'll see her ardent desire for me to send in myself.

Clif. Miss Melcombe's not at Brighton?

Cyp. Then that house is not in Brighton. (*pointing to that where Harry went in*)

Clif. My love next door to where I lodge, and I not know it!

Re-enter HARRY, both seeing him.

Cyp. Well, you delivered my card to your mistress?

Harry.

Harry. Yes, Sir, but she says she knows no such person. *[Exit.]*

Cyp. What!

Clif. Not know the glorious lad of her soul!
(claps Cypress on the back) ha! ha! ha!

Cyp. I desire, Sir, you'll——by my honor she's——

Clif. Hold, Sir! Miss Melcombe is a lady for whom I have the utmost veneration——

Cyp. You!

Clif. Yes, I, and for proof I'll indulge you, and in your own way too, I'll send in my name,
(writes on a card)

Cyp. Not know any such gentleman! *walks about)*

Clif. Eh! but where's Miss Melcombe's man?

Re-enter COLIN.

Colin. Here I be, Sir.

Clif. Are you her servant too?

Colin. Oh, yez, Sir, I bes her livery man.

Clif. And perhaps her common councilman.

Colin. Noa, Sir, I never durst give her counsel, tho' I advise her sometimes. Will you walk in, old gentleman?

Cyp. Old! rascal!

Clif. Come, Sir, I won't hear even Miss Melcombe's servant abus'd.

Colin. That's right, Sir, love me, love my dog.

Clif. Then carry that in your paw to your mistress. *[Exit Colin.]*

now Mr. Cypress, I don't absolutely boast I'm quite her glory! but perhaps she won't desire me to send in myself. *(ironically)*

Re-enter COLIN.

Colin. Sir, I delivered myself of your card, but my lady says, she doesn't know any thing about the person that wrote upon it.

Cyp. Ha! ha! ha!

Clif. Impossible! by heavens she is the most capricious!—I see her duplicity in this seeming denial to Cypress; Julia prefer a sordid rascal to me! hark'ye, you old raven! your hovering about for legacies is notorious, thro' almost every public place in England; you have been hooted out of the rooms at Bath, drove from the pantiles at Tunbridge, and by heaven, I'll have you beat off the Steine at Brighton.

Cyp. I beat! ha! ha! ha! well, I should like to see that.

Colin. So should I, Sir: he! he! he!

Cyp. Rascal!

Colin. He! he! he!

[Runs off.]

Clif. I'll have this refusal from Miss Melcombe's own lips. No, I'll see her no more; but I'll match you Mr. Cypress.

[Exit.]

Enter MISS MELCOMBE, (in full dress) from the house.

Miss M. Colin! fetch my parasol.

Cyp. Oh! here is my perfidious Peggy.

Miss M. Those young gentlemen will keep flying after one so, I'm glad I didn't bring my niece Julia here; no chance of admirers her flimsy beauty in the way. What Mr. Cypress! I protest I'm glad to see you!

Cyp. Yes, ma'am; you'd be glad to see me at Pondicherry,

Pondicherry, so you were at the same time upon a Suffex cliff; even from thence, madam, I should behold you. Love is a monstrous telegraph: if you had any compassion, you cou'd read without spectacles, that slighted passion is a piteous case.

Miss M. What do you talk to me, Sir, of spectacle cases?

Cyp. Then, madam, I'll be round with you: you might have put on your barnacles and answered my card.

Miss M. Yours! my servant did bring me a card just now, but not from you.

Cyp. Forgets even my name!

Enter HARRY, dressed.

Miss M. How provoking! here's some gentleman has sent his servant to watch me about.
(*aside*)

Harry. Now for the library. My mistress shou'd have set down more than one number.

Cyp. Didn't I give you a card for your lady? [*Going*]

Harry. Certainly, Sir.

Cyp. And wasn't her answer that she didn't know the writer?

Harry. Knew nothing at all about him, Sir.

Cyp. There madam! oh! shame! that a lady can rend a man's honest heart, and then deny it to his miserable face! [*Exit.*]

Miss M. What, Sir, do you talk to me of cards to ladies; and, Sir, I can't help your miserable face!

Cyp. You can help, madam, my bleeding heart,
that

that you yourself have given the fatal stab to! But—I don't care twopence about her: I'll now scorn in my turn.

Miss M. Sir, if I have attractions, am I to blame? I didn't make them.

Cyp. Make! no, Miss, you bought your lillies and roses ready made; the master of the ceremonies at your toilet places them well enough Miss, but if one was to see them in a morning, there's a cast off and change fides, Miss: "Where are the lillies? on the cheeks of my Philis! "where is the rose? on her pretty little nose!"

Miss M. Barbarous, cruel man!

Cyp. Nay now, Miss Melcombe, my dear Peggy!

Miss M. Sir, though I was christened Margaret, I told you I was since confirmed Seraphina. Seraphina is my name!

Cyp. Will you be Seraphina Cypress? (*Taking her hand*)

Enter COLIN, with a parasol.

Miss M. Colin, go to Gregory's and ask for the telescope I chose on my fortunate raffle yesterday. Any messages, you'll find me on the Steine:

Cyp. My dear Peggy——

Miss M. Sir, be assured Miss Melcombe will never be Mrs. Cypress. [*Exit, with Colin.*]

Cyp. There's a coquet! all art, her denial to Captain Clifford. She's gone to flirt with him on the Steine. How have I lost her? Some disgust! Was it when she pop'd in upon me t'other day whilst I was shaving! She desired me not to mind her, and like an ass, on I went, up to the eyes
in

in suds, twisting my features into fifty ugly shapes before her. When she asked me for her favourite air, like a fool I must play it on the German flute, and put my mouth into such an uncomely shape: my attitudes were graceful tho'! Love is gone! Come revenge! But how?

Enter Boy, leaves hand-bills under knockers, gives one to CYPRESS, and exit.

Pshaw! pester me with auction bills! and—Eh, (*reads*) “Great Rooms—Mr. Parrots—Give imitations—principal performers—sawing a deal board—celebrated orator—two cats in a gutter—drawing a cork”—Oh, here's an occasion for ample revenge on my perfidious Peggy! she has killed me, and I'll make her ridiculous! Oh, I'll have her among the cats and gutters! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Steine, before GREGORY's library, company walking, conversing, &c.—JULIA MELCOMBE and others, seated under the piazza, reading.

Julia. (to shopman) I desired my servant to call for the book. No matter: I'll take it myself.

Man. (writing) Miss Melcombe.

Julia. Eh, what Captain Clifford is this? (*looking at subscription book*) My dear Charles at Brighton! most certain!

Enter

Enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Clif. Oh, here is Julia! Most obedient ma'am!

Julia. Ma'am—so cool! well then, most obedient, Sir. Ah, I was once the loveliest creature in the world: wasn't I, Charles? Look in my face wretch: is not there now somebody else more lovely?

AIR.—JULIA.

Go, wild and fickle rover,
Where last your vows you paid,
Fly round and play the lover,
To widow, wife, and maid.

Late fairest of fair creatures,
All mine your tears and sighs,
Have I now other features?
Or you got other eyes?

When Flora's gifts are coming,
An insect you peep out!
A bee then fond of humming,
You pertly buz about.

When next on flowers you'd settle,
With beetle-eye take wing,
For honey court a nettle,
Exchanging sting for sting.

Clif. Why, ma'am, you are very pleasant.

Julia. Certainly; this is the place for pleasure. But how long have you been at Brighton?

Clif. Long enough, madam, to receive proofs of what I never even suspected.

Julia. Don't talk so loud; the people are all staring at us.

Clif.

Clif. Oh, madam, it's your ambition to be stared at by young and old!

Julia. I was going to take a turn before the Pavilion come, give me you arm, and let's know what is this mighty business.

Clif. 'Pon my honour, ma'am, this is exceeding well—my arm! then you are not afraid of meeting old Cypress?

Julia. Now bless your pretty little soul, Charles, who is old Cypress?

Clif. Oh, ma'am, that incomprehensibility of surprise is really absurd: you first refuse to admit Cypress, because I was in the way; then, to soften him by a compleat triumph over me, you send me out word—

Enter COLIN, speaks in at the shop.

Colin. I want the telepope, that mistress won with the dice-box.

Clif. (*stops him*) Oh! I gave you a card for your lady: you brought out for answer that she didn't know me?

Colin. Yez, Sir.

[*Exit into shop.*]

Clif. There madam.

Julia. But what's all this to me?

Clif. You seem very careless about it; but I think it's very much to you; and Julia, all in all to me: (*tenderly*) therefore madam, I insist—

Julia. Hold, Sir! you forget yourself: such behaviour in a public place!

Clif. But, sure I have a right to demand an explanation.

Julia. Oh, my valiant captain! To proceed in form: hadn't you best send me a challenge? but you may take it for granted, Sir, that whether in
resentment

resentment or affection, this is the last time I shall ever give you the meeting. *[Exit.]*

Clif. I'll flog Cypress! no, the good-natured people round have witness'd my insulting a woman; they shall not add to my disgrace by seeing me beat an old man. Eh! isn't this Mr. Parrots, the Irish Mimic? Ha, ha, ha! A capital mistake in talent his, attempts to imitate every character and dialect the most opposite; yet, with such an invincible brogue, that when he fancies he speaks or sings a variety of voices, you can only think yourself in a debating society at Tipperary.

Enter PARROTS and WAITER.

Par. Waiter, prepare me a good breakfast of some tea and cakes; but if you can't get three new laid eggs, you may eat them all yourself. *(Exit Waiter)* Captain Clifford, how do you do, Sir!

Clif. Ha! Mr. Parrots, true, I saw your bills for performance.

Par. Yes, Sir, I'm come to give my imitations, and have hir'd a fine big room; but such a bushel of troubles as I have had.

Clif. I'm glad you're come Parrots, I wanted something to laugh at, this place is very pleasant, eh? the Steine, and Downs, and bathing—

Par. Bathing! oh a blessed affair happen'd to me about that, the very day I arrived, I was so afraid of nobody coming to hear me, that I was about to go back to London; so I took my place in the machine, but instead of a stage coach they put me into a wooden closet, and dragg'd me into the sea: hallo! says I, let me out! Off with your clothes, says the fellow, and tumble out here headlong.

Clif.

Clif. Ha! ha! ha!

Par. Well, I thought I'd stay here a few days longer, if only to pick up, among their bathing shops, and raffling machines, a new stock of originals; and faith I've been at them eves dropping about every where; why t'other night in the play house, I had a Scotch presbyterian calling to the music for God save the King! A French marquis bawling for Roast Beef! and an Irishman roaring for Rule Britannia!

Clif. Oh, you've him at your tongue's end.

Par. Who, the Irishman? now there you're out: he had such a devil of a brogue, that he's the only person there I cannot mimic neatly.

AIR—PARROTS.

I'm the man that can take off every fowl,
From the singing lark, to the barking dog.

Hark! the lark, (*mimics*) now the dog.
All beasts I can mimic upon my soul,
From the cackling hen, to the grunting hog.

The hen, (*mimics*) now the hog, (*mimics*)
All's food for wit, that falls into my dish,
Like crowing cock, I'm a fine bird-call,
And yet I cannot well mimic a fish,
Because that a fish says nothing at all.

At all jolly parties I make a rout,
I'm call'd for my song; for a joker I pass;
But some how or other---I bring it about,
That the people all think me a fine jack-ass.

At Hanover-square, when your concert plays,
Like them I can presto, piano too,
I sing and I whistle with so much aise,
The black crow's neat song, and the tight cuckow.
Lo! the crow; the cuckow. (*mimics*)

The sawing of boards, and the drawing of cork,
And water as dropping, drop, drop, drop, (*mimics*)
I tune up my pipe, with my great pitch-fork,
At the bottom now, and now at the top. (*mimics*)

At all joy parties I make a rout,
 I'm call'd for my song; for a joker I pass;
 But some how or other I bring it about,
 That the people all think me a fine jack-ass.

Clif. Ha! ha! ha! this offers something for old Cypress. (*Aside*) Mr. Parrots, if you shou'dn't be encouraged here, equal to your merit, you may easily get money for your travelling expences however.

Par. Then how my dear Sir?

Clif. Listen.—A gentleman here had an old friend, whom he once insulted grossly: this friend hadn't spirit to resent it himself, yet dying lately, carried his resentment to his last breath, absolutely in his will left a legacy of a hundred pounds, to any one that wou'd cane him on the open Steine.

Par. Ha, ha, ha! Why that was a comical cowardly fort of revenge.

Clif. Now suppose you were to earn this legacy.

Par. Beat a gentleman! you don't catch me at that Captain.

Clif. Why besides touching the cash, you chastise an impudent little rascal.

Par. If I were to chastise all the impudent rascals I meet, I shou'd have five fists for every one of my ten fingers, thumbs and all.

Clif. Interest is not the string, I must touch the Hibernian's courage. (*aside*) I don't think the legacy will ever be claim'd, tho' the money is a temptation, yet nobody hitherto has ventured to win it by striking him: he's a remarkably strong little fellow, indeed full of tricks with his strength when he gets a bottle; twisting pokers round his neck, battering pewter pots with his forehead: they talk here, (but I never believ'd it) that the
 cause

cause of the east cliff falling, was his shoving, in a drunken fit, one of the great guns off the battery: yes, yes it requires a deal of resolution to win this legacy.

Par. Why, Sir, d'ye think I'm afraid? upon the Steine you say? any particular time mention'd in the will?

Clif. Eh, yonder is old Cypress, (*aside*) when there's a good deal of company, about now, à propos, look, that's your man.

Par. What that clergyman bowing to the ladies? or the man in mourning, laughing so hearty? (*looking out*)

Clif. Pho, look there.

Par. Oh the little squab lad in the bob wig and blue and silver coat. But, Captain, if I do earn the legacy, who's to pay it me?

Clif. What name! oh, any, (*aside*) eh,—one,—one Captain Tomkins is the executor.

Par. But where does he live?

Clif. Any body will tell you, look, that's his house. (*points off*)

Par. Very well.

Clif. Here's Jack Daily, he'll be dragging me to the bottle, (*going*)

(*Enter an OFFICER.*)

Officer. Ha! ha! ha! holla Clifford! by heavens you're a fine fellow to slip off so!

Clif. Never mind me, there's a lady that I—

Officer. Meet a lady with such a sober stupid face—Come along my boy! (*sings*)

“For Venus ne'er looks with a smile so divine.”

(*takes him off*)

Q Q 2

Par.

Par. To get my bottle I must first touch the corks. He's here, a hundred pound is a good thing, but beating him in cold blood—by my soul I'd rather get a thrashing myself (so that nobody might know it) than strike a man that has never done me any harm.—But a stick is necessary.
[Exit into Gregory's.]

Enter CYPRESS with a newspaper.

Cyp. I'm burning for revenge on my cruel Peg, but no finding this Mr. Parrots the mimic—a deal of fashion here this evening.

Enter COLIN, from the shop, (with a telescope.)

Oh, is your Lady on the Steine?

Colin. Sitting in yon voine company at Crawford's library.

Cyp. She shall see what terms I'm on with people of condition. (*looks thro' an opera glass*) Sir Luke! we'll settle our bet at the rooms. (*calling off*) Lady Dimple! do you ride to Rottingdeane tomorrow? Our friend the Colonel promises a charming treat from the Dorset band, on the level. (*calling off*)

Colin. Yes, Sir, mistress and I will be on the level. (*looks thro' the Telescope*) Dick Coachman! Shall us tip a mug of Newhaven beer at the white horse? (*calling off*)

Cyp. Colin! Cou'dn't you draw your lady this way? tell her she'll see something very pleasant.

Colin. What, fir, yon wi child and tumbling black m or?

Cyp. No make her look towards me.

Colin. I wull.

[Exit.]

Cyp. Then she'll learn that I'm somebody for all her scorn.

Re-enter

Re-enter PARROTS from the shop, with a stick.

Par. I'll pay you for this little nag, but now take it out an airing upon trial. (*speaking off*)

Cyp. Let's see what valetudinarian friends at Buxton. (*sits and reads the Newspaper, Parrots walks round, then sits by him*).

Par. I must get him more amongst the company, (*aside*) Sir, hadn't you best take a walk?

Cyp. Take a walk!

Par. Yes, Sir, and I'll take another, and yet we'll both take the same walk.

Cyp. Who is this man? (*aside*)

Par. I'll make him affront me, and then it will be all his own doing. (*drops the cane on Cypress's foot*) Sir you needn't kick shelalah about, you and he will be better acquainted by and bye.

Cyp. I protest this is an odd person. (*aside*)

Par. I don't like striking a naked man; I wish he had some weapon. (*aside*) Sir, how do you like this colt? because Sir, if you'd step and take a filly out of the same paddock yonder, they'd breed charming.

Cyp. Breed what?

Par. A quarrel!

Cyp. I do not like this man. (*aside*)

Par. How shall I rouse him! (*aside*) When that paper's out of hand Sir, I'll thank you for it; (*takes it*) I'm oblig'd to you, Sir.

Cyp. It's now out of hand indeed.

Par. Sir, I say that's false, for now it's in hand, and yet I'll read it out of hand.—(*reads*)

“On Saturday died.”——

Cyp. Lord Sir, just let me look at the deaths!

Par.

Par. Takes an affront like mulled claret, then I'll beat him without any ceremony for the meanness of his spirit! (*aside*) Look ye Sir, as to battering pewter pots against men's foreheads, and making cravats of kitchen pokers, that's all to me a mere dog's whistle!

Cyp. Sir!

Par. I never attempted to throw a cannon over a cliff like others!

Cyp. Did'nt you Sir? I beg pardon, I thought you did—Gad this is an odd fellow! ha! ha! ha! (*aside*)

Par. Harkye, Sir, I wish to avoid strife, and so—if you'll only tell the executor I did it, I'll not do it at all.

Cyp. Then Sir, you may let it alone, what's all this he's talking about, I'll do, and you'll not do.

Par. Oh but I will if you go to that, sblood! and thunder Sir! why don't you put me into a fury as you did the dead man? but what did you do to make the dying soul leave you such a token of affection?

Cyp. Who! what! has any deceased friend left me?

Par. Ay you're left the truth of a thumping legacy!

Cyp. Indeed! where am I to receive it my dear Sir?

Par. Why here.

Cyp. Here! when?

Par. Now.

Cyp. Who's to pay me it?

Par. I.

Enter

Re-enter COLIN.

Colin. I told my lady Sir, and she and company are all looking at you.

Par. The executor may want a witness—

Cyp. Witnesses! why, my dear sir, won't my receipt do? Come, we'll get pens, ink, and stamp in the shop.

Par. No, leaving a mark will do for this—you stand there, and observe what passes. (*to Colin*)

Cyp. Ay, tell your lady what tokens of affection I receive from others. Now I'm ready to take it.

Par. And I to give it. (*strikes him*)

Cyp. Murder! help!

Par. There, I've tried the poney (*throws the stick down*) And now for a touch at the executor!
[*Exit.*]

Cyp. Oh heavens! oh my back!

Colin. Then this the joke they're to see, he, he, he! How my lady laughs, all the gentlefolks be's laughing at you! he, he, he! what a happy man you be to make people so merry! he, he, he!

Syp. Merry, you villain, yes I'm very happy, publickly disgrac'd! caned on the open Steine! and for wnat?—What did I do to the fellow? Miss Melcombe may indeed now despise me, I myself to draw her attention and be curst to me, I'll write to her—explain what I don't understand, I'll go home—isn't this my old landlady!

Enter LANDLADY.

Eh, now good dame, where are you gadding, and nobody at home to light me a candle?

Land. Ah, Mr. Cypress, I wish I could afford
to

to keep a maid, but lawk one must call in upon one's neighbours to see whether they're dead or alive.

Cyp. What then you're a legacy hunter? you selfish creature! I say return home and light my candles!

Land. Ah, Sir, I'm only going to the Apothecaries, take a couple of turns more on the Steine, for the sea air is so wholesome for you phthysicy old gentlemen. [Exit.

Cyp. There's a scandalous gossip! eh, gone to the apothecary's! some hope of an old woman that goes into an apothecary's shop, I'll make her a present of a pair of fleecy hosiery gambadoes.

Colin. Oh here's the poney. *(takes up the stick)*

Cyp. Boy, you step home with me to strike a light, and carry a letter to your lady.

Colin. Yes, Sir, he, he, he! you be more comical than tumbling blackamoor.—How cleverly he managed the poney, here he went so! and then he went so! *(flourishing it over Sympress's head)*

Cyp. Why you rascal! *(snatches it, Colin runs off)* What will Peggy think of me, sure she won't have me after this public disgrace, well if not, I'll still pursue her; perhaps when she dies she may leave me something in token of former friendship.

AIR—CYPRESS.

Our joys are all fled,
Oh! alas, and alack!
My friend now lies dead,
And the house hung with black.

How

How can his lov'd wife
Her vast sorrows endure?
She's lost to all life,
As the mutes at the door.

Our handkerchiefs wave,
And our hearts are in dole;
He's laid in the grave,
And we think on the---cole.

With glafs of wine we'll cheer our woe,
And wipe our muzzy faces,
Then hey! for Doctor's Commons go.
To see how there the case is.

"I have the fortune," cries one son,
"And t'other not a soufki,"
The wife sings, "My kind husband's gone."
"He was a Roufi-oufki."

Executors grand!
Now think how they can crib,
Left plate, house, and land,
To his dear loving rib.

With widow we dine,
All batchelors met,
Atchievement's the sign,
There's a wife to be let.

So lonely her---bed!
Her sad heart sure will break;
She swears she can't wed
In less than a---week.

With glafs of wine, &c,

[Exit.

Enter JULIA agitated, and HARRY.

Julia. And Mr. Clifford lives next door to me?
I will not live next door to him—Harry—You
must look out other lodgings. Then this was
the cause of his behaviour to me! ah! fye! fye!

men are all base and venal. (*aside*) How long has your brother and his mistress been here?

Harry. But a few days, ma'am.

Julia. And Captain Clifford you say sent in a tender message to my aunt? that is your brother Colin's lady—the other Miss Melcombe?

Harry. Most certainly ma'am. I didn't know you had an aunt; they say she's very rich? but that to be sure you know.

Julia. And that she is very rich my false Clifford to be sure knows. But dear he need not be vain of his conquest, for my venerable aunt throws out her lure for every bird that flies! he fancies it is his fine person that has caught her, but I'll convince him, that with all his grace, and accomplishments, he may be supplanted by the first insignificant, dangling coxcomb, that chuses to pay her any attention. (*aside*) Harry you are acquainted with some of the officers' servants?

Harry. Oh yes, madam, very genteel valets.

Julia. Then if you know any very genteel valet, that has a very smart little master, whose regimentals would fit me——

Harry. Madam!

Julia. Borrow them—ha, ha, ha! I think I shall make a smart Brighton officer! I can dance, sport my uniform on the Steine, chatter at the libraries, shew the ladies my neat marquee, then at our camp and review,

I'll make a rout,
The cows and sheep my only foes,
On prancing steed curvet about!
With pops of powder, fright the crows!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

(*Moon-light*)—*Before CYPRESS's House.*

Enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD, elevated with Wine.

Clif. What's company, wine, mirth, without love! women should be indulged in their little caprices, since man cannot exist without their charming smiles. I'll call on my divine Julia, throw myself at her feet and ask her pardon. (*A light appears at the upper window, Cypress is seen seated in cap and gown writing.*)

Enter COLIN from the House.

Colin. I'll wait on him no longer, my lady will want me, and this old rogue will give me nothing.

Clif. Julia's servant! where have you been? who lives here?

Colin. Mr. Cypress, Sir.

Clif. Eh! I totally forgot—I wonder if Parrots performed the exploit! That 'tother bottle! lost all the fun by it,—what you're come with a letter?

Colin. No Sir, I stay to take one, his old landlady be's not yet com'd home, so stingy won't keep a maid—so Mr. Cypress bid me watch door.

Cliff. Well, I want to ask him a question.

Colin. Noa, Sir, he bid me not let any one disturb him whilst he's writing love.—

Clif. Is that he up there?

Colin. Yes Sir, he sleeps in a garret for the good air over the hills.

Clif. Go home, your lady wants you.

Colin. Does she? good bye, Sir. (*shuts the door*)

Clif. Why did you shut the door?

Colin. That nobody might go in, till old woman comes back.

Clif. Dem the old woman!

Colin. How fine these officers talk, dem the old woman! [*Exit,*

Clif. Julia's dissimulation, carrying on a correspondence—Cypress has the name of money, can she be so base! you're composing your'e love-letter? then I'll discompose.—(*looking up, knocks at the door*) I don't think he can know me. (*deranging his dress*)

Cyp. (*within*) Colin! why don't you go to the door?

Clif. I'll tease him—but what shall I say!

(*Cypress opens the door with a candle*)

Cyp. Where is this clown run to?

Clif. Pray, Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?

Cyp. No Sir.

Clif. Ask pardon Sir, any where in this neighbourhood, Sir?

Cyp. 'Pon my word Sir, I'm but a stranger myself.

Clif. Good night, Sir—sorry to give you—so much trouble.

Cyp. Oh Sir, no trouble, good night Sir. (*shuts the door*)

Clif. Ay, trot up, (*listens*) seated? (*looks up*) yes—(*Cypress appears at the window, takes up pen, Captain Clifford knocks, Cypress starts, takes the candle and retires*)—ay, now trot down again. I hope he won't let his candle fall, for I like to contemplate

plate his delectable visage—(*list'ning, Cypress opens the door*)—Pray Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?

Cyp. No, Sir, Captain Tomkins does not live here, eh! why, Sir, you are the gentleman asked the same question this instant!

Clif. Bless my soul! the same door indeed! Sir, I ask pardon.

Cyp. Oh, Sir, no offence—plague what keeps the old woman!

Clif. Sir, I wish you a good night.

Cyp. Oh, Sir, good night to you. [*Exit.*]

Clif. (*listening*) Up we trot again—set to our love-letter? Eh, I believe he has taken his pen and ink-horn into some other room—oh no, there sits old amorous Ovid. (*knocks, Cypress starts, appears vexed, tries to open the window but cannot, the Captain knocks*) Oh we trot down a little faster. (*listening*) I believe he's tumbled down stairs. (*Cypress opens the door*) Pray, Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?

Cyp. Why what the devil, Sir, I told you twice no Captain Tomkins lived here.

Clif. I beg pardon, Sir, sorry to give you so much trouble.

Cyp. Sir, really I don't understand what you mean——

Clif. Sir your most obedient, I wish you a good night.

Cyp. Well, Sir, good night.—(*as he's shutting the door, Captain Clifford pushes it*)

Clif. Oh, Sir, you seem to have lost one of your flippers.

Cyp. Curse it all!

Clif. Pray, Sir, don't stay out in the cold—
you'll

you'll get a sore throat. (*Cypress shutting the door, Captain Clifford pushes it*) Oh but, Sir, can you tell me where Captain Tomkins lives?

Cyp. Inquire at the public-houses.

(*shutting the door, Capt. Clifford pushes it open*)
Clif. Pray Sir, which is the public house?

Cyp. Hell and fury, I don't know!

Clif. Sir, I ask pardon—most obedient, good night, Sir. [*Exit Bowing.*]

Cyp. This old woman to take the key of my parlour, but I'll quit her lodgings to-morrow! I'll come down no more if the house is on fire!
[*shuts the door.*]

Enter a PORTER.

Por. Letter says number twelve. (*holds it to the lamp. Cypress appears at the window writing, Porter knocks, Cypress after many attempts, bursts open the window and looks out*)

Cyp. I'll come down no more! Get away you rascal!

Por. I've a letter for Mr. Cypress.

Cyp. A letter! oh. (*shuts the window.*)

Por. Get away you rascal!—don't care, the lady shall pay me for bringing it. [*Exit.*]

Enter PARROTS.

Par. Unlucky, Captain Clifford and his jolly party broke up, but where does the executor live?—the Captain pointed this way, so since I'm on the spot, I may as well try to find it out to night, that I may be sure of knowing it in the morning, oh this may be it. (*going to knock, Cypress opens*)

opens the door) Pray. Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?

Enter LANDLADY with a lanthorn going towards the door, Cypress claps it violently, Parrots runs off—the Curtain drops hastily.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE. I.

The Coffee room at TILTS.

CAPTAIN CLIFFORD *discovered at Breakfast.*

CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

I'LL get leave of absence—quit Brighton, and see Julia no more.

Enter KITT-KATT and WAITER.

Kitt. (looking at the Subscription Book) What then your Coffee room is a subscription business? Captain Clifford is he at Brighton?

(Waiter points to the Captain and Exit.)

Clif. Ah! Mr. Kitt-katt!

Kitt. Most obedient, Sir.

Clif. Have you been long here?

Kitt. Came last night; my principal motive is to take a picture of your camp on a review day—
a cap-

a capital subject—I shall have a particular likeness of each officer—may I hope, Sir, for your influence with your military friends, individually to fit for me?

Clif. Certainly.

Kitt. I need not say that Captain Clifford will have a conspicuous situation in the fore ground.

(*bows.*)

Clif. (*pausing*) If I never see Julia more, I should like to have some remembrance of her. (*aside*) Mr. Kitt-katt, banish battles and camps from your mind for the present, I wish you to take the likeness of a lady for me?

Kitt. With pleasure Sir—shall I wait upon the lady? is she in Brighton?

Clif. Yes; but hold; tho' she has claim to the full exertion of your art, her modest opinion of her own charms could never suffer her to consent—she'll not fit, it must be done without her knowledge.

Kitt. Then, Sir, procure me an opportunity of seeing her.

Colin. (*without*) Yez; have our horses ready at two.

Clif. Oh, step here my lad?

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Sir don't keep me, I got anger last night for being out of the way, and mistress was fain to send letter to Mr. Cypress by common porter.

Clif. Send letters to him! well no matter—where's your lady now?

Colin. Gone to hear big drum and hautboy on Pavilion Parade.

Clif. Mr. Kitt-katt couldn't you take the likeness by a stolen peep?

Kitt. But how shall I know the lady in the crowd?

Clif. Here you, shew your mistress to this gentleman.

Colin. Shew my mistress this gentleman?

Clif. Psha! point her out to him—but don't tell her—mind.

Colin. Indeed, Sir, I don't know her mind, she's so fly.

Clif. Pho! Get along. (*shoves him off*) Quick, follow him, observe the lady he speaks to—sup with me to-night, and I'll introduce you to the officers.

Kitt. Many thanks, my good Sir, adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PARROTS.

Par. Ah, Sir, what did you run such a hum upon me? first to make me beat a man, then ask himself for the reward?

Clif. What do you mean?

Par. Mean! why Captain Tomkins is the gentleman I thresh'd, and not the executor! last night I knock'd at the house, and I thought he'd have knock'd the door and myself into the window the other side of the way.

Clif. Why Parrots, did you inquire last night for Captain Tomkins. Ha, ha, ha!

Par. Pho, none of your laughing, Sir, tell me where the executor lives that I may get in the money, and out of the town, as he may be for bringing me before a justice.

Clif. Ha, ha, ha! and he opened the door in a red night-cap? ha, ha, ha!

Par.

Par. Yes he did, but never mind his red night-cap now.

Clif. With a candle in his hand? ha, ha, ha!

Par. Oh the devil burn your candle, Sir, what a laughing you keep!

Clif. And you asked, "Pray, Sir, does Captain Tomkins live here?" ha, ha, ha!

Par. Yes, I did.

Clif. Ha, ha, ha! let's see, the Captain is one executor, but you certainly went to the wrong house.

Par. Well right or wrong, I'll go no more to Captain Tomkins, if there are two executors who is the other?

Clif. It's Mr. — Come with me, and I'll shew you his house—ha, ha, ha!

Par. Oh, Sir, if you keep grinning so I won't go with you! 'pon my honor.

Clif. Now I'm serious, ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CYPRESS'S *Lodgings.*

Enter CYPRESS.

Cyp. Pay two guineas a week here, and an old beldam keep no maid! Oblige me to open doors, and get myself insulted by all the raff in the streets I'll directly for London—pack up my cloaths—

Enter COLIN, (crying.)

Colin. Yes, Sir, it's all along of you.

Cyp. Colin, what's the matter?

Colin. You wou'd bring me away last night todling after you, and while I was out, mistress was in a worry to send me with a letter.

Cyp. Ay, to Captain Clifford I warrant, I'm glad I didn't send my letter to her. Well?

Colin. And so, this morning, Colin, says she, you're an honest creature, and the best zarvant that ever flourished a flambeau, but I discharge you for an idle vagabond. I've lost my place on your account, and if you've any conscience you'll get me another or take me yourself.

Cyp. This fellow will tell me all her secrets, *(aside)*

Colin. I'm now an honest mon out of bread, bread bes the staff of life, and without it I shall tumble down, as you wou'd was I to trip you up.

Cyp. His coming is à propos, to prepare and attend me on my journey—I fear you're a sad fellow tho'.

Colin. Yes, Sir, I bes sad out of pleace, hire me, and I'll be a merry fellow.

Cyp. But living with a lady has spoil'd you.

Colin. No, Sir, I have liv'd with a gentleman who was sometimes a prince! sometimes a Roman lucifer! sometimes a pagan god!

Cyp. Did he keep a coach?

Colin. Noa, he was an Italian, so the English nobility kept a coach for him, my master sung in the Haymarket, he told me, Sir, he used to sing for the pope; he was a comical fellow, they call'd him the first Buffalo.

AIR,

AIR.—COLIN.

(Mock Italian style.)

Mastieri wasi Opera finger,
 Lived in Alley call'd Cramboni,
 In his ring he wore a finger,
 Much he lov'd too munch Bqlogni!
 Sop'd it in vinegarini,
 And shake over pepperini.
 Caro then his mouth he'd open,
 With no "pia Andrac,"
 In the coffee-house Spring-garden,
 Signior would no spendi farden.
 At the Orange take his coffee,
 Pianoissimo drinks off he.
 At the bar whips up a jelli,
 Reado then newspaperelli,
 Nice sallad, if he shou'd eye any,
 With pennyo he will buy any.
 If it have dandelioni,
 Saladini, beetrootini,
 Endivini, celerini.
 Napkinnini, fwingidini,
 Cutto with the knife and forko
 Jaw to worko, draw se corko.
 Flasky, glaski,
 Primo, Brimo.
 Brinky, whinki,
 Soko, joko,
 As he pass Hay-Marketi
 Horse in carto there he metti,
 Hair-bag full was stuffed with hay,
 Hungry Horso drag away,
 Look like ninni,
 Ladies grinni,
 I approchi,
 Call a coachi.
 To del watermano throw,
 Penny si fortissimo;
 He steps in, step up I puto,
 On his fingers door I shuto,

Squall

Squall whip smacko,
 Pavement cracko,
 Pall-Mall-dini,
 Cockspurini,
 Up Strandini,
 From Sanguini,
 Buy pomatum,
 For my patum,
 Tavistocko,
 For my blocko,
 Of Vickeri,
 Buy false hairi,
 Hardhamosi,
 Snuff my nosei,
 Me a caro,
 Temple Baro,
 Fetter Lani,
 Sausageani,
 Buy of Longman,
 Pretty songman;
 Signior fill his pockets full,
 Sail to Italy backino,
 Dere he laugh at Johnny Bull,
 In his superfine Cassino.

Cyp. Well, my lad, I'll try you—step to the Cattle Inn, and desire them to lend me a post chaise about eleven; tell the master I'd join for part, if he knows any infirm old lady or gentleman going to London, because on a journey I'm very tender of the sick.

Colin. So am I, Sir, 'twou'd do your heart good to get ill, only to see how careful I'd nurse you—law, I had it of feyther and mother; an old friend, (that they didn't care two-pence about, only hoped he'd leave them something when he died) was woundedly ill in our street; mother used to make him chicken broths—and wi little puddings; yet, would you think it, after all, he slip'd up to heaven without leaving them a mar-vadee!

Cyp.

Cyp. That was a bilk! to heaven! no, he slip'd down to t'other place, for his ingratitude!

Colin. Then, Sir, when you are sick, I'll take such care of you, that the sooner you go up to heaven, and leave me something—the better for us both; 'twill be so unexpected you know.

Cyp. But, boy, you must find out that gentleman that affronted me yesterday on the Steine, and bear him my mortal challenge.

Colin. Don't trouble yourself, Sir; here comes the very gentleman, so you may deliver it yourself.

Cyp. Oh lord! I'm going to town; help me with my luggage, firrah.

[Pulls trunks about, and throws clothes over him.]

Enter PARROTS.

Par. Well, as the Captain has sent me now to the right executor, he has made amends for all his capers. Oh! stop boy, wasn't it you that saw me trim the old gentleman yesterday? you must stay, and be my voucher that I did it; there's half-a-crown for your gentility—oh, the gentleman, I presume; good morning to you, Sir; according to the will, I beat the old man yesterday, and if you don't believe it here's a witness.

Cyp. Eh! (*turns, Parrots surprised and confused.*)

Colin. Oh! Sir, he'll believe it without my oath—He, he, he!

Par. Boy, return me that half-crown.

[Exit Colin.]

Cyp. If you're come to renew your barbarism, I'll bawl murder out of the window, you villain.

Par.

Par. I'm had again!—I might expect this, when the captain got upon his red night caps—I find now he has brought me to the same house, only it looks into another street.

Cyp. Begone!

Par. Sir, are you Mr. Cypress, or Captain Tomkins, or the executor, or the dead man, or the legatee, administrator, or testator? I have earn'd the legacy, and will have it.

Cyp. What legacy?

Par. The hundred pound!

Cyp. Are you dreaming? Who told you of this hundred pound?

Par. Why, faith, a queer kind of genius enough set me on,—but do you know one Captain Clifford?

Cyp. Captain Clifford! I see it, a concerted plan between him and Miss Melcombe. (*aside*) You've been most grossly imposed on.

Par. Why, I suspect there has been some hum put upon me; but no harm done; I wish you good morning.

Cyp. Sir, there has been a deal of harm, and I'll have justice—Who are you?

Par. Sir, I'm a gentleman without an estate, tho' I'm an elder brother, as my father had no son but myself, so I'm oblig'd to live upon second-hand voices; since there's no legacy, I must exhibit my imitations in the big-room. (*aside*) Sir my bill, I hope you'll honour it. (*gives bill*)

Cyp. What are you Mr. Parrots, the Mimic? The very man I wish'd to see.

Par. I thought so, Sir, therefore introduced myself to you.

Cyp. What, with your oak sapling? however,
I for-

I forgive all; I'll start you a character to mimic, the most whimsical lady!

Par. But is she well known?—a great bird?

Cyp. Who? Miss Melcombe! the feather of the fashion—She once lov'd me.

Par. And she doesn't now? Well, second thoughts are best. My dear Sir, introduce me to her.

Cyp. She won't let me introduce myself.

Par. But I must hear her actions, and see her talk, or how can I mimic her?

Land. (*without*) Yes, sir, very airy.

Cyp. This cursed old woman, dancing the people in upon me to see the lodgings.

Enter LANDLADY and HARRY.

Land. Ay, Sir, you'll not find more pleasant lodgings in the town.

Harry. Oh, somebody here—dem it, Madam, band-boxes! not room to whip a cat—(*opens the windows, flings the chairs about, throws himself on the sofa*) don't let me disturb any body.—Eh! this is the old blade that sent the card to my lady this morning.

Cyp. Peggy's other servant! (*aside.*)

Par. A very saucy conceited gentleman this.

Harry. No object in the prospect. (*Looking out of the window, Parrot's snatches Harry's hat, and flings it out of window.*)

Par. Now, Sir, you've a capital object, how d'ye like it?

Harry. Dem'me, Sir!—Well, Ma'am, if I don't see any thing more to my fancy, I shall call again.

[*Exit with Landlady.*]

Cyp. His mistress send him to look for lodgings in this house! then she can't know I live here. (*aside*) That was Miss Melcombe's servant, run after him, he'll put you in the way of seeing his lady, who, if you can by your mimicry, make a ridiculous laughing stock—

Par. But you must bring me a great deal of company—fill my rooms with an overflow.

Cyp. Yes, yes, and forgive you all.

Par. Thank'ye, Sir, but if I offend a man, till I make him reparation I can't forgive myself, therefore I must ask your pardon in presence of all the people that saw me wrong you.

Cyp. What repeated! I desire it may end here.

Par. I'll make ample atonement, for I'll say, Sir, I'm sorry I stigmatiz'd you by bearing your fine old back about, with my dirty little bit of a stick.

Cyp. This will be more disgrace than the thing itself.

Par. The Steine is now full; come, Sir.

Cyp. Sir! I'll not go!

Par. Do you think I've nothing to do but to thresh you, and then you to deny me an occasion to rub off as I go? Come—

Cyp. I do forgive you.

Par. What here in a closet? Your non acceptance of my confession is a demand of satisfaction, that's my inference.

Cyp. Confound your inference and impudence.

Par. Only walk with me up the Steine, before the pavilion, on the parade—and in the hearing of them all—

Cyp. Get out of my house.

Par. Have a care, or before I clear off one flogging,

flogging, you'll make me give you another; why, I believe I must keep a tally to score down all the apologies I have to make you.

Cyp. Well, Sir, I attend you.

Par. No, Sir, I'll wait on you.

Cyp. Curse your politeness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Parade, the Pavilion in view.

Company conversing, walking, &c. Carriages, horses, croud, tents, sentinels, &c. Military band; first, wind instruments, play a plaintive Scotch air; then drums and fifes—quick Irish tune.

Enter JULIA, (in regimentals).

Julia. I think I've past, hitherto, quite officer-like:—now for a loving attack upon my aunt Margaret. From the time she came out, she should be here by this.

AIR.—JULIA.

My blushes I must with my sex now forget,
 Tho' coy I'm no longer a maid;
 In bright burnish'd Gorget a brazen face set,
 A ball room shall be my parade:
 In nice chicken gloves as I gallantly stand,
 While fiddles for action prepare;
 For dear pas-de-deux, give the word of command,
 And gracefully foot to the fair.

T T 2

At

At merris when old care in a bumper is drown'd,
 Let the toast give a zest to each glass;
 When Bacchus the temples of Cupid has crown'd,
 I reel off to my favourite lais:
 "Most lovely," says I, "O thou witty and fair,
 "Permit me to play with your fan;"
 I'll strut and I'll smile, dem it quite militaire!
 'Pon my soul I'm a very fine man!

Enter PARROTS.

Par. When I thought he was coming out of the street door with me, to run back and lock himself up in his garret! Captain Clifford told me he was as strong as a camel!—Oh, here's Mi. Me ombe s faucy footman.

Enter HARRY, (calling to JULIA.)

Harry. Madam!—Well, Ma'am, I've seen variety of lodgings.

Julia. Hush! how indiscreet, go. (*apart*)

[*Exit Harry.*]

Par. Madam! I'm sure he did say madam. Oh, oh! then this must be the lady Cypress desired me to mimic. Such a beautiful creature love him! may be so, as the F's fat, fair, and forty were all the toast of the young men—Who knows but the S's shriveled, fallow, and sixty may become the rage of the young women. (*aside*)

(*Music*)

Par. This Irish music is very fine.—Pray, Sir, how do you like Planxty Connor?

Julia. I don't know any such person.

Par. Person! why, Sir, it's—'Pon my soul she is a pretty little fellow!—Drest herself up for some frolick I suppose.—When a lady is inclin'd for fun, a gentleman should take half the business on himself. (*aside*)

Julia.

Julia. By his looks he seems to think I ought to be in petticoats, but I must face it out. (*aside*) Sir, you spoke to me — Any business?

Par. Why, Sir, I have no objection, Sir.

Julia. Over a bottle?

Par. Ay, Sir, any way, Sir! that's a pretty cap upon your head; isn't it heavy? doesn't it hurt your forehead?

Julia. This. (*takes off her helmet*) Oh, no; I'm used to wearing a cap.

Par. Hem! I believe you are indeed. (*aside*) that's a fine big sword: who tied you to it?

Julia. What, Sir! (*fiercely*) Sir, my sword is tied to me.

Par. Is it, Sir?—Oh, she is a lovely little soul; but can she think of Cypress! however, as he'll pay me for mimicing her, I'll do it;—and now to catch her manner. (*aside*)

Julia. My captain! I dare say to meet my aunt, for yonder she trips:

Enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Clif. Julia take lodgings in the very house with Cypress!

Par. Oh, Captain Clifford, are not you ashamed of yourself?

Clif. Mr. Parrots! what are you at here?

Par. My business! Sir, I'm come to mimic Miss Melcombe.

Clif. What! unkind as she is, I can't suffer this. (*aside*) Harkye, Mr. Parrots, we shall quarrel if you turn your talents of mimicry to any freedom with Miss Melcombe.

Par. You have turned your talents of hum to
a great

a great deal of freedom with me.—I've play'd enough; I must now work a little.

Julia. Oh, here is my aunt Margaret. (*aside puts up glass.*) A devilish fine woman, 'pon my soul!

Par. "Devilish fine woman, 'pon my soul!" (*mimics*)

Clif. What little martinet have we here?

Par. "What little martinet have we here?" (*mimics*)

Serjeant. (*without*) To the right about!

Par. "To the right about!" (*mimics*) Zounds, Sir! you've confounded me so, I don't know whose voice I'm catching at; if it's the lady's, or the serjeant's, or yourself, or myself.

Enter MISS MELCOMBE, in riding habit—JULIA bows to her, kisses her hand, sighs passionately, and exit.

Clif. Parrots, who is that puppy? (*looking after Julia*)

Par. Oh, he's a very great admirer of one Miss Melcombe. (*ironically*)

Clif. Indeed!

[*Exit. hastily.*]

Miss M. A very impudent young man that!

Par. Oh, you are greatly affronted. (*aside*)

Miss M. I think I look better listening to the music on horseback, beating time with my little whip. Eh, isn't that my lord? Title is charming! the privilege of dressing as one pleases, it's soon follow'd because worn by the Duchesses! talk loud in the libraries! politics, a bold manly voice, stagger about, have a finical dangling church beau snuffing and stammering, "Yes, madam, just the opinion of Montesquieu, your grace."

grace." Then I look round to see the small gentry's embarrassment.—As I canter by their parlour windows, make a full stop, up with my glass, then hey, gallop off, turn full front like a gallant officer!

Par. Faith I think she throws a bit of an ogle upon me—I'll give her a little touch of one of my die-aways—heigho! (*sighs, kisses his handkerchief and gazes at her*)

Miss M. That gentleman seems to admire, what timid bashfulness—only steals a glance.

Par. One may guess what's the matter with this dowager, how she's bridling, and purring about, like an old tabby cat.

Miss M. He seems deeply smitten.

Par. She'll stretch her neck off her head! heavens! how she rolls her twinklers, now she shuts them, there's a smile looping the corners of her mouth to the gullets of her eyes. Faith I believe it's for me we are making swans and peacocks of ourselves; this may be a shorter cut to the cash than my imitations, I'll say something comical and witty to her—(*aside*) Pray ma'am, what's o'clock?

Miss M. Sir, I'm past two.

Par. Yes madam, you are past two—and fifty. (*aside*) Lord madam, how fond you young ladies are of walking up and down here.

Miss M. I wish I had'nt been so hasty in discharging that simple fool Colin, I already feel the inconvenience of being without a servant.

Par. Speak your commands, madam; I am your most devoted servant, shall I order your carriage? is that it? with shoulder knots on the horses heads?

Miss M. No, Sir, but it's a handsome equipage.

Par.

Par. That's the reason madam I thought it was yours, for when one is handsome themselves it gives a beauty to every thing that belongs to them. I'm ambitious, Madam, to be your's, for at present I'm but an ordinary fellow.

Miss M. Be mine, Sir! what do you mean?

Par. Faith, I believe I was too quick to the point there. (*aside*) Madam, I meant—no meaning at all. (*bows*)

Miss M. A very polite man indeed. (*aside*) Oh, Sir, when a tender idea comes in the shape of a compliment, 'tis an over-delicate modesty to be ashamed of revealing it.

Par. Yes, Madam, modesty is the fault of all my countrymen. Mine had like to have been the death of me; last week, a great musician, no faith he was a physician, ordered me—saying, “Mr. Parrots, you shou'd go into the hot-bath.” So I went Ma'am, and I saw two doors close together, by my soul I was so modest, that I didn't care to ask the man which was which, so opening one, instead of the hot, I plung'd over head and ears into the cold bath. Oh, the shock was such a devil of a surprise!

Miss M. Ha, ha, ha! I protest, Sir, just such an error was made——

Par. With who pray, Ma'am?

Miss M. My lap-dog, little Bluff—but I sent the dear creature to the cold, and the man flung him into the hot bath.

Par. The same mistake as mine, only 'twas quite the reverse, what was the matter with the pretty little soul?

Miss M. What soul, Sir?

Par. Your lap-dog, Madam.

Miss M. Oh the dear little animal, quite in the
the

the gaité du cœur, was frisking about to amuse me, jumping up to catch flies, when he unfortunately swallowed one.

Par. Swallow a live fly, Ma'am! You shou'd have made him swallow a spider to destroy it.

Miss M. And pray, Sir, what shou'd I have sent after the spider?

Par. There, Madam, ends my skill as a glass blower; however, I'll illustrate it by example: suppose a poor debtor was flying from his country in a ship—my case, (*aside*) the ship is cast away, and the debtor's swallowed by a whale—not my case—(*aside*) then I'd send an attorney after him.

Miss M. Very pleasant—but then what wou'd you send after him?

Par. Belzebub himself! oh I warrant the devil would bring up the attorney, as sure as a pair of nut-crackers! Madam, will you step over to Mr. Jones's shop, to hear him play on his Welch harp?

Enter COLIN.

Colin. No pleasing that beggarly four crab, I wish my lady wou'd forgive me; oh here she is, and that Irish buck smirking at her: now or never's my time to catch her in a good humour, (*aside*) do, my lady, pray take me again into your service; kind Sir! put in a good word for me.

Par. I will; Madam, if the poor devil has had the misfortune to offend you, I'll answer he'll never repeat it, and the next time he does, cashier him, without bail or main-prize.

Colin. If Mr. Cypress gets me to neglect you
VOL. III. U U again,

again, this gentleman, my friend, here, shall lay two ponies on his back, like a pair of drumsticks.

Miss M. Well, mind your business in future.

Colin. Yes, Ma'am, (*joyfully*) porter brought back letter last night from Mr. Cypress, 'tis on your toilet, Ma'am.

Miss M. Don't talk to me of Mr. Cypress.—I can't bear those staring officers!—Colin, prepare the horses, I'll ride towards the camp.

Par. One way to avoid the officers. (*aside*)

Enter KITT-KATT, (looking round.)

Kitt. I've lost the lady's servant, and now how shall I know her—Eh, isn't this he? Then that must be his mistress—this the Captain's flame!—She has money I suppose—well, as he desired, I must take her likeness. (*Takes out pencil and paper.*)

Miss M. No! it's like to rain—I'll take an airing in the sociable.

Par. Ma'am, t'other day, I and a friend went out in my sociable, and we convers'd very jocose, at last we quarrell'd about the spelling of a finger post, and my friend struck off my hat in my sociable, and I with one bother knock'd my friend out of his sociable. But now, as Mr. Cypress bid me, I must watch and catch her manner. (*aside*) Oh, charming lady! my manner of taking you off must give universal pleasure.

Miss M. Take me off! But Sir, consider, don't let the ardour of your passion—

Par. The ardour of my passion!

Miss M. To attempt to run away with me wou'd be so exceedingly romantic—

Par.

Par. I'm to run away with her too! oh, very well—tho' we had two meanings, we're both of one mind.—Then my lovely soul——

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Permit me the honour, mem—mem, your hand.

Miss M. The pretty little officer! oh fye, Sir, d'ye think I'd admit such liberties, Sir? I don't know what you mean, Sir! I'd have you to know, Sir! I'm not the person, Sir!——

Julia. Oh, mem—dear mem—'pon my soul, mem—that is—Sir, your most obedient (*triumphantly to Parrots.*)

[*Exit gallanting Miss Melcombe.*

Par. Well this is fine, after all my modesty and politeness, she has walked off with the impudent little officer—hollo, Dowager, you're mistaken in your man, I've heard of such marriages; oh, mustn't let the fine old lady be deceiv'd; eh, isn't that my friend the Rev. Dick Bellange? oh, oh! I'll talk to him. [*Exit.*

Kitt. (*Still drawing, looks suddenly up, misses Miss Melcombe.*) Gone! that Irish fool! Two more looks and I had her—Another peep.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV; *and last.**A Room in MISS MELCOMBE'S.**Enter CAPT. CLIFFORD.*

Clif. Eh! where have I got to—Miss Melcombe's dressing room!—I'm impatient, yet dread to see her.—I don't like quarrels—life, where we esteem, should be a summer's day of sweet complacency. Eh! Julia's toilet seems oddly furnished! phials, and stuffs of lotion! Paregoric Elixir! lozenges, eh, books, prophecies! Buchan! novels, "female stability!"—Oh, from this she has studied her new attachment for Cypress—the devil! she doesn't paint? A wig! why she seems chang'd in soul, mind, and person!—Yet her face to-day, retain'd all it's native loveliness! Oh, the young coxcomb. (*looking out*) What old lady's this with him.

*[Retires.]**Enter JULIA and MISS MELCOMBE.*

Julia. Yes, Mem, the harp is delectable, but you have a fine voice, Mem.

Miss M. Oh, Sir, you have a fine taste.

Julia. Aye, Ma'am, and I've now and then the voice of a humming bird—singing convivial songs at our mess—has rather impaired it—then we officers are obliged to give the word of command full and bold. (*gives the word of command*)

Miss M. Oh, Sir, you military gentlemen are so terribly charming!

Enter

Enter PARROTS.

Par. No, Madam, it is I that am terrible, because you are charming.—I tell you what, Sir, I thought you were harmless, but now I'm afraid of you, so quit this lady, except you can parry a bullet.

Julia. Oh, Sir, you shall see that—

[Exit hastily.]

Miss M. Heavens! I'm all terror! Sir, declare, what brought you on the Steine this morning?

Par. To take off the lovely Miss Melcombe.

Miss M. Indeed! but not without my consent?

Par. I didn't know that was necessary when Mr. Cypress bid me—

Miss M. He! then he wants to recede—oh, an answer to my letter last night—*(takes it from the toilet)*—heaven's! 'tis my own sent back unopened. Yet it will break his heart if I give my hand to another—*(aside)*—he, he, he! then, Sir, you are determined to take me off?

Par. You, Madam! why, this fine Maccau gives me leave to mimick her *(aside)* Then, Madam, have I your permission?

Miss M. Oh Sir—*(simpering)*

Par. This shews your good sense—I'll catch her voice and manner now, as Mr. Cypress desired me, and if I fail as a lover I'll make the most of her in the way of my profession. *(aside)*

Miss M. But Sir, I presume you're a person of family?

Par. "Person of family." *(mimics)*

Miss M.

Miss M. Dont think I jest, for Sir I must know your connections.

Par. " Know your connections." (*mimics*)

Enter CYPRESS.

Cyp. Ha, ha, ha! that's right Mr. Parrots! Cruel Peggy! you've now a mimic, you had a true adorer.

Miss M. A mimic! is it so you take me off?

Cyp. Ah you and your Captain Chfford could lay a plot to expose me, I now deliver you over to public ridicule, Mr. Parrots exercise your talent.

Par. " Exercise your talent."

Cyp. But not upon me.

Par. " Not upon me."

Miss M. Right Sir he's an excellent subject.

Par. " Excellent subject."

Miss M. I shall go mad!—leave my house!

Par. " Leave my house!"

Cyp. Bravo! admirable!

Par. " Bravo! admirable!"——pon my soul for subject you two are a pair of nonpareils.

Miss M. I shall faint, insulted! (*weeps*)

Cyp. Nay Peggy—Seraphina your tears will drown the very soul of your dear little Cypress.

Par. Miss, sit down and compose yourself.—
(*Draws the sofa forward, and discovers Kitt-Katt behind it.*)

Par. Why here's another taker off.

Kitt. Very right Sir, I came for that purpose.

Miss M. Oh heavens! what danger attends our helpless sex when possess'd of tolerable attractions—Sir disclose your purpose for hiding here.

Kitt.

Kitt. Why ma'am I was told it must be done without your knowledge, so was resolved to catch you where I cou'd.

Par. Oh this is a taker off quite in our Irish fashion.

Miss M. Then I've still the power to vex Mr. Cypress. (*aside*) Sir I permit you—the liberty of—

Kitt. Madam you're very good,—I have your chin and eye, and now for a touch at your lips.

Miss M. But Sir, consider, don't let the fervency of your love.

Kitt. The fervency of my love!

Cyp. (*looking over Kitt Katt's shoulder.*) Why Seraphina he's come for your head! a taker off in the French fashion.

Miss M. Only to draw me! then you're a very impudent fellow. Here Colin, open the street door, for these gentlemen.

Re-enter CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Clif. Eh—What's the matter here?

Kitt. Oh Captain I've such a likeness.—(*shows the paper*)

Clif. Likeness! what do you mean Sir? make a caricature of the divine Miss Melcombe?

Par. Divine! Oh a taker off in the flummery way.

Enter JULIA with Pistols.

Julia. Now Sir the survivor take the lady, (*to Parrots*)

Par. Then I will take you my brave little lady!

Julia. Heavens! discovered!

Par. Come to me yourself big sword and pistol. (*embraces her*)

Miss M.

Miss M. Oh this great man will kill my pretty little officer—what mischief in our fascinating sex—here are five gentlemen will fight and perhaps all be shot for me.

Julia. So, Captain Clifford, you've set your heart on this lady?

Clif. Me, Sir! I know nothing about that lady.

Julia. Really! and was it not to address her that you quitted me——

Clif. You!

Miss M. Why, certainly it is——

Clif. My Julia!

Julia. Ha, ha, ha! then since I have inadvertently discovered myself—my dear aunt, how glad I am to see you.

Miss M. My niece in this scandalous metamorphoses! go, you are a shame to your sex.

Par. Faith, such a pretty fellow wou'd do honour to a hundred of our sexes—How do you do major? (*to Julia*)

Clif. Ha, ha, ha! come Julia, you must forgive me? I see now our odd mistakes proceeded from—ha, ha, ha! I never once thought of your aunt!

Cyp. Nor did I know the aunt had a niece.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Mr. Parrots, the parson bes waiting up stairs to do the job you bespoke him for.

Miss M. What Sir! have you brought a parson into my house too?

Par. Madam, he foretold he shou'd marry me to you; and the devil take him that makes a false prophet of a reverend divine!

Cyp.

Cyp. Fire and fury ! a fine blunder you've made with your stupid mimics—Peggy, sure you won't throw yourself away upon that Irish adventurer.

Par. Be quiet, or I'll ask your pardon before the whole blessed bevy here. Don't wait for legacies of dead men's shoes, but buy new pumps to dance at the four weddings of us two.

(Takes Clifford's band.)

Julia. Ah, Charles, amidst the duplicity of a deceitful world, a generous confidence should be the lover's security.

Clif. Come, come, my lovely Julia—forget and forgive—now I'll give an entertainment at Tilts, and who knows but Cupid and Bacchus may light the torch of Hymen !

Par. Yes, when my dowager gets a sup in her eye, she'll be able to see all my perfections double—and while the bottle goes round, my only imitations shall be to take off my glass ! and our glasses shall jingle to this chorus, that Brighton may be the Country Seat of the Goddess of Health, whilst animated by a summer visit from the August Personage, who sweetens the magnificence of the Prince with the affability of the Gentleman.

FINALE.

JULIA.

Love is ever breaking
Laws of his own making,
Tho' his mandates tell us,
We should ne'er be jealous,
Yet what's most endearing,
Still to lose we're fearing.

PARROTS.

Merry I, so you sing,
 Fun our fun producing,
 Hearts of care we lighten,
 Joyous jokes at Brighton!

CHORUS.

Merry I, so you sing, &c.

COLIN.

Here I've eat fine wheat ears,
 Sop'd in sea my neat ears;
 Gollop'd South-down Mutton,
 Tipsey Steine I strut on!

CHORUS.

Merry I, so you sing, &c.

JULIA.

Light is my dragooning,
 Sauntring, triping, tuning!
 Captain fierce array'd is,
 But to kill the ladies.

CHORUS.

Merry I, so you sing, &c.

CYPRESS.

I myself could kill! so
 Vex'd, I'll make my will tho
 And to one old Save-all.
 That's myself, I'll leave all.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Merry I, so you sing, &c.

MISS MELCOMBE.

Farewell Paregoric!
Gentle tales of Yorick
Lull me soft to slumber!
Sweet delights we'll number. (*to Parrots.*)

CHORUS.

Merry I, so you sing, &c.

PARROTS.

Sweet our moon of honey,
Sweet I'll touch your money:
Then so brisk and airy,
Hey for Tipperary!

CHORUS.

Merry I, so you sing, &c.

THE END.

Chorus.

Henry I. to you sing, &c.

My dear friends,

My dear friends,
I am very glad to hear
that you are all well,
and hope you are all
happy.

Chorus.

Henry I. to you sing, &c.

My dear friends,

I am very glad to hear
that you are all well,
and hope you are all
happy.

Chorus.

Henry I. to you sing, &c.

THE END.

TANTARA-RARA,

ROGUES ALL.

IN TWO ACTS.

FOUNDED ON THE FRENCH.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COYENT-GARDEN,

IN 1788.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Ulick Liffydale, Mr. BOOTH.
Andrew, or Le Duc de Puffen-
dorff, Mr. QUICK.
O'Toole, or Lord Limavaddy, .. Mr. M'READY.
Pickle, or Count Frankenmarc, .. Mr. CUBITT.
Carty, Mr. RYDER.
Hazard, or Sap, Mr. BERNARD.
Picard, Mr. BONVILLE.
Sandy, Mr. BROWN.
Palm, Mr. JANSON.
Cog, Mr. ROCK.
Peep, Mr. HELME.
Corporal Toddy, Mr. EDWIN.
Commissaire, Mr. DAVIES.

Narcissa, or Lady Caroline,, Miss TWEEDALE.
Blanch, Mrs. PLATT.
Archers, Clerk, Officers, Waiters, Soldiers, &c. &c.

SCENE, *Paris.*

TANTARA-RARA,

ROGUES ALL.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter CARTY, in a Footman's morning Jacket.

CARTY.

I AM a rogue, but Andrew, our sham duke is a greater. Well, if our society shou'd be broke up, any taken, ev'n 'peach, as they know me only for Irish Tim Carty, little Peter you are safe.

Toddy. (without) How to find out the Duke in this great city of Paris.

Enter CORPORAL TODDY, (somewhat intoxicated).

Holloa! which is—where's the Duke of Puffendorff?

Carty. (in the Irish brogue) At home; if not, may be he's abroad.

Toddy.

Toddy. And where's his home when he's not abroad?

Carty. I belong to his grace, and if you only stop 'till I get a little cream for his Highness's coffee, I'll——

Toddy. Cream! You're not his Highness's dairy-maid.—A Paris footman is such a flop-daudle. A scrubbing brush buckled to the soles of your pumps, ha, ha, ha! to dry-rub the floor to the tune of Malbrook. (*mimicking*)

Carty. You're out, Honey, I'm Irish.

Toddy. And I'm Corporal Toddy in the Imperial service.—Oh, your master the Duke cou'd so befriend me!

Carty. As how, pray?

Toddy. You must know, a detachment of our regiment lying at Gemblours—my Colonel knowing me to be sober, and careful—sent me on a recruiting party to Brussels, and gave me money to buy accoutrements, shirts and shoes. Well, Sir, I pick'd up my men, speechified, aleified, and wheedled 'em, in our way, you know.

Carty. Faith I believe you're a crimp.

Toddy. I furnish'd—bought all their clothes, went on so capitally 'till I came to the shoes, and then—Oh, then I made the devil of a Faux-pas, for in lifting up my leg to step into a shoemaker's shop, I tumbled into a wine-cellar.

Carty. Ha, ha, ha! that was a blunder!

Toddy. A curs'd mistake, for instead of leather, I bought claret.

Carty. Ha, ha, ha! for which your back will be unleather'd—but what did you do with the claret?

Toddy. I—drank it—so the money once broke into—thought I might as well be hang'd for a sheep

as

as a lamb—I spent it all—met a friend here—and a friend there—then one—a sup—and—ano—a sup—

Carty. 'Till you sup'd it all up?

Toddy. Oh, how I flourish'd! then figured up to Paris, and here I am now without a chink.

Carty. Why, man, you're a peculating defaulter. If you go back you'll be shot.

Toddy. Then I'll be shot if I go back.

Carty. Embezzle the publick money!

Toddy. 'Twas a job, and we great financiers always make the most of a job; but your master the Duke, gets me off with a wet finger.

Carty. Why, what does the Duke know of you?

Toddy. Never saw his Grace, but my Colonel and he are as great as cup and can.—Did you ever hear of my brother, he was a fine rogue—poor Andrew! went off at the fall of the leaf I fear. (*aside.*) Bring me to the Duke, you'll see I know how to talk to a courtier.

Carty. I see you don't know how to talk to a courtier, or any body belonging to one. (*touches his palm*)

Toddy. Come.

Carty. I've forgot the way.

Toddy. But I hav'n't. (*gives money*)

Carty. Oh, dear Sir!

Toddy. Oh, Sir! (*complimenting each other*)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Magnificent Saloon in ANDREW'S House.

Enter NARCISSA, followed by BLANCH, (in a passion.)

Blanch. Pray, Miss, return me my letter.

Nar. But Madam—

Blanch. Nay, I insist upon it.

Nar. Well, my dear Governess, don't be angry—there—*(Gives a letter)*

Blanch. Open! Then you've read it?

Nar. I didn't think any harm in reading a letter address'd to myself.

Blanch. Yes, but I entrusted you with that letter in my illness, which, had I not surviv'd, by it you might have discover'd a secret I durst not reveal whilst living.

Nar. Yes, I know now, that Mr. Andrew is not my father.

Blanch. Hush!

Nar. Oh, my dear Governess! tell me. Some faint traces of what I think I was, hang like a sweet dream upon my memory; I think I wasn't always with Mr. Andrew; and tho' I look'd upon him as my father, I never felt for him that reverence of affection—No, Mr. Andrew is a wicked man! Speak—are my real parents but honest people? if they are poor, I shan't be ashamed of them—*(Weeps)* Oh, tell me!

Blanch. Amiable child!—From your little clothes, (for I have 'em by me) your parents were of no mean condition: all I know, my love, is, that
Andrew,

Andrew, the master of this house, stole you from Ireland when about four years old—brought you up as his own, giving you every accomplishment, merely to render you a proper instrument for a grand scheme of his, which, it seems, is now ripe for execution.

Nar. In the power of such a wretch!

Blanch. True, my dear—Scarce a town in France, or indeed, England or Ireland, that has not been the scene of his frauds and villainies, in all shapes and characters.

And. (*Without*) Narcissa!—Blanch!

Blanch. He's here.

Enter ANDREW (with an open letter)

And. Ah, ha, my girl! call up all your graces—here's a noble husband coming for you—Blanch, let's see how you'll trick her up—She's to be Lady Caroline, daughter to a Duke.

Nar. Lady!

Blanch. A Duke! ha, ha, ha! Lord Mr. Andrew! how?

And. None of your Mr. Andrews—I am to-day the Duke of Puffendorff—but hold, you shall hear Jack Pickle's letter—Ha, ha, ha! my partner in many a successful scheme. (*reads*)

“ Dear Andrew! I've hook'd at Lisle a noble
“ gudgeon, Lord Limavaddy, son to the Earl
“ of Glenmire, an Irish peer; he has bills on
“ Perigord's bank for eight thousand pounds,
“ his allowance on his travels—I think your
“ Narcissa may snap him—I've passed myself on
“ him for Count Frankenmarc, your nephew—
“ mind you call yourself (as we last determined)
“ Le Duc De Puffendorff from Vienna—Let the
“ house

"house you've taken in Paris shew in splendour,
 "Your's, Jack Pickle."—Ah, ha! Eh Narcissa,
 "what say you to be Lady Caroline Puffendorff?"

Nar. Set me up as an impostor—the tool of
 such a scandalous deception!

And. Eh! what then I suppose I'm not your
 father, and have no claim to your obedience?

Nar. Sir, when the commands of a father are
 contrary to the principles of honor and virtue, a
 superior authority bids me disobey him. Blanch,
 come with me to my room. [*Exeunt.*

And. There's a perverse little devil—Why,
 you Narcissa, huffey! child!—she'll frustrate all,
 —here, after my care of bringing her up, to put
 her off on some great man, merely to make my
 own fortune—all my expence in a fashionable
 education—and now she comes out with her vir-
 tue and honor—how did she pick 'em up?—I
 had her taught music and dancing indeed—Im-
 position! a fool! all the world's under a mask
 and if noblemen turn gamblers, why not a gam-
 bler turn nobleman.—A Duke I will be—Hah!
 "here's a postscript, (*reads*) His Lordship and I
 "will be with you nearly as soon as my letter"—
 Eh, we must be quick—What are my worthy con-
 federates at, idle with success? We shou'd be
 keen at every prey that starts—Ha, ha, ha! My
 confederates are still Rogues of all nations!
 (*laughing without.*)

Enter CARTY, PICARD, PALM, COG, SANDY and
 SHUFFLE.

Oh lads, you shou'd have been ready for your
 several characters—What have you been about?

Carty.

Carty. (*with the brogue*) We've been about the table, and pushing about the bottle.

And. Yes, but you shou'd keep your faculties bright, sharp, we've a nice game to play—Hold, let's see—how's this I had appointed your several stations in my grace's household? Ha, ha, ha! Peep is my Swiss-porter at my gate—Picard, you're my French groom o'the Chambers—Cog, you're my English coachman with your fine fat stupid face—Sober Sandy, you're my Scotch Steward, and Carty, my Irish butler, with your jokes, brogue and purple nose.

Carty. What's that?

And. We shall want a row of footmen in the hall—So first, on with your liveries.

Cart. Arrah, but stop a little; upon my soul Mr. Andrew, I don't understand your always clapping us into liveries, and making us butlers and footmen, and setting yourself up for a Duke or an Earl, or some great man or other—We attending upon you indeed! Andrew, who are you?—Set you up indeed with an O'Carty behind your chair!

Cog. Why yes, Master Andrew, I don't think as how its fair, as we all put in the same stock to carry on any scheme, that you shou'd get all the good living.

Carty. Living! are you a bishop to be pamper'd up, while we like a congregation of curates do all the work?—I say boys, we shou'd all take the gentleman in turn.

All. Aye, certainly, all in turn.

And. A moment—Who looks the Duke? (*conceitedly*)

Sandy. (*in the Scotch dialect*) Yaw mean, wha's dress'd the Duke.

Cog.

Cog. Ave, fine feathers—

Carty. Feathers! Upon my honor, we're a flock of rooks led on by a jackdaw.

And. Oh, very well, gentlemen, I'll throw up the hand, and ev'ry man for himself. (*a loud knocking*) There's the young Lord—plague on your mutinying—to your posts—fly!—

Enter PEEP.

Peep. Here's Jack Pickle and the Lord stepping out of their coach. (*the confederates run off hastily*)

And. Yes, here comes our noble pidgeon.

Enter CORPORAL TODDY.

Who the devil's this! by heaven that vulgar reprobate my brother; if he knows me, I'm undone.

Toddy. Please your Grace—

And. He does'nt know me yet.

Toddy. Your Highness is a soldier's friend, and I'm yours. (*bows*)

And. To keep my face from him. (*turns to a looking-glass, as if adjusting his dress*)

Toddy. He never dar'd face an enemy, that turns his back upon a friend. (*aside*)

And. (*aside*) The rascal will expose me, and blow our whole plot.

Toddy. If your highness will but do yourself the honor to hear my gracious suit.

And. (*in the German dialect*) Vat? oh! my good fellow, retire, and I'll—

Toddy. I knew you wou'd—your wine is good, and so is yourself—I'll talk him over—oh, how
wine

wine does oil the hinges of a man's tongue. *(aside)* I've waited on your highness—I say, I'm come to—please your highness to ask if—that is—I'm come to—Now, for the blood of me, I can't recollect what I came for. *(aside)*

And. How shall I get him away—If my lord comes up—pray walk——

Toddy. Walk! eh, the shoes, that's it—that I was to buy for our regiment; aye, now for it. *(aside)* Please your grace, the money I got to purchase 'em is——

And. Begone!

Toddy. All gone, and——

And. Walk down.

Toddy. I've got no shoes.

And. What, has the fellow come up here without shoes? my brother too? oh, disgrace! *(aside)*

Toddy. Tho' he's a duke, he might have the manners to look at me. *(aside)* And since I've had the honor of being introduc'd to your highness's black bag. *(bows)*

Pickle. *(without)* His grace is here—this way, my lord.

And. *(aside)* Ruin! how shall I get this fellow away!

Toddy. Sure I know that face. *(looking in the glass over Andrew's shoulder)*

Pickle. *(without)* Picard, inform his grace——

And. Undone!

Toddy. *(comes round before Andrew)* 'Tis he! oh, Andrew—oh, my dear, dear brother. *(throws his arms about Andrew's neck)* Andy boy, I heard you were hang'd.

Enter

*Enter PICKLE (as COUNT FRANKENMARC,) O'TOOL
as LORD LIMAVADDY and CARTY.*

Pickle. With your grace's permission. I beg leave to introduce my friend, Lord Limavaddy.

O'Tool. Your grace's most devoted servant.

And. (in the German dialect) My lord, dis honor give me vail pleasure.

Toddy. Pleasure! oh, my dear brother! (*embraces Andrew*) I'm glad you are not hang'd. (*apart to him*)

Pickle. (apart to Andrew) What the devil's all this?

And. (apart) Be quiet—my lord (*to O'Tool*) I've been in de service, and tho' radder a disciplinarian on duty, yet off, I wish to gain de good vill of de men. Ha, ha, ha!

Toddy. What's that, brother?

And. Ha, ha, ha! True, brother soldier—we are all brothers, my lord. (*apart to Toddy*) step down to the cellar and get dumb—drunk, you unlucky scoundrel!

Toddy. Brother, but where's the duke now?

And. Ha, ha, ha! True broder, de duke's lost in de soldier.

O'Tool. Certainly, my lord, dignity can only be degraded by dishonor, and I honor a soldier.

Toddy. Then a soldier honors you. (*shakes hands with O'Tool*) Andrew, you'll come and crack a flask with us below?

And. (to Carty) Take it to yourself, or I'm discover'd.

Toddy. Why don't you speak? Will you come? (*to Andrew*)

Carty.

Carty. Yes, I'll come.

Toddy. You! wait 'till you're ask'd; I spoke to my brother.

And. Ha, ha, ha! right, broder Soldier. Ha, ha, ha! (*winks at O'Toole*) A good recruiting agent this. We must keep such necessary rascals in humour.

Toddy. Andrew, give me your hand. (*holds out his hand to Andrew, Carty takes and shakes it*)

Carty. There, my dear boy.

Toddy. What's that for? I'll dear boy your head against the wall! very ready with your paw, little Trigedy.

Carty. Wasn't I to introduce you to the Claret?

Toddy. What's that, eh? your two paws—Claret! another thing, you're the honestest—you'll come brother Andrew. [*Exit, with Carty.*]

And. (*aside*) What an escape!

Pickle. My Lord, (*to Andrew*) were I that fellow's colonel, I'd have him drum'd out, upon my honor.

And. A drunken scoundrel, but a devilish goot soldier, my Lord. My Lord, now give me leave to welcome you. (*they salute*) Make my house your own, send hither your baggage and domestics.

O'Toole. (*bows*) I fear that clown, my servant has lost his way.

Haz. (*without in the Somersetshire dialect*) If this is the Duke of Puffendorff's, I wants my master Lord Limavaddy.

Pickle. No, here comes poor Sap like a hound at fault—this way.

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. Lord, your Lordship, I thought I never shou'd had found you.

O'Toole. How did you lose me?

Haz. Why, my Lordship, getting deown from behind the coach to buy a ballad of a buxom brown lass, that was twirling a strum-strum as nimble. (*mimics*)

O'Toole. Retire!

And. Ha; ha, ha! Oh, my Lor! English character is a treat to me.—Vell, my honest fellow.

Haz. Thinking to skip up again on my perch—Whisk! I saw the coach out of sight—od-dang it, I was so frighten'd—an I run after 'till—bob! I came plump against a muff—there was a gentleman behind it tho'—ha, ha, ha!—I peeps over it, and ax'd him the way—up went his eyebrows—Lord-a-marcy—how he grinn'd; and I'll be hang'd, tho' he had ruffles all here—if he cou'd speak even common English, but here he went—rue the left—rue the right—so jabber'd—

O'Toole. Leave the room.

Haz. He did—'till flap—a coach-wheel takes him a tip o'the elbow and spun him round like a Tee-to-tum—He, he, he! down came Muff—and there he lay rue and rueful all over.

And. Ha, ha, ha! but come my Lor, permit me to present you to my daughter Caroline.

O'Toole. Your grace does me much honor.

Haz. Mustn't I goa to that bankers for the two thousand pounds?

O'Tool. Presently.

And. (apart to Pickle) We'll lighten him of thole pounds.

Pickle.

Pickle. A well-fledg'd pidgeon, and we won't leave him a feather. (*apart*)

Enter PICARD.

Picard. My Lord Duke, here are your Flan-derchen tenants to pay their rent.

And. Boors! to bring me monies now—my Steward—hey— [Exit *Picard.*

Enter PALM.

Palm. (*to Andrew*) My Lord, there's the Spanish, Bavarian, Swedish and Russian Ambassadors in the anti-chamber.

And. Dese ambassadors be very troublesome I hate business when I wish to enjoy my friend—My Lor, excuse me a moment—Count, you and your cousin take care of his Lordship, I will step and apprise Narcissa of your arrival—My Lor, your pardon for a moment.

[*Exeunt Andrew and Pickle severally.*

O'Toole. Mr. Hazard!

Haz. (*in his natural manner*) Mr. O'Toole.

O'Tool. The Duke here certainly takes me for a Lord.

Haz. Aye, and you'll trap his daughter and her fortune.

O'Toole. I'm afraid I never shall be able to keep up the deception.

Haz. Why, what's the matter with you now?

O'Tool. I don't know, but I wish I had hit on some other method of retrieving my shatter'd fortune, than by imposing on the hospitality of this generous nobleman—He's so free from the idea

of fraud himself, that he's above the suspicion of it in another.

Haz. And have I brought you to the ground, and now you won't fight; oh, well, if you're so by the Lord, I'll whip into a fine coat, and have at the lady myself.

O'Toole. And here to abuse the friendship with which his nephew the Count has honor'd me—

Haz. Ha, ha, ha! Well, tho' I now wear a livery, I was once as delicate as you, I was once a gentleman as well as yourself---spent as good a fortune too, but never was lucky enough to meet so able an adviser as you have in your humble servant—No, poor I met with a rascally valet, who, one morning went off and left me without a shirt but the one I slept in.

O'Toole. Beside's here's my father's old friend Sir Ulick Liffydale in Paris, to whose daughter I was engag'd in our infancy, and if he shou'd hear of this.

Haz. What? you'd make one mad! Sir Ulick lost his daughter, you've lost your fortune, and if you redeem it by a match with the rich heiress of this house, nobody will have cause to complain. Sir Ulick will see the son of an old friend do well without his help—the German Duke will have, tho' not a new Lord, some old royal Irish blood in his family—the young lady will have a young, handsome and accomplish'd husband, and, what's best of all, your gratitude will reward me with a comfortable competence; and in the chimney corner of life, after all my beating about, poor Has-been will sit snug the remainder of his days—Mr. O'Toole you are, and shall be a Lord—Here comes the lady—A beauty 'pon my soul!—Now for it—start amaz'd—
knee

on your knee—Look!—Sigh!—Talk!—Her money!—Oh that I was in your coat!

O'Toole. A lovely creature indeed!

Haz. That's the string, touch it again—play up—It's to the tune of eighty thousand pounds. *(changes to the clownish accent)* True, my Lordship, I'll leave the money in your room. Oh, the Grantees!—*(affects surprise and falls back)*

Enter ANDREW and NARCISSA.

And. My Lord, my daughter Caroline—*(apart to her)* Narcissa smile, your fortune's made.

Nar. My Lord, accept my thanks for this honor—Is this the noble youth I must impose on? *(aside)*

O'Toole. Madam, I am much beholden to your cousin the Count for this inexpressible happiness. *(salutes her)* Can I deceive such an angel? *(aside)*

And. *(apart to Narcissa)* Throw him an ogle.

Haz. *(apart to O'Toole)* Give her a kiss. *(music without)*

And. My Lord, will you please to step to the next apartment, my daughter has a little concert, it may amuse your Lordship. *(music)*

[Exeunt Andrew, O'Toole and Narcissa.]

Haz. *(in his natural voice)* Huzza! Victoria! —Honesty's fine talk when we've our fortune to make—an honorable fool!—I could have broke his head; but I must spirit him up to it, 'till we touch the Duke's cash—let's see, I've settl'd with O'Toole when he gets her fortune, to pay me three thousand—Shall I throw it into business—buy a place, or—No, I'll purchase an annuity, snug. Ha, ha, ha!—What a happy thought—Eh! the Duke—I should like to hear his private opinion

nion of my pupil---here the Count too---aye---
he'll tell him---P'll listen---(*gets under a table
cover'd with green baize*) Oh, such a pleasure---us
poor wits, to trick these rich dull blockheads!

Enter PICKLE.

Pickle. (as entering) Come hither Andrew.

Haz. (under the table) Now, who the devil's
Andrew?

Enter ANDREW.

Pickle. Ha, ha, ha! Well, my boy, han't I
hook'd the noble gudgeon compleatly.

And. Capital! Narcissa has him, ha, ha, ha!

Pickle. And you act the German Duke like a
complete rascal.

Haz. (aside under the table) Act the Duke!

And. And you, Pickle, sham the Count admir-
ably, ha, ha, ha!

Pickle. Andrew, you must be contented with
his marrying Narcissa, then you'll have him en-
tirely in your own hands, therefore the eight
thousand he has at his banker's we must divide
amongst us:

And. I must have my share of that for my
trouble in taking this house, collecting, mar-
shalling, and keeping our lads together. But
let's strip him first, I've the dice loaded, and the
cards mark'd ready.

Pickle. We wo'n't leave him a guinea, and he
has Spa and Rome yet to visit.

And. We'll let him win four or five hundred
first to blood him, then turn the tables, and his
thousands tumble into our pockets. ha, ha, ha!

Pickle. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter

Enter CARTY.

Carty. Oh, then you two gags, what are you both got grinning about here? There's my Lord asking for your Grace, and your Countship. Do you know, that because he's my countryman, it goes almost against my conscience to cheat him; but which of you do him up at the cards? Andrew, I think you're best at the flip.

And. I can't; his Lordship seems a curs'd able young fellow, and since I put my thumb out, I'm afraid to venture to do any one, except a friend, or some particular acquaintance. Is supper ready?

Carty. It is ready; but I desire you don't sup in your old stile, leave us some of the pheasants, and let me have some Burgundy for your brother, the drunken corporal; Peep has got him out in the porter's lodge.

And. Come, but first—(*throws himself into the Duke's character*) Eh, aye, there is the ducal mask upon my face. I am the Duke Puffendorff, you my nephew Count Frankenmarc.

[*Exit, stately. Pickle and Carty follow.*]

Haz. (*looking from under the table, whistles*) So, so this is my snug chimney-corner for life? (*rises*) I thought we rose early this morning, but I find other people were up before us—well, well, well! Why, this is the battle of the rooks, and the longest claw for it. Here's a Duke Puffendorff for my Lord Limavaddy! Then whist is the game, and tho' honors are divided, the odd trick wins the rubber. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

An Audience Chamber in the COMMISSAIRE'S.

COMMISSAIRE and OFFICERS discover'd, seated at a table.

COMMISSAIRE.

AND why don't you introduce him——

SIR ULICK LIFFYDALE, (*entering*)

Sir U. Faith, and I'll introduce myself.

Com. And who is yourself, hah?

Sir U. Sir Ulick Liffydale, of Kinegad in the kingdom of Ireland.

Com. Sir, I ask you a thousand pardons. (*rises*)

Sir U. Monsieur Commiffaire, I look on your office here, to be much the same as the Bow-street office in London; and I'm come over to France in search of a daughter that was stole from me fifteen years ago in Ireland; I'm told the kidnapping thief that took her, is in Paris, and

and if you find him for me, I'll give you five hundred of as rough guineas as ever skaited on Latouché's compter.

Com. Sir, in the Police of Paris, Justice does not carry her scales to weigh gold—you're a stranger—do me the honor to dine with me, and in the evening I think I've a clue that may lead to the very offender you mean.

Sir U. Then upon my honor I will dine with you—that is, you shall eat a bit of mutton with me, over at my Hotel, because I've ask'd some friends.

Com. Sir, I'll do myself the honor to attend you. Le Plume, if any causes, send 'em over to me, I'll hear 'em there: it may amuse you, Sir Ulick, and give you some idea of what sort of people we Parisians are—But come, my clerk shall take your information—Leonard, have a file of musqueteers ready. I think, Sir, we shall find your man; aye, aye—come, clerk, have those hand-bills distributed: I long to spread the nets over Mr. Andrew and his covey.

Officer. The way there, for Monsieur Le Commissaire. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

ANDREW'S House.

Enter ANDREW and PICKLE.

And. I think Narcissa has him.

Pickle. Yes, but by Heay'n, all's up, if you
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don't get that drunken scoundrel, your brother, out of the house—he's been tipling and roaring, and if my Lord comes in his way—

Toddy. (Without) Holloa, Brother Andrew!

Pick. D'ye hear him?

And. Huh! Some soldiers have been sent from Brussels, to apprehend him for the regimental money he has made away with—I'll wheedle him out, and as he's muddled you may easily put him into their hands—Stop for him in the street.

[*Exit Pickle.*]

Enter CORPORAL TODDY.

And. What, you are not going?

Toddy. (Loud) No.

And. (in an under tone) If you'll only go, I'll give you—any thing.

Toddy. I take any thing from your betters—but you give me ten guineas.

And. I've given you a bill for twenty already.

Toddy. So you did—give me thirty guineas.

And. Curse the fellow!—there's five to get rid of you. (*Gives him money, which he puts into his coat pocket*) Now will you go?

Toddy. I will—And so this Lord is to marry the girl you stole from her parents—ha, ha, ha! and he thinks you're a Duke!

And. (aside) Peep must have blab'd this.

Toddy. Ha, ha, ha! My brother a Duke!

And. For heaven's sake don't call me brother.

Toddy. Why, wou'd you have me call you sister?—I tell you what Andrew—

And. Yes, I shall be blown—if Narcissa was but

but married—(*aside*)—Will you go before his Lordship rises?

Toddy. Well, I will—(*going, returns*)—but I shou'd like to have a little conversation with a Lord—talk politics.

And. Do you wish to expose and ruin me?

Toddy. I don't, Andrew.

And. I beseech you, don't call me Andrew.

Toddy. I won't Andrew, is this your own coat you've on?

And. Yes.

Toddy. Did you pay the taylor? (*Bell rings*)

And. My Lord's bell!

Toddy. (*Loud*) Coming up, Sir!

And. The Devil! D'ye think you're in an ale-house?

Toddy. I wish I was.

And. Hush! this way—

Toddy. Not a word—I'm with you—(*Going*)

And. (*Softly*) My dear fellow!

Toddy. Are you sure my Lord is in the next room?

And. Certain—and I wou'dn't wish for fifty pounds he heard you.

Toddy. Oh, ho! (*aside*) then I'll only say one word more. (*In an under tone*) I'm now in Paris, an't I?

And. Yes, I wish you were at the devil. (*aside*)

Toddy. If you don't this moment lay fifty guineas here, I'll roar out Andrew, that they may hear me at St. Andrew's Holborn.

And. Hush! I've no more cash, but there's a note on Perigord's bank for fifty.

Tod. Eh! (*Reads*) "On demand pay"—very well—(*Puts it in a pocket-book in his coat pocket*) Thank ye.

And. Adieu, my dear brother.

Toddy. Call me brother, and I'll knock you down, you rascal—(*Sings*)

“Some are Lords, and some are Dukes, merry be the first
“of August.”

[*Exit.*

And. Thank Heaven, he's provided for—Hey—yonder's my Lord and Narcissa—see if she don't turn away from him. Yes, with her ridiculous honor and virtue, she'll overset the whole marriage vehicle—I must in time take care of myself—If my Lord's room is open, I'll—or even lock'd, I can—here comes the clod, his servant.

Enter HAZARD, (with a bag.)

(*In the German accent*) Who are—Oh, aye, you are my Lor Limavaddy's Valet.

Haz. Yes, an please your Grace—since my master—my Lord, I mean, left his Valet at Lisle, he has promoted I—Ha, ha, ha!

And. You are a careful man.

Haz. Oh, yez, yez, I be's mortifish careful— all this money I've been getting at bank, and I'll lay it by careful enough 'till I tell it over to him. (*touching his coat pocket*)

And. Yes, yes—be a good lad—

[*Exit.*

Haz. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, your graceless Grace, and yet O'Toole scruples to cheat this honest Duke— I'm right not to let him know that they're impostors as well as ourselves, for now his respect for this rascal is natural—But, ha, ha, ha! he's fell really in love with their sham Lady Caroline—

Caroline.--Here's the fellow I thought I knew last night--Carty they call him: Eh! by heaven it is Peter, the very servant that ran away and robb'd me.--He one of the gang too!--Yes, its all a confederacy!

Enter CARTY.

Carty. (*in his own voice, aside*) This Lord Lismavaddy's servant has the very features of my old master, Mr. Hazard!

Haz. Yes it is Peter?

Carty. Reduced to a livery--can't be--yet, as I've known footmen stepping into their coaches, why not a gentleman be obliged to step up behind one. (*aside*)

Haz. Seems considering--I hope he forgets me. (*aside*)

Carty. (*aside*) If he recollects me, I'm in a hopeful way, for the clothes I stole from him.

Haz. (*aside*) If I cou'd get a nearer view of his face without discovering my own.

Carty (*aside*) The height and shape, but I don't think the features. (*eyeing each other askance, and approaching by degrees*) Here goes at a venture. (*Slaps Hazard on the shoulder, and speaks with the brogue*) My honest fellow, arrah, you haven't had no coffee.

Haz. Noa, noa, zur; I didn't think it was the custom in France to give coffee to servants.

Carty. (*aside*) No, it's not he.

Haz. (*aside*) Yes, 'tis my friend Peter.

Carty. (*aside*) And yet--Eh--I'll sound him--Faith, my boy, and I think I've seen your face somewhere.

Haz.

Haz. Noa, zur,—I never was there in all my life.

Carty. A pretty sort of an answer—I'll try again. (*aside*) Did you ever see my face?

Haz. Yez, zur, zure.

Carty. When?

Haz. Just now.

Carty. Where?

Haz. There (*points to his face*)

Carty. (*aside*) The very tone of his voice, and he may sham the dialect.

Haz. (*aside*) Yes, he's in doubt, but I must not own myself.

Carty. (*aside*) If 'tis he! now to draw him out—Hea-kee—a word—(*in a low tone*) the honestest of us all may have a reason to put on a disguise, but you needn't be afraid of me.

Haz. Afraid of you—why zure you're not Irish Ryan the boxer?

Carty. (*aside*) Close yet; but if he's really in necessity, I'll throw out a bait—You're the very picture of a dear friend I had once—paid as much attention to him, aye, as one cou'd to a master; but having a quarrel with a saucy chap, I gave him such a beating, I thought I had kill'd him; so faith, I was obliged to make off in such a hurry, that in my confusion I pack'd up my clothes in a portmantel, and carried 'em off with my own—Now an't you he?

Haz. Me!—not I—I never---

Carty. Come, own yourself to be he, and I'll make good every shillings worth I took from you this moment.

Haz. Will you?---Eh, now I recollect, I am he---Ha, ha, ha!

Carty

Carty. (aside) Eh! no, it's not, I was wrong. ---I find you wou'd be a knave, if you knew how.

Haz. Noa, indeed, zur, I'm as honest---

Carty. If it should after all.—Well, pray what clothes were in the Portmantel?

Haz. La! zure you know—

Carty. Come, tell us.

Haz. Clothes, there were either coat, waist-coat, breeches, shirts, shoes, or stockings, I'll take my oath on it.

Carty. (aside) I never was so puzzled.—Well, what's my name?

Haz. There now if the man don't ax me his own name!

Carty. (aside) Devilish like! but—no—it's not he—ha, ha, ha! I was joking all this while only to try you. My Lord Duke's very particular, and we've so much plate about, we're cautious of strange servants.

Haz. Then if I wa'n't an honest servant, my Lord wou'd scarce a' trusted me with two thousand pounds, I've here brought from his banker.

Carty. Two thousand pounds!

Haz. Yez, here 'tis. (*shews a seal'd canvas bag*)

Carty. You silly dog! Run, go lock it up in your Lord's room.

Haz. Yez, yez.

Carty. Put it in the little cupboard in the 'scrutoire, then lock that, and the door and keep both the keys in your pocket.

Haz. I wull, Zur. La! what a fine thing it is to live in such an honest house!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

O'TOOLE'S *Apartment at* ANDREW'S.*Enter* CORPORAL TODDY.

Toddy. Ha, ha, ha! Brother Andrew saw me safe out, but I saw myself safe in again. Now, with the notes he has given me, if I cou'd only steal here as much to sell, as wou'd buy the shoes for our regiment, I cou'd go back to Bruffels, and perform my contract with honor. Eh, neat stockings—(*Takes them*) A hat upon a peg, and a gentleman's head in the room! (*Takes the hat down*) Swords were made for soldiers—Pistols to go off. A watch! shake hands—(*Takes it*)—Eh—Some pretty clothes yonder—

*(Goes into a closet)**Enter* HAZARD.

Haz. Aye, the 'scrutoire—(*goes over to it*) lye thou there our two thousand (*places the bag in the bureau*) Ha, ha, ha! Yes, with hopes of this, and what they think we've at the bankers, the rascals let O'Toole win four hundred last night to encourage him—but I was on the watch, and soon as they slip'd in their loaded dice—Oh, not a throw wou'd I let him take after—Ha, ha, ha! As we're in this very honest house, I'll secure the door.

*[Exit locking the door.]**Enter* CARTY, (*from a secret door in the Wainscot*).

Carty. (*in an under tone*) Ha, ha, ha! There goes careful—a foolish dog! never thought that a
room

room may have more doors than one; but Andrew himself don't know of this, which I discover'd on our first coming to the house, and which I'll not discover to one in the house. Now for the two thousand. (*opens the Bureau takes out the bag*) Let's see, any more of the Lords moveables here. (*lays the bag on the table and returns to the Bureau*)

Re-enter CORPORAL TODDY from the closet, (in a suit of O'Toole's).

Confusion! My Lord himself. (*conceals himself*)

Toddy. (*aside*) Two thousand! (*takes the bag off the table*) "More doors than one to a room."

[*goes to the door in the wainscoat and exit.*]

Carty. Sure my Lord doesn't begin to suspect us—he must have thought his money was not safe here, and now is gone, I dare say to lodge it again at his bankers.—Curst unlucky!

(*The room door is unlocked*)

Enter ANDREW.

And. (*in an under tone*) Ha, ha, ha! not one of my associates suspects that I as master, have a master-key to every door in this house. (*seeing Carty*) Oh, oh! before-hand with me. (*aside*) How did you get in here, when I found the door lock'd? (*angrily*)

Carty. And how did you get in, and the key in Sap's pocket?

And. What brought you?

Carty. I had two thousand reasons for coming, what brought you.

And. Two thousand more, ha, ha, ha! we divide.

Haz. (*without*) The door open, how's this?

Re-enter HAZARD.

My mind misgives me. (*goes to the Bureau*) Yes 'tis gone. Oh, oh! the bag of money's gone!

And. (*aside*) Hey!

Carty. Your Lord took it.

Haz. Then we're safe.—But I'll seem not to believe it to set these fellows by the ears. (*aside*)

Enter O'TOOLE.

O'Toole. Come, I want to dress.

Haz. My Lord, did you take the money I left here? Deny it. (*apart*)

O'Toole. What money?

Haz. That's right. (*apart*) It's gone! murder'd! undone! oh, now I see why yow desir'd me to leave it there, for you to take it. (*to Carty*) Oh, ho! (*affects to cry*)

And. What is de matter, mi Lor?

O'Toole. I protest your Grace, I don't know. What are you at here? (*to Hazard*)

Haz. My Lord, that knave has stole your two thousand pounds.

Carty. Why, you blockhead, I myself saw my Lord there come out of the closet; and take it off that table.

Haz. Table! and I lock'd it up in that Bureau.

O'Toole. (*surpris'd*) Saw me, friend!

Carty. How, or when you chang'd your coat since, I don't know; but take the bag, you certainly did, my Lord, off that table.

And.

And. (apart to Carty) Oh, I see how 'tis—you'll share it?

Carty. Why, the devil a fixpence of it I have!

And. (apart) You won't! (*calling*) Ho! ha! where are all my servants?

Enter several Confederates dressed as Servants.

Take that knave, keep him in custody 'till I send for the Archers.

O'Toole. Nay, your Grace.

And. Will you give me half? (*apart to Carty*)

Carty. 'Pon my soul, I haven't it. (*apart to him*)

And. Take him away.

Carty. (apart to Andrew) I'll discover on you.

And. Away with him. (*they are dragging him off*)

Carty. I'll blow your Grace—

And. De villain will blow my brains off, away vid him.

Carty. My Lord, his Grace is only—

And. Take him along.

Carty. Andrew! Andrew!

And. Aye, hold him fast, Andrew, never mind his bawling. (*They drag him off.*)

Ah, my Lord, pardon me! a Rogue, rob a guest in my house!—when I wanted to rob him myself.

[*Aside and Exit.*]

Haz. Hang him your Grace—Ha, ha, ha! If this fellow ev'n does know me, a good opportunity this of getting him out of the way—Ha, ha, ha! Some revenge, too, for his robbing me when his lawful master.

O'Toole. I can't conceive what's all this you've been

been at here—come, my clothes, I want to dress.

Haz. I'm glad you remov'd the bag out of their way—but how did you break open the bureau?

O'Toole. Why the fellow thinks of nothing but robbing bags, and breaking open bureaux! By Heaven, you'll bring yourself and me to the gallies—My clothes! Quick.

Haz. Very well. [Goes into the closet.]

O'Toole. I repent heartily, I suffer'd this unprincipled fellow to lead me on so far in this dangerous plan of his—

Re-enter HAZARD, with CORPORAL TODDY'S Coat.

Haz. Here's a transformation! Hey—(*takes the money and book out of the pocket, with the bill which Andrew had given Corporal Toddy*) (*Reading*) "Pay bearer fifty pounds—on demand"—Sir, excuse me a moment. (*going*).

O'Toole. Where are you going?

Haz. Only to my banker's, Monsieur Perigord's—Receiving money is curfed troublesome; but to us men of business—hem—we—fifty pounds! on demand. [Exit.]

O'Toole. Yes, this busy little rascal won't stop 'till he gets me into the hands of the police—I can scarce look the injured nobleman in the face without visible embarrassment; yet his charming daughter cannot read villain in my guilty countenance—To wrong such innocence, I shou'd be the worst of villains. Yonder's her governess—Yes, I'll throw myself at Lady Caroline's feet, confess my infamous design upon her fortune, and bid her adieu for ever.

[Exit.]
SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in a Tavern.

Enter two GERMAN SOLDIERS, SERJEANT, and LANDLORD.

Serjeant. And this is the house he used to frequent?

Land. Yes—but Corporal Toddy's not here now indeed, Sir—Coming, Sir! [*Exit.*

1st Soldier. I warrant, he han't as much left as will give us a bottle.

Serjeant. Yes, we must bring him back in irons.

2d Soldier. We must catch him first.

Toddy. (Without) To be sure I am.

Serjeant. Here he is—To your arms—Screw on your bayonets, and get the hand-cuffs ready.

Toddy. (Without) A bottle, you rascal! bring up six bottles.

Serjeant. Six bottles! never mind the hand-cuffs—Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter CORPORAL TODDY, with two or three coats, waistcoats, shirts, hats, &c. on, one over the other.

Toddy. Ha, ha, ha! I had a glorious haul of fish came to my net—Rolling round my brother's house, I gather'd like a snow-ball, and now I peel like an onion. (*Takes them off.*)

Serjeant. (advancing) Corporal, you're my prisoner.

Toddy. Me a prisoner, ha, ha, ha!

Serjeant. We've orders to take you back to Brussels

Brussels for defrauding the Emperor of the money committed to your charge.

Toddy. Oh, to buy the shoes! bless his Imperial pate! but I'm able to shoe his whole army, horses and all.—Only see—han't a guinea here perhaps—*(ironically)* two thousand Louis d'Ors tho'. *(shews the bag)*

Serjeant. Lads, didn't I always say Corporal Toddy was an honest man, and an honor to the cloth, and that he'd share the last florin with a comrade?

Toddy. Share! not a guinea do you get here; I'll give you wine you dogs—peep out and sing, my little goldfinches. *(empties the bag on the table, discovering it filled with counters, button tops, &c.)*

Serjeant. Why, your goldfinches are chang'd into rooks.

Toddy. *(dismay'd and astonish'd)* Yes, I got them in a rookery—oh dear! not worth a bribe.

Serjeant. *(fiercely)* Come.

Toddy. Hold! the bank note Andrew gave me—oh, my unlucky fate! forgot it in my own coat—oh!—

Serjeant. None of your shuffling—you must come directly—on with the hand-cuffs, and play up the Rogue's March. *(They form round him, and are going)*

Enter COMMISSAIRE, BANKER, SIR ULICK LIFFY-DALE, and OFFICER *(with HAZARD in custody.)*

Com. *(speaks as entering)* Walk this way.

Bank. Bring him along—Yes, Mr. Commis-saire, here's the bill I stop'd at our bank—oblige this fellow to confess how he came by it.

Haz.

Haz. Oh, my lord justice! I found it in a soldier's pocket.

Toddy. Eh, you rogue! pick a soldier's pocket?—If it should be mine.—*(aside)* Let's see it, *(takes it from the banker)* 'tis my very note—huzza! serjeant, its for fifty pounds; let me go, and you shall have it all—not a word—there keep it. *(apart, gives it to the Serjeant)*

Bank. But he must'n't keep it—I must keep it to produce it on the trial.

Toddy. Pshaw man! there'll be no trial now: will there serjeant?

Bank. *(passionately)* But I demand!—

Toddy. To be sure its on demand. Be quiet, man! I tell you the little difference between me and the Emperor is so made up—I don't go to Brussels now, do I serjeant?

Bank. I don't care where the devil you go to, or who you are, but that fellow shall be hang'd. *(to Hazard)*

Toddy. He!—oh, true—he shou'd—aye, aye, —and Mr. What d'ye-call-um, I'm obliged to you for stopping the note, for it's mine, isn't it serjeant?

Bank. Lay hold on that fellow then; the bill is forg'd.

Toddy. Forg'd! oh, its not mine.

Haz. It must, for the coat I took it from must have been his, that on him I'll swear belongs to my master, Lord Limavaddy.

Toddy. Oh, then perhaps this money belongs to your master Lord Limavaddy. *(Mimicing and pointing to the rubbish on the table)*

Com. Lord Limavaddy alias O'Toole—But where did you get this forg'd note?

Toddy. From Andrew.

Com.

Com. Who is Andrew?

Toddy. My brother, Sir, but he's a duke now and then.

Com. I've that name on informations for numberless frauds. Confess what you know of this Andrew.

Toddy. Betray my brother!

Serjeant. Why, 'twas this brother that betray'd you to us.

Toddy. Indeed! and here wanted to get me hang'd, by giving me a forg'd note—why he's a rogue, double refin'd—now, how wou'd he like if I was to tell you, Mr. Justice, that he pass'd himself for a duke upon a raw boy of a lord?

Haz. That's my master, we are both raw young boys.

Com. Well!

Toddy. And his taking him in to marry a girl he stole from her parents?

Sir U. Stole from her parents! Eh, what's this? If it shou'd be my child. (*to Commissaire*) Sir, I request you will take his deposition.

Bank. Yes, but I must have justice for the forgery.

Com. You shall—I answer for the appearance of these culprits—their evidence will be material against this villain Andrew.

Enter OFFICERS, with CARTY.

Officer. Here, Sir, is a fellow desires to be brought before you.

Toddy. What, little Trigedy! one of Andrew's corps, Ha, ha, ha!

Officer. We caught him forcing his way out of—

Carty.

Carty. Sir, I was falsely accus'd, that's the truth on't, and my master, locking me up in the wine-cellar——

Toddy. Forc'd your way out of a wine-cellar ! I always took you for a sneaking scoundrel.

Com. But for what were you confin'd ?

Carty. Eh Lord, he said I stole a bag with two thousand—*(sees the bag on the table, and the clothes on Corporal Toddy)*—Eh ! yes, it must, ha, ha, ha ! two thousand ! all of us running after the hare, and this is the cat we were hunting, ha, ha, ha ! why it is—*(looks at Hazard)*—it certainly is my old master Hazard ! Oh, I see it, ha, ha, ha ! Sing Tantara-rara Rogues All.—The poor Corporal too hand-cuff'd, ha, ha, ha !

Toddy. And if I wasn't, you shou'd be head-cuff'd, ha, ha, ha !

Com. Look to that facetious Lacquey.

Enter WAITER (with a cooper of wine)

Waiter. Six bottles of wine for Corporal Toddy.

Toddy. *(sings)* Then merry be the first of August.

Com. Take 'em away.

Toddy. Go, and leave my liquor behind me ! then I shall be hang'd for certain—

Serjeant. *(to his men)* Secure this wine, and take care of your prisoner.

Toddy. Let me secure the wine, and I'll take care of the prisoner.—Oh Sir ! *(to Commissaire)* One bottle wou'd give you such a clear view of this affair, and two bottles wou'd make you see double——

Sir U. See double!—Justice shou'd be blind.

Toddy. She shou'd be blind drunk.

Com. A room there. (*calling off*)

Toddy. A room and a bottle, don't you hear the justice? Strike up, "Merry be the first of August."

Com. Look to the prisoners.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V; *and last.*

ANDREW'S *House.*

Enter ANDREW and PICKLE.

And. An advertizement from the Police!—Then we must take the shortest cut to Lord Limavaddy's eight thousand, strike our tents and decamp.

Pickle. Lord Limavaddy! Ha, ha, ha! only look at the advertizement. (*gives it*)

And. (*reads*) "Caution to the public—Notorious cheats—Andrew, alias Duke Puffendorff and—Eh, what's this?—one O'Toole, who at Lisle pass'd himself for Lord Limavaddy."—O, death! have we been pluck'd by our own pigeons?—I let him win my four hundred pounds, but by heaven he shall refund, or I'll—

Pickle. Hush!—Yonder's Narcissa—I've thought of a method to frighten him out of it, this way, soft.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter NARCISSA and BLANCH.

Blanch. My dear Narcissa, I indeed concur in your resolution, not to be an accomplice in Mr. Andrew's imposition on this young Lord.

Nar. Did you tell him I wished to have a moments interview with him?

Blanch. I did, and his Lordship had before as earnestly desired a conference with you—Here he is. *[Exit*

Nar. How I tremble!—I despise myself for appearing what I am not—yet must meet his contempt by disclosing what I am.

Enter O'TOOLE.

O'Toole. (*embarrassed*) Lady Caroline!

Nar. (*confused*) My Lord!—How shall I tell him? (*aside*)

O'Toole. When I reveal myself, how despicable must I appear; but I'm determin'd. (*aside*) It is fix'd—Madam, that we are to be united.

Nar. (*sighs*) My Lord!

O'Toole. My happiness then is your sorrow?

Nar. Wou'd our union promote your happiness?

O'Toole. My bliss, did not I fear that future remorse must embitter my felicity.

Nar. Then, Sir, I must own—you were the first offer my heart approv'd; and when one loves, deceit is perfidy!

O'Toole. (*aside*) Deceit! She already knows I'm an impostor—Doubtless, Madam, 'tis time now to lay aside the mask.

Nar.

Nar. (*aside*) Mask! then he has discover'd who I am! Indeed the imposition has been carried too far.

O'Toole. It has; but—Ah, Madam, 'twas that villain, Hazard, that plan'd and conducted the whole scheme.

Nar. You mistake, 'twas Andrew.

O'Toole. Andrew! I never knew Hazard by that name.

Nar. Oh, he has gone by fifty names.

O'Toole. Who do you mean, Madam?

Nar. 'Twas he that stole me from my parents.

O'Toole. Indeed!—Who, Hazard?

Nar. No; Andrew, the Duke de Puffendorff, as he calls himself.

O'Toole. Hah!

Nar. Oh, my Lord! rescue me from this villain—tho' unworthy of your love, look on me as a helpless orphan, the object of your pity; your countenance speaks a heart sensible to the tear of sorrow; you are my only hope; on my knees I implore you, don't—don't abandon me. (*Kneels and weeps*)

O'Toole. Rise, Madam; you see before you a wretched adventurer not worth a shilling—Your generous confession renders you dearer to my heart than if really the daughter of a King, with millions to your portion.

Enter ANDREW, (as Duke), PICKLE, (as Commissaire) and confederates, (habited as Musketeers.)

And. Mr. Commissaire, there's your prisoner, Mr. O'Toole—a rascally sharper, who, under the

the false title of Lord Limavaddy, wou'd have robb'd me of my daughter.

Nar. Oh, heavens!

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. My Lord—may I—

And. Secure that scoundrel! He's an accomplice.

Haz. Oh, mercy! (*He is seized*)

And. Me! Mercy, you villain!

Haz. Release my Lord—No? Then for the signal—(*Stamps*)

Enter COMMISSAIRE, SIR ULICK, CORPORAL TODDY, BLANCH, and Musqueteers.

Com. (*Speaks as ent'ring*) Guard the doors! Hah, Mr. Andrew—I've long wish'd for this meeting—and Mr. Pickle, my worthy representative! secure them all. (*they are surrounded by Musqueteers*)

And. But I hope, my Lord, your mercy will—

Haz. "Mercy to you, you villain!"

Sir U. Yes, it must be my daughter—every circumstance agrees—her clothes deliver'd to me by this gentlewoman—(*To Blanch*) her likeness to her dear mother—she is—my child! (*Embraces Narcissa*)

Nar. And have I a parent that I don't blush to own?

Sir U. Ha, ha, ha! And so, O'Toole, you were the Lord---Ha, ha, ha! Your Counsellor, Hazard, here, has told us all, and indeed taken, (as he shou'd) the blame upon himself.

O'Toole. And, Sir Ulick, is't possible this shou'd
be

be the blessing design'd for me in my infancy?
(*to Narcissa*)

And. Since you are her real father, Sir, I hope,
as I restore her to you innocent and accomplish'd--

Toddy. Stop, Andy, I'm the elder, tho' you're
the greater rogue. Sir, (*to Sir Ulick*) as you owe
your daughter to my---honesty, pray bid the
English Ambassador command the Emperor to
talk no more about my not buying shoes.

Sir U. Ha, ha, ha! You've been "Rogues
"All," but I hope our Duke and Lord here, in
future, will think the noblest title is "An honest
Man."

THE END.

THE
BIRTH DAY;
OR,
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.*
IN TWO ACTS.
FOUNDED ON THE FRENCH.
PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,
AUGUST 12th, 1783.

THE MUSIC BY DR. ARNOLD.

* This Piece was written in honor of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales's attaining his one-and-twentieth year.

THE FIRST DAY

THE PRINCE OF ARAGON

IN TWO ACTS

FOUNDED ON THE PRINCE

REPRODUCED BY THE

THEATRE ROYAL DE LA VILLE

August 1881

THE MUSIC BY M. ARNOLD

THE PRINCE OF ARAGON
A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS
BY M. ARNOLD

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I consider the insignificancy of this trifle, I am surprized at my own temerity; my reason would have recoiled, and left nothing but my presumption to attend it to your Royal feet, had not your gracious condescension in permitting it to approach you, encouraged me in the laudable attempt to celebrate (though by humble means) an æra auspicious, great, and glorious. The guardian genius of Britain having placed a BRUNSWICK on the throne, saw, and self-approving, smiled upon her work. And Victory, when determined to bestow her richest wreaths of laurel upon British valour, to perpetuate her bounty, wisely chose that point of time which she foresaw must be the darling theme of future ages, the period that gave birth to the PRINCE OF WALES.

The combination of momentous circumstance conducive to the advantage of England, attending your Royal Highness's dawn of life, promised a zenith of glory; and the shining qualities of your youth justify our hopes, and give an ample satisfaction to our expectations. As you were the early blessing, so will you prove the latter comfort of your Royal Parents, the patron of science, the promoter of virtue, the delight and joy of a happy people, whose affection, respect, and admiration may you ever possess, as you do those of your Royal Highness's

Most humble,

Dutiful and truly

Devoted servant,

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON,
AUGUST 26, 1783.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Prince of Arragon, Mr. PALMER.
Don Leopold, Mr. WILSON.
Don Frederick, Mr. WILLIAMSON.

Seraphina, Mrs. BANNISTER.
Florina, Miss GEORGE.

Servants, Attendants, &c. &c.

SCENE, *Don Leopold's Castle, near Saragossa.*

THE
BIRTH DAY;
OR,
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in DON LEOPOLD's Castle.

Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON and FREDERICK.

PRINCE.

SO! at last we are arrived at Don Leopold's castle.

Fred. Thank Heaven! for since we turn'd our horses heads from the palace of Saragosa, my Prince has not till this moment honour'd his faithful Frederick with a single word.

Prince. I imagined my dear Frederick, that you wish'd to see me in love.

Fred.

Fred. Without doubt—the darling of your Royal parents, the idol of the people; the blooming hope of every friend to his country, and the impending terror of her foes, adorn'd with every grace of nature, shining in each accomplishment with all the glowing spirit of a hero, ready to burst into action, I saw you in the midst of a brilliant court, surrounded with pleasures, but a stranger to happiness.

Prince. 'Tis true, Frederick: I was amus'd, but never pleas'd.

Fred. I saw it. I dar'd, impell'd, by duty, to pry into your thoughts, and from the state of your heart, this languor, this apathy, this restless, joyless inquietude, I plainly saw that in the midst of splendor, love was wanting to make you happy.

Prince. Ah, Frederick; but if this love, which you imagine so essential to my happiness, should plunge me into unutterable woe, and render me for ever miserable!

Fred. Love make a Prince miserable! Impossible.

Prince. Why not a Prince as well as another man?

Fred. Heir to the Crown of Arragon, who has only to ask and obtain, to wish and be happy!

Prince. Ay, Frederick; but I wou'd have the fair one love me, not as the Heir of Arragon: I would owe nothing to the dignity of my station.

Fred. Well, Sir, fortune has arrang'd each circumstance of your adventure here to the full extent of your wishes. Chance throws into your hands a Lady's picture; the features are just what your fancy imagines to be the most beautiful in the world; and for seven or eight days, by
your

your orders, I search'd the court, the city, the country, for the charming original: my endeavours proved fruitless, and you began to despair of ever finding this lovely incognita; when one day, in hunting, led by the ardor of the chase, having stray'd from your suite, you find yourself near the park wall of this castle—hear the cry of distress, see women pursued by a huge and fierce boar. Fired with a generous alarm at their danger, you fly to their assistance! to kill this monster, was but the work of a minute; but what a minute of delight, of transport! A young lady from weariness and fright having fallen at the foot of a tree, presents to your eyes the very identical lovely original of the picture. Thus, in saving her life, your first interview was the most auspicious moment of your's.

Prince. I own, my dear Frederick, hitherto I have reason to be content; as yet, 'tis certain, my quality is a secret to Don Leopold and his daughter; and as I was first introduced to them by your name, they still imagine me to be Don Frederick. The amiable Seraphina listens to my vows with the most flattering complacency, approves my passion, answers each gentle sigh, each tender look, with the sweet sympathy of dear affection; and, by her permission, I made a formal demand to her father of her hand in marriage.

Fred. Which he readily granted, not knowing you to be the Prince of Arragon.

Prince. The old Gentleman did not hesitate a moment; and this very day, the anniversary of my birth, Don Leopold has fixed for the celebration of our nuptials.

Fred.

Fred. Then nothing but the joy of the night can exceed the happiness of the day.

Prince. Ah! Frederick, this day may be most unhappy! Seraphina loves me, but before I wed her I am resolved to put her affection to the proof; if it cannot bear the trial, oh, Frederick! what a severe stroke to a heart so tender, so sensible, so passionate as mine!

Fred. Well, my Lord, hope all for the best—Ha, ha, ha! I'm diverted even at the idea of Don Leopold's surprize and embarrassment when he finds that you're the Prince; I assure you he'll entertain you with such things as never yet reached a royal ear.

Prince. Av, that I suppose: for the character of my old Don, tho' rough, is noble, free and independent. Hush, here he comes; remember I am Don Frederick, and you are my attendant.
[Exit Frederick.]

Leop. (without) Be quiet—hold your tongue—say no more, it's all in vain—ridiculous to propose it! No, no, no courts for me.

Enter DON LEOPOLD.

Ah! they did not tell me you were here.

Prince. But just arriv'd, Sir; you seem angry.

Leop. So I am Frederick.

Prince. What's the matter, Don Leopold?

Leop. My daughter wants to carry me to Court.

Prince. Why not, Sir? A nobleman of your birth and distinction should not thus bury himself in the country.

Leop. In the country! I live upon my own estate.

Prince.

Prince. Yes, but from the character I have given of you, the Prince, I'm sure, would wish to be known to you.

Leop. I tell you what, boy; I've as much respect for the Prince as you; I esteem, I love him; and were there a cause, the last drop of my blood should write my loyalty; I'd die to serve him. But I don't like new acquaintance: I am too old.

Prince. And yet I will assure you, Don Leopold, the Prince wishes for nothing more than to have you nearly attached to him.

Leop. Me! On what account?

Prince. To have in your rare and valuable character, a man of candour and probity, incapable of falsehood, on whose honor, whose friendship he might rely, and place an intire confidence in his fidelity—you laugh!

Leop. Ha, ha! ha! very good! the Prince wishes to have me near him, me, whom he never saw; because, forsooth, you have told him that I am a person of probity and candour!

Prince. Just so. I'll answer for your welcome, go when you please.

Leop. Will you? first answer for my going, for go I will not; no, no, he sees bad company enough already.

Prince. But—

Leop. None of your buts! you are going to be my Son-in-law; take it once for all, I was never made for a courtier; I am a fantastical, ridiculous old fellow, that thinks noble birth wants no decoration of title; that a star upon a breast cannot give honor to a heart that's base, nor a ribbon dignity to a neck that perhaps deserves a halter. Tho' I live at a great expence, I keep within my

income; I have no use for more than half the servants I maintain, but then the other half I consider have use for me; and tho' I am a Lord, I am as free from debt as the poorest private gentleman.

Prince. You would indeed be an extraordinary character at court.

Leop. Ay, ay, Don Frederick, but I prefer being lodged in this old castle of mine here, to the honor of being inconveniently situated near a King; in one word, I'd rather walk about my park, gardens, and my own improvements, than to slide and amble through an anti-chamber, like a cypher of great importance, in a groupe of idle busy-bodies, illustrious profligates, reverend atheists, mock patriots, and right honourable sharpers, the whole forming a villainous picture, a curious court calendar.

Prince. Then 'tis impossible to persuade you to accompany us.

Leop. Then don't attempt it; ask a lover to resign his mistress, a lady to praise her rival, a lawyer to tell truth, and a Doctor to return his fee; but never ask me to go to court; you shall not change my mode of thinking, nor shall I try to alter your's.

AIR.—LEOPOLD.

The court is a fountain of honour and fame,
 And sweet are the waters that flow;
 Yet say if our throats, or this water's to blame,
 As we drink the more thirsty we grow?
 But the court to be sure is a fine place,
 A gay, a polite, a divine place,
 I am the man can tell you how,
 If there you'd wish to rise,
 With your every step a bow!
 On your tongue a thousand lies;

Sub-

Submissive be your file!
A great man's frown's a rod,
A pension in his smile,
A ribbon in his nod:
Strict care and close œconomy,
First make a mighty brag on;
But set to guard the golden tree,
Then gobble like a dragon.

Enter FREDERICK, (*speaks apart to the Prince.*)

Fred. Your attendants wait their orders, Sir.
Prince. Very well.

Enter FLORINA.

Leop. Florina, where's my daughter?

Flori. I left her in the garden, Sir; I fancy she's reading in the jessamine alcove.

Leop. Hey, Don Frederick, don't you wish to see her? ay, ay, well, well, go—you hear she is in the jessamine alcove.

Flori. Oh pray go, Sir, 'tis the sweetest place to make love in! sing her an amorous ditty, and the pretty little birds shall play up the symphonies.

Leop. Hark ye! I'll play up a symphony with you, hussy, if you strike up your amorous ditties in my daughter's hearing—But go to her, Frederick, while I prepare for your wedding and some little fancies of my own to honor the birthday of our Prince. This night Seraphina shall be your wife; and to-morrow morning, if you will go, there lies your way to court, and here lies mine to my groves and gardens.

[*Exeunt* DON LEOPOLD and the PRINCE *severally.*]

Flori. Then at last the delicious moment is at hand, when we shall bid adieu to this crazy castle,

these insensible trees, these dismal groves, and melancholy gardens.

Fred. You are weary of this place, hey !

Flori. Weary of it?—that I am.

Fred. Variety pleases you.

Flori. Infinitely ; I detest sameness, order and odious method ; I delight in noise, hurry, shew, and rattling confusion.—Oh heavens, I've conceiv'd the most charming ideas of a court !

Fred. And you are a charming girl : you are form'd for a court—that graceful mien, this fine shape, (*puts his hand round her waist*) that expressive sensibility of countenance, those speaking eyes, those ruby lips.

Flori. My lips are well enough : so let them alone, if you please. (*pushes him back*)

Fred. With all your gaiety, sprightliness, and vivacity, such shining qualifications for good company, you cannot fail of success.

Flori. Yes, I flatter myself there is a little something, a certain—inexpressive—that—ay, ay, my *je ne sçai quoi* will do the business—

AIR.—FLORINA.

Your wise men all declare
Of the thing so strange and rare,
The beautiful sublime in great nature's law,
A woman bears the belle ;
Yet why they cannot tell ;
'Tis the mystical charms of the *je ne sçai quoi*.

The lovely town-bred dame,
Dear cause of many a flame,
Each smart swears he ne'er such a beauty saw.
Say what the lovers prize,
Coral lips or brilliant eyes?
No ; the mystical charms of the *je ne sçai quoi*.

Behold

Behold the village maid,
By nature's hand array'd,
With her stockings green, and her hat of straw!
Is love in dimple sleek,
Or the roses of her cheek?
No; the mystical charms of the *je ne sçai quoi*.

You and I are going to live in the same house:
come let us be open and candid! do you resolve
to govern your master?

Fred. Most certainly I will.

Flori. Well, mind, take care that you do; for
I am positively determined to govern my mistress:
a'n't I right?

Fred. Certainly; ay, and she'll be well go-
verned!

Flori. Why yes, it is'nt that I want to make a
great fortune, that is, all at once; I'm not covet-
ous or ambitious, but you know one must be a
little vain, when one is plac'd with a lady who is
wife to the Prince's favourite; my education may
have been limited, but for all that, I hope to play
my cards with such address, that I shall soon have
a little court of my own.

Fred. What a baggage! (*aside*) I dare say you
will, and from this moment I put myself under
your protection.

Flori. Well, I shall take care of you; indeed,
you may be of some use to me.

Fred. As how pray?

Flori. Why, you must help me in collecting
little intrigues, adventures, and anecdotes.

Fred. Then you have no aversion to scan-
dal.

Flori. Why you know scandal is a waiting wo-
man's most necessary qualification.

Fred. You are an ingenious pretty little soul,
that's

that's the truth on't—oh! here comes my master.

Flori. And my mistress! hey! they seem to have had a wrangle.

Fred. Something's the matter indeed!

Flori. Well come along, it's none of our business; let's leave them to themselves, for when two lovers fall out, they can always decide the quarrel without seconds.

Flori. What, two to one against my mistress? Oh, then I'll stand by, to see fair play.

[*Both retire.*]

Enter PRINCE, affecting disorder and embarrassment, followed by SERAPHINA.

Sera. Cruel Frederick! why did your valour save my life; your merit win my heart; when now you make your Seraphina wretched, by seeming so unhappy on the very day of our union?

Prince. Oh heavens!

Sera. You seem alarm'd: I ask the reason, you answer me with sighs, and looks to heaven: Explain the cause of these emotions, or I'll instantly acquaint my father.

Prince. Stay, madam.

Sera. Speak then: why am I treated thus?

Prince. Your indignation I deserve, and with patience I submit: Oh Seraphina!

Sera. Speak, my Frederick. (*weeps*)

Prince. Dry your tears, they fall for a wretch unworthy of your pity.

Sera. Worthy of my tenderest regard, my affection, my love.

AIR.

AIR.—SERAPHINA.

Sweetest passion of the mind,
Generous, noble, unconfin'd,
Sov'reign love that sways the soul,
Love is fate above controul.
Purest source of honor, truth,
Kind director of our youth;
This her precept---virtue prize,
Emulate the blest above,
To be worthy what you love!

Prince. No more! this kindness but aggravates my guilt.

Sera. Guilt!

Prince. My perfidy.

Sera. How?

Prince. To you, Seraphina, I am a traitor; and when I disclose my treachery, your tenderness will turn to contempt and abhorrence.

Sera. Betray'd by Frederick?

Prince. Listen to the story of my falshood, and then abandon me to the remorse which must for ever punish and torment me. Yesterday having obtained the consent of my Prince for our marriage, Frederick, says he, from the fidelity by which I know you are attached to me, I make no doubt of your concern at my late iniquitude of mind, and of your anxiety to know, and if in your power to remove the cause; cou'd you imagine it possible that the portrait of a young lady, whom I never saw, has made such an impression on my heart, that till I find her, till she's mine, your Prince must be unhappy! Here, behold, examine; see if nature ever form'd any thing so lovely, altogether such a combination

tion of beauties ! Here, take it, Frederick, I commit this precious picture to your care. Reply not : Fly, my friend ; search every where, and, if possible, find this adorable woman, this charming unknown ! Judge Seraphina, judge of my astonishment, my grief, when I beheld—these, these are the features that have caught the Prince's heart ; there is the picture that he entrusted to my care. (*gives a picture.*)

Flori. (*Looks over Seraphina's shoulder*) Lord, Madam, this is your own picture ! (*While Seraphina and Florina are looking at the picture, the Prince watches Seraphina's countenance, and speaks apart to Frederick.*)

Prince. Frederick, I doubt her constancy : but desire my attendants to be in readiness.

[*Exit Frederick.*]

Sera. 'Tis indeed mine ; that, that my father had drawn about a month after my return from the convent, and which he lost a few days following.

Prince. And which fortune threw into the hands of the Prince ; but instead of repaying his confidence with fidelity, instead of throwing myself at his feet and confessing that I was his rival, I endeavour'd to conceal my embarrassment, and turn his passion aside ; with a forc'd laugh I affected to rally his love for a person unknown ; and to cool his transport, urg'd that the picture might have flatter'd, that the original might not be living, that those features perhaps never existed but in the painter's fancy. In short, my perfidious jealousy left nothing unsaid that might prevent his curiosity from any further attempt to discover you.

Flori.

Flori. (*aside*) You had little to do I think.

Prince. Mad with the fear of having my treasure snatch'd from me, I flew to your father and urg'd him to hasten our marriage; I summon'd all my dissimulation to master my anxiety before him; but when I approach'd your presence, that unsuspecting innocence, that air of frankness and sincerity even triumph'd over your charms; the tender and ingenuous joy you express'd at seeing me, when heaven itself had design'd you for a throne, confounded my intentions; I had no longer power to disguise the cruel conflict that agitated my soul. You, lovely Seraphina, perceived my emotions; your kind solicitude has produced this explanation; there now remains no more for me but to quit your presence, and for ever banish from your remembrance, my shame, my guilt, my confusion, and my love.

Flori. Ay do, go along, and send the Prince to us. (*aside*)

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Sir, a courier is arrived from court: he says he was ordered to make extraordinary haste, as he comes to you with news of very great consequence.

Prince. (*affects much embarrassment*) News! heaven! the Prince has not discover'd——

Sera. Go, Frederick, see what his business is.

Prince. (*aside*) Aye, I see her love is extinguish'd. Oh Seraphina, I have nothing to hope, and fear the worst.

[*Exeunt Prince and Frederick.*]

Flori. Well, men are all foxes, so cunning and so false. Now wou'dn't any body in the world

have sworn that this Don Frederick's love was real?

Sera. And after such a proof can I doubt the reality of his love?

Flori. A pretty way of shewing it, to deprive you of a crown! O fie! He ought to be ashamed of himself. Dear Madam, at the first sight of the picture, a real lover would have cried out in a transport of joy, "My Prince, I know it; that's the picture of Donna Seraphina de Quintana; ay, and not half so handsome as that beautiful young lady: Oh Sir, if you were but to see her! Such an air, such a charming face! you'd declare, Sir, that not a woman in the world would so well become a throne." There, Madam; that would be the language of a true lover.

Sera. Cease, Florina; my mind is tortur'd with cruel reflections.

AIR.—SERAPHINA.

My dawn of life, how bright, how gay!

Blythe zephyrs play'd around:

Sweet Flora, goddess of the May,

Came smiling on to cheer the day,

With roseate chaplets crown'd.

'Tho' morn and noon new joys bestow,

While peace and love attend;

The smiling landscape changes now,

And fate alone can tell me how

The doubtful night must end.

Flori. What an escape! what would have become of you if he had concealed his treachery till you had been married to him? Dear madam, I tremble to think of it.

Sera. Prythee, peace; no more of this.

Flori.

OR, THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.

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Flori. You are right, madam; I'm wrong; 'tis with the glory that awaits you I ought to entertain you. You'll soon be a Princess! after that you'll be a Queen. Charming, delightful, transporting! the very thought gives extacy!

Sera. Ah, Florina, you and I differ much in our opinion of happiness.

DUETT.

SERAPHINA.

Sweet content can banish strife,
Smooth the rugged paths of life,
Bless with joys the Sylvan scene,
Tranquil, happy, and serene!

FLORINA.

Youthful, sprightly, blooming hope,
Cries---Florina, cease to mope!
Quit the lifeless grove and field,
Courts alone can pleasures yield!

SERAPHINA.

Peaceful joys!

FLORINA.

Rattling noise!

SERAPHINA.

Morning bright!

FLORINA.

Up all night!

SERAPHINA.

Waterfalls!

3 F 2

FLORI.

THE BIRTH DAY;

FLORINA.

Routs and balls!

SERAPHINA.

Shepherd's lutes!

FLORINA.

Fiddles and flutes!

SERAPHINA.

Give me love, and nothing's wanting!

FLORINA.

Give me love, and some gallanting!

BOTH.

Those are the joys of the Sylvan scene.
Those are the joys of the courtly scene.

END OF THE FIRST ACT,

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The outside of DON LEOPOLD'S Castle.

Enter the PRINCE and FREDERICK.

PRINCE.

NOW, Frederick, now for the trial! and if I prove my Seraphina's mind, as pure as her person is charming, this day gives her my hand; and to-morrow, when presented to the King, my father, her beauty and her virtue must justify my choice, and give an added splendor to the court of Saragossa.

Fred. Behold my lord, she comes, and her little governess too—ah, her councils do no great service to her mistress's cause.

Enter SERAPHINA and FLORINA.

Prince. Madam, I'm lost, undone; you've now
ample

ample revenge: a particular friend at Saragossa has given me notice that the Prince himself will be here in an hour.

Sera. The Prince!

Prince. Yes, my good, my royal master, having heard of my approaching marriage, ever solicitous for my welfare and happiness, and little suspecting how much I've abus'd his confidence, has signified his pleasure that he'll honour the ceremony with his august presence.

Sera. What a stroke of fortune!

Flori. Ay, madam, who can say that fortune's blind, when she has now hit the nail on the head so nicely?

Sera. To-day, do you say, Frederick?

Prince. This day, this hour; every moment I expect him; drawn hither by his friendship for me, he forsakes the court, even at the time when a happy people rejoices at the day that gave birth to their Prince, and, as he imagines, to give me a more joyful surprise, I'm inform'd that he comes mask'd, with a few select friends, who attend him from the palace.

Flori. Mask'd! what a pity!—Oh, the dear, dear Prince, how I do long to see him! (*Aside*)

Sera. In the distress this accident has thrown me, what can I say to alleviate your grief? You know, Frederick, my will depends upon a father.

Prince. I understand you, Madam.

Sera. To him my duty obliges me to submit.

Prince. Certainly, Madam, and no doubt but he has already ordered you to think of me no more.

Sera.

Sera. Don Leopold loves me tenderly; we have no reason to imagine but that he'll order every thing for the best; I'll go seek him, and immediately acquaint you with his determination.

[Exit.]

Prince. Confusion!

[Walks up in disorder.]

Fred. (to Florina) Well, what's your opinion of this affair?

Flori. Presently we'll acquaint you with our determination.

[Exit.]

Prince. There, Frederick! what think you now?

Fred. As yet I cannot judge.

Prince. Oh, I see plainly what I'm to expect! Yes, yes, she's resolv'd to reject me; and you see with what art she endeavoured to prepare me for my dismissal—her father's determination!—a mere excuse for her caprice, and sordid inconstancy.

Fred. Nay, my Prince, my dearest master, wait but a little, before your opinion totally condemns her.

Prince. No more, Frederick! in vain you attempt her justification; but I shall have the pleasure of enjoying her confusion, when she comes to know me. Is my mask and domino ready? (*Frederick bows*) Ay, ay, to punish her infidelity, even if she did love me in spite of the violence I do myself by such a resolution, by Heavens she loses me for ever.

[Exit.]

Fred. Yes, I begin myself to think her constancy's a little shaken—oh, now we shall know more.

Enter

Re-enter FLORINA.

Flori. This is an unlucky accident for your master, young man!

Fred. Unlucky! not a happier gentleman in all Spain, if he can but secure the Prince's favour, and keep your mistress's heart.——

Flori. How do you mean keep her heart?

Fred. Why, if she prefers him to the Prince.

Flori. And how can you think any woman capable of such a folly?

Fred. Folly! hasn't she confest to Don Frederick that she lov'd him? (*Florina snaps her fingers*) Nay, didn't you yourself tell me how much she lov'd him?

Flori. Love! ha, ha, ha! I like you for that! What a boy is your master to catch at such a bubble; and what a fool are you to talk of it! A young girl has fine notions of marriage, because it releases her from the convent; therefore, the first good match that offers, receives her approbation, but if a better than that good match shou'd afterwards present itself, sure that first approbation shou'd not be construed into love. No such thing, I tell you; and yet, you men exclaim, the perfidious woman! the false fair one! the cruel creature! Now that's so unreasonable, absurd, and ridiculous of you! ha, ha, ha!

Fred. So, women first love only to be married, and afterwards hate for the very same reason! Ah! you are pretty toys indeed! and yet it is in the power of that alabaster face of your's to turn the head of the wisest statesman in Europe.

Flori. Oh heavens! from that lamentable tone,
one

one would imagine that your head was in some danger from my alabaster face; oh! do say so, and you'll divert me; do, make me laugh.

AIR.—FLORINA.

Quick for a smile implore me:
Your Goddess sue!
How odd to view
Such charms, and not adore me!
Tho' girls may boast more merit,
You'll ne'er hit on
A pretty one,
Of more vivacity and spirit.
I'll rattle, I'll prattle,
I'll prattle, I'll rattle,
Ye creatures!
The toy for your money,
My word sweet as honey,
So roguish and funny,
My features!
Gay bloom of opening roses,
And thousand fragrant posies,
Sly winking and blinking,
As leering, and jeering,
So arch all;
For trust me, when love's drum
Beats come, come, come!
Hearts thumping,
Brisk, jumping,
Age pacing,
Youth racing,
Some hopping,
None stopping,
Ye march all!

Ha, ha, ha! oh, Lud! here comes Don Leopold.

Enter DON LEOPOLD.

Flori. (Running to him) Oh Sir! Sir! Sir!

Leop. Well, Sir! Sir! Sir! What the deuce is the matter with the girl?

Flori. Have you seen my mistress, Sir? did she tell you, Sir?

Leop. Very odd!

Flori. There, Sir! you find if you will not go to court, the court will come to you.

Leop. Yes, I have heard of the retinue I am to expect under my roof.

Flori. Yes, Sir, the Prince! the charming Prince!

Leop. (To Frederick) Oh, where's your master?

Fred. Heaven knows, Sir; in his distracted state of mind, a man cannot stay long in any one place.

Leop. Yes, his mind can't be very easy, I suppose.

Fred. Why, Sir, do you think my master so very blameable?

Leop. Blameable! you'll see my friend, when the King's anger bursts upon him, that's all—you'll see—mark my words. now you will see the extent of court gratitude. Go find him, friend.

Fred. I will, Sir: I don't know what to think of the old gentleman.

[*Exit Frederick.*]

Flori. But seriously now, Sir, don't be angry with me—now would you not be very much displeased if Don Frederick had married my mistress?—yes, yes, I see your heart beat, your cheeks glow, your eyes twinkle at the thoughts of having

having your daughter a queen; oh, dear Sir! all your grandsons will be little Princes.

Leop. Princes! their Grandfather's maxim is this; the greatest monarch that ever lived, will find sufficient glory in supporting properly the dignity of a man.

Flor. Oh dear Sir! I have no patience! you that are as high in your notions as the best of them, ay, and as proud too as any Grandee in all Spain! Now Sir, confess: was not your sole motive for retiring from the court, because you would not stoop and cringe to those that thought themselves above you? but now, Sir, your pride will be gratified; instead of your making court to any body, every body will make court to you.

Leop. Girl, you are full of prate—go you to court: you are fit for no other place, just the thing, full of chat, with a vivacity that means nothing; you have articulations, tones, words, but not a scruple of common sense; made for a little self-important court gadder, to dangle, frisk, and hop about like an impertinent hussy as you are.

[*they retire.*]

*Enter PRINCE, (in Mask and Domino) and
FREDERICK.*

Prince. (Unmasks) Frederick, I hope and dread the fatal moment; it is with reluctance I put my Seraphina to this proof, which if I now decline, I feel that I shall still imagine there is something left undone, that might have ensured my lasting felicity.

3 G 2

Fred.

Fred. Sir, as you have begun, finish your part with your wonted resolution.

Prince. Now I assume my own person here; a mask, I trust, will alter my voice sufficiently, as they suspect no deception—she comes! we must not be seen together. [*Frederick retires.*]

Enter SERAPHINA.

Prince. (*Puts on his mask*) Where is Frederick?—but I presume this is his charming bride. (*Approaching to salute Seraphina, stops suddenly, affecting great surprise*) What do I see! is it possible! Are you, Madam, the lady that Don Frederick is about to marry? (*Seraphina bows*) the dear original of the picture I gave to his care? Perfidious traitor! 'Twas but yesterday he undertook to find out the charming object, whose portrait captivated every sense, and made an impression on my heart never to be erased.

Sera. Sir! Can I believe this?

Prince. Oh, Madam, do not doubt a passion the most tender and sincere.

Sera. Sir, I shou'd have thought that the pursuit of a great Prince, the heir of Arragon, would have taken a nobler course, than to seek an humble recluse like me, and receive honor by conferring it, with his addressee, on some Princess, whose birth might dignify the throne that waits him; and whose alliance might extend his fame, and add strength to the interest of his kingdom.

Prince. 'Tis for you that throne's reserv'd, which must receive lustre from your beauty.
Doubt-

Doubtless 'twas Providence that threw your picture in my way, that now sent me hither in the very moment you were going to be lost to me for ever! Heaven ordain'd you mine, and let your consent confirm its dispensation.

Sera. Sir, it would be an idle affectation in me, to plead insensibility to the merits of a Prince, exalted by his virtues, even above the splendor of his birth.

Prince. Amiable Lady! a thousand, thousand thanks for this generous frankness! But stop not there; oh, make me happy—declare that Frederick has not touch'd your heart, that you consented to marry him without love as without repugnance, free from inclination, but as he was the choice of your father.

Sera. The choice of my heart.

Prince. Madam!

Sera. There Frederick is enthron'd, never to be dispossessed.

Prince. Oh rapture! (*aside*) What, a subject preferr'd to me?

Sera. To worlds! I love him—let that excuse a disobedience to my Prince, so foreign to my wish.

AIR.—SERAPHINA.

Ah, fond lover, sooth thy anguish,
Cease to grieve, ah cease to languish!
Since with your's I'll never part,
Keep and treasure up my heart;
Royal youth, ah cease to woo me!
Why with hopeless love pursue me?
Success thy wishes crowning,
Each tender vow disowning,
Tyrant fashion love dethroning.

True

True to Frederick I'll prove,
And reward his faithful love.

Suffer me, Sir, to retire, and acquaint my father, that you honour his castle with your presence.

Prince. One moment, Madam !

Sera. In pity, Sir, do not force me to violate the respect that your rank demands ; what can I say more ? The instant I heard of your arrival, at my father's feet I implored his protection ; declar'd if he receded from his promise of my hand to Don Frederick, I'd shut myself from the world for ever.

Prince. What, rather than renounce your lover, when a Prince sues.

Sera. Frederick's dearer to my soul than every earthly blessing ; his presence imparts more joy to me than the possession of crowns and sceptres could bestow.

Prince. (*discovers himself*) And all too little to repay a love, so pure, so generous.

Sera. What do I see ! Frederick !

Prince. Behold the prince of Arragon ! who under the borrowed name of Frederick, beguiled you of your heart.

Enter severally, DON LEOPOLD, FLORINA, FREDERICK, and the Prince's attendants.

There is the real Don Frederick.

Leop. What's this ?

Prince. On my knees, Seraphina ! I solicit your hand, with all the extatic raptures of a lover, Don Leopold, I claim your promise.

Leop. My Lord, I came hither to represent to you my prior engagement to Don Frederick, but
little

little imagin'd 'twas to a Prince I had promis'd my daughter.

Prince. I hope my being a Prince is no objection?

Flori. No, Sir; not the least objection. (*curtseys*)

Leop. Ha, ha, ha! the girl has spoke my thoughts, my Lord.

Flori. Well, Madam, an't I right? for you know I said all along that you ought to have a Prince for your husband?

Sera Yes, Florina; but if by your counsel I had rejected Don Frederick, I had probably lost my prince for ever.

Leop. My Lord, I must entreat your pardon for some things I have said, which, on recollection, I think I might as well have left alone.

Prince. No pardon without a penance, my good father-in-law; and that is, to accompany us to the court.

Flori. To court! Oh, I'll answer for my master, my Lord, and we'll all go to court. (*curtseys*)

Leop. Will you? Ah, my dear Lord, it would be a mortal restraint upon one of my age and humour. Peace, health, and an elbow chair, is all that an old man ought to wish for. I must beg your Highnesses indulgence to partake of the little amusements that I had prepar'd to celebrate your Birth day, and the wedding of my daughter.

Prince. I am honor'd by the affection of such a father; and every monarch must esteem the loyalty of such a subject.

Leop.

Leop. Frank and free as I am, I am true and loyal, Sir. I honour you, and love my Seraphina; and such is your virtue, such your filial affection, that I am sure you will join in the wish, with which I commence our festival.

Prince. Express your wish, and be assur'd of our concurrence.

Leop. May the present great and good possessor of the throne, and his amiable consort, reign for many, many years, the delight of his family, and a blessing to his People.

Enter Men and Female attendants.

FINALE.

Hail, happy people, now rejoice!
Sweet viols tune, exalt your voice!
And swell the choral lay:
Fame cries, behold, a Prince is born!
Then hail the fair auspicious morn!
And bless his natal day!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Our blooming hope, our infant rose,
In all its promis'd glory blows,
Our joy, our pride confess'd!

GRAND CHORUS.

Fame cries, &c.

Hail! gracious, Royal, happy pair,
Hail, happy kingdom, Royal heir,
Be ever, ever blest'd!

Hail!

Hail ! happy people, now rejoice !
Sweet viols tune, exalt your voice !
And swell the choral lay :
Fame cries, behold, a Prince is born !
Then hail the fair auspicious morn !
And blest his natal day !

(A MASK'D BALLET.)

THE END.

ON THE STATE OF MARYLAND

1790

By the Senate and House of Delegates in General Assembly convened at Annapolis the 1st day of January 1790

Resolved That the following be the

first day of January 1790

second day of January 1790

third day of January 1790

fourth day of January 1790

fifth day of January 1790

sixth day of January 1790

seventh day of January 1790

eighth day of January 1790

ninth day of January 1790

tenth day of January 1790

eleventh day of January 1790

twelfth day of January 1790

thirteenth day of January 1790

fourteenth day of January 1790

fifteenth day of January 1790



A

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

IN 1785.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Codger,	Mr. PARSONS.
Horace,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Cofey,	Mr. BADDELEY.
Corny Buttercup,	Mr. EDWIN.
Scout,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Tweedle,	Mr. SWORDS.
Barnavag,	Mr. BARRET.
Young Barnavag,	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
James,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Mrs. Mummery,	Mrs. WEBB.
Nancy Buttercup,	Mrs. WELLS.
Mrs. Neighbourly,	Mrs. LOVE.
Miss Barnavag,	Mrs. BLURTON.

SCENE, *London.*

A

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in CODGER's.

Enter CODGER and JAMES.

CODGER.

YES, but why didn't you go?

James. Sir I thought as Corny went, there was no occasion for two of us to leave the house.

Codger. Corny!—but why send Corny upon such business—a country fellow scarce a fortnight yet in town go about with message cards—where's the butler?—where's Cosey?—I protest I am exceedingly angry at this.

James. Sir, it's none of our faults, Corny wou'd go, and you know his sister Mrs. Nancy told us before your face, that 'twas as much

much as our place was worth to say a word to him.

Codger. (*aside*) Sweet little Nancy!—dear how my heart bounc'd at her very name—Well James you were right if Nancy bid you.

James. Yes Sir, but her brother domineers over the family at such a rate—Very hard Sir for a parcel of servants to be under the controul of such an ignorant fellow as that.

Codger. I'll have no grumbling James—do as Nancy bids you. [*Exit James.*]

How the world wou'd laugh at me if they did but know of my falling in love with this girl, a poor country servant wench that I took from a register office, and her brother, this Corny, a cursed awkward rustic; every instant I suffer some inconveniencies from his unaccountable absurdities, but I please myself and hurt nobody, —stay—my nephew Horace—but he's a profligate unworthy of my favour. (*a loud and long knocking without. Codger calls at the side*) Stop Coley! James—James—Bless me, some great body, and I'm in a strange dishabille.

Enter JAMES:

James who is it?

James. It's only Corny Sir.

Enter CORNY:

Corny. Yes Sir, it's only I.

Codger. What the devil was it you that gave that thunder at the door?

Corny. Yes Sir, wasn't it a very good one?—As I've got this new trade of a footman, I was practicing a rat, tat, tat, tat.

Codger.

Codger. That was a rat, tat, tat, tat.

Corny. Why Lord Sir, don't be angry, I made as much noise as I cou'd.

Codger. Oh very well—so you have been——

Corny. Yes Sir, the day look'd so fine, I thought I might as well go take a walk.

Codger. Take a walk—Wasn't you d livering the message cards?

Corny. 'Ods bobs if I ever thought o'them, but I'll do it now—better late than never. (*gives cards*) There I deliver every one o'them to your honour.

Codger. Deliver 'em to me—Oh you blundering dog.

Corny. (*turns and looks at James*) Hem!—How dare you stand and listen to our conversation—Is that your manners and be damn'd to you?

Codger. Retire James.

Corny. Retire James.

[*Exit James.*]

Now if your honour won't be angry I'll tell you—the grand thing that brought me out.—Oh such wonders as I've bin looking at—I saw—the corner o'the Hay-market.—

Codger. You saw the corner o'the Hay-market!

Corny. All the outlandish beastes and foreign fowls.

Codger. Oh that's what you've been at—Well Corney always tell truth, but now forget your wildfowls.

Corny. Oh the Leopard!—but then the Tigress is such a fine beastes.

Codger. Corny, your sifter Nancy is in my eyes a charming—

Corny. A charming brute!

Codger. She excels in beauty—

Corny. The Catamountain.

Codger.

Codger. At least I admire her more than—

Corny. The Opossum.

Codger. As you hope for my favour, I expect your interest with her, therefore my lad tell her that I am——

Corny. A dromedary.

Codger. You'll tell her that I'm a dromedary!—
No incline her to listen to my passion.

Corny. Sir, She'll never listen to you if you get into a passion—I know Nan.

Codger. My love blockhead.

Corny. Oh I know that too—love! the porcupine.

Codger. Tell her it's in my power to give her all the pleasure in this word.

Corny. Sir, if I do she won't believe me. He, he, he!

Codger. That I'm so good I deny her nothing.

Corny. Yes Sir, she knows yo're good for nothing.

Codger. Hush, tell her that I'm generous, and kind and worthy.

Corny. Well Sir, to oblige you, I don't care how many lies I tell her. He, he, he! There's one thing I know will please sister mortifshly.

Codger. What—what my good lad?

Corny. Ever since she com'd up in the basket of the Abingdon fly, she's a woundy desire to ride in the inside of a coach, and I shall be glad of Thomas's place, for I'm sure I'm a main good coachman.

Codger. Why did you ever drive a pair of horses?

Corny. A pair—ay that I did—six.

Codger. Drive six horses?

Corny. Yes, often in a waggon.

Codger. Ha, ha, ha!

Corny.

Corny. I'll on with Thomas's livery he's left behind, and try my hand, and hanfel it with giving fister Nan a jaunt round Cavendish square. Gee up! Bonny! If your honour goes to the window, you'll see how nice I'll tickle them up. Gee up! waithehny! [*Exit Corny.*]

Scout. (*without*) Well you'll soon see who I belong to.

Codger. Eh, isn't that Scout my reprobate nephew's man.—What has the villain quitted college without my leave!—I will not see him I'm resolv'd—Cosey shall give him his dismissal.

[*Exit Codger.*]

Enter Scout with a portmanteau and pistols, which he throws on the table, JAMES following.

James. Why that may be, but who, or what shall I say?

Scout. Go, go, scour your knives, and that's all you have to do.

James. Well, if you won't tell me either your message or your business—

Scout. Oh we've our old butler still I see. (*looking out*)

Enter COSEY.

Cosey. James have you nothing to do?

Scout. Did'nt I bid you go scour your knives?

[*Exit James.*]

Cosey. (*looking at Scout*) Hey!

Scout. Do you forget me master Cosey?

Cosey. Scout!—you scapegrace! Oh your young master's come from Oxford, Eh?

Scout. Yes, we're come home.

Cofey. You're not, no home for you here.

Scout. No!—

Cofey. Hush. (*looks about with circumspection*)
Our house here is not our house now—Changes,
—your master—poor Horace—undone—ah—
you're dry—never knew you better—Oh if you
must have it—Come—this way.

[*Exeunt Cofey and Scout.*]

Enter HORACE.

Hor. To judge by his door, uncle Codger keeps open house—If he shou'd have heard more than old gentlemen ought to hear of young gentlemen, I'm in a thriving way, without a guinea, and no hopes but on his favour—I dread to see him—I wish the ice was broke—Oh Scout is come—Why has he left the portmanteau here—I'll try and sneak up to my room, and con over my penitentials for nuncle.

Enter SCOUT.

Scout, have you seen the old one?—Come and get off my boots. (*in a low tone*)

Scout. Don't be in a hurry Sir—you've a journey before you.

Hor. What is the puppy at?

Scout. Sir, I guess'd what wou'd become of your last scamper from Oxford—your uncle has heard of all our frolics.

Hor. The devil!

Scout. All out Sir, your excursion to Abingdon—and aching Captain Plume in the barn.

Hor. What, and perhaps my affair with Nancy Buttercup?

Scout.

Scout. Every thing.

Hor. Who cou'd have told him?—Why she and every body in the village thought me no other than Mr. Tinsel the strolling player.

Scout. I don't know Sir, but some unlucky little bird has whisper'd him all—He won't see you, so you're undone—and for me to live with you, I starve—leave you, I'm out of bread—for known to have been your humble servant, I've totally lost my character.

Hor. Not see me! amidst the extreme of his anger at my extravagancies, a good natur'd recollection of the follies of his own youth, generally inclin'd him to pardon those of mine! There must be something extraordinary.

Scout. There is indeed, and very extraordinary.—I've got it all out of old Cosey—It seems the sparkling eyes of a rosy-cheek'd country girl, that your uncle took in quality of a house-maid, has light up the dying embers of his amorous passions, and now our quondam mop-swing, has got mid-way between Duchess and dairy-maid, by the auxiliary aid of music and dancing-masters, Olympian dew, and a blackmoor barber, and a brother of her's here in the family, an honest carter at his own home, on the presumption of his sister's ascendancy over your uncle, is making such a rapid progress to gentility—such a Hector!—that the master seems an upper servant in his own house.

Hor. My uncle not see me. (*runs to a bell and rings violently.*)

Enter COSEY.

So, how d'ye do Mr. Cosey?

3 1 2

Cosey.

Cofey. (*in a low tone*) My dear, dear young master. (*loud*) Here's ringing enough to pull the house down.

Hor. Is my uncle within?

Cofey. No Sir, he's not within at present. (*in a low tone winking and pointing*) He's in the back parlour.

Hor. Acquaint him with my arrival.

Cofey. I shall Sir when he comes in. (*loud*)

Hor. Why it's only just now I've been told he's in the back parlour.

Cofey. (*loud*) Upon my word I don't tell you a lie Sir; (*in a low tone*) except by his order.

Hor. Come, come, I know he's at home.

Enter CODGER.

Codger. Sirrah I am not at home.

Cofey. There Sir, since you won't believe me, you've my master's own word for it. [*Exit.*

Codger. How have you the impudence to look me in the face?

Hor. Sir, this is a reception I didn't expect.

Codger. I suppose not, but I've heard of all your tricks.

Hor. Sir, whatever you've heard to my disadvantage, the progress I've made in my studies I hope will convince you—

Codger. Progress!

Hor. Yes Sir, I think I've got learning, and if you expect more—I've heard yourself say that you didn't return from college quite a conjurer.

Codger. No, not a bottle-conjurer like you—I've heard of your Athenian symposiaques—your supper philosophy.

Hor. Sir, this is a character that I really do not deserve.

Codger.

Codger. Character! ay, you had great regard to character, when you turned stage player.

Hor. My acting, Sir, was only among a few young gentlemen, for the benefit of a distressed family.

Codger. Amazing goodness!—ay, I suppose 'twas your wonderful charity that prompted you to ruin the poor farmer's daughter.

Hor. Ah, Sir, I see my college life has been painted to you in the most glaring colours.

Codger. Didn't you run in debt in every tavern—when arrested didn't you break the attorney's head—didn't you sell the furniture of your rooms, and on a shilling dispute throw the broker out of the window?

Hor. Did I do all this? (*to Scout*)

Scout. No, Sir, not above half of it.

Hor. Oh, but perhaps, Sir, it's your convenient housemaid has whispered these amusing fables in your ear, to make way for my little cousins, that she intends to present you with, ha, ha, ha, I'll come and taste the cawdle.

Codger. Here's gratitude, this my thanks for breeding you up from a little curly headed rascal, when your whole inheritance cou'dn't purchase a saucepan of pap.

Hor. Sir, you have been kind, and I know you will have the goodness——

Codger. I have no goodness—do you be good enough to go out of my house.

Hor. Without money?

Codger. Lord boy, there's money enough withoutside of these doors.

Hor. Oh, very well, Sir; by heavens I'll go on the stage and disgrace your family—I'll turn player.

Codger. Well Exit Mr. Player.

Hor.

Hor. Or—I have it—yes, I'll make a tremendous exit; (*takes a pistol off the table, which he gives to Codger*) Sir, be so obliging as to shoot that man. (*pointing to Scout*)

Scout. Shoot me! lord, Sir, why would you bid any body do that to any body. (*terrified*)

Hor. I'll say I did it myself, and by an ignominious, though guiltless death, stigmatize my family with eternal infamy.

Codger. Here's a desperate villain! you James! Corny, here's a ruffianly rogue—get out o' my house.

Enter COSEY.

Cosey. Did your honour call me?

Codger. Get away, get away. (*to Horace*) Shew him out—I'll hear no more, go—go—

[*Exeunt Horace, Scout, and Codger, severally.*]

Cosey. Poor nephew, foolish uncle, pretty Nancy—coaxing doxy—her brother Corny impudent bumpkin.

Corny. (*without*) Ay, ay, let who will drive for me.

Cosey. Eh, the very clown.

Enter CORNY in coachman's livery, soiled.

Hey what now Corny?

Corny. Ah, master Cosey, I'm sick of this coachman's trade already.

Cosey. What like your old cart and waggon driving better?

Corny. Yes, much handier at the team—gee up! look. (*shews his coat*)

Cosey. A quarellsome dog has a dirty coat.

Corny. Quarrel?—he, he, he! No, I'll tell you, you know his old honor seeing as how that I took a fancy to be coachman, was quite agreeable, so
to

to hanfel my new place, I thought I might begin with giving sifter Nan a jaunt, and to do things handy, I leads the horses up to the door by their very ears, but hitching the axletree of the hind wheel upon a postes, and sifter standing on the step so grand, slap goes a bit of mud in her eye—this was lucky, though she was mortifshly discomfronted at it, as it gave time for me by main strength of back, to let the carriage even—well, in bounces Nan, and smack goes the door upon her fingers--(*squalls*) but what brought 'em there?—Well, now to mount the box—up I puts my foot on the top o' the little wheel, and catching hold o' the brass lion's paw that hung at the corner of that hairy hammer-cloth—away it comes with me, and down tumbles I upon my back—seeing the folks all around lauging at a woundy rate, up I jumps, gives a chuck to the rein, and a stamp on the foot-board, and was just spanking off, when poor Nan in a hurry to tell me that I'd left my wig under the wheel, forgetting that the window was up, pops her head through the coach glafs.

Cofey. Coach glafs!—a bad job!

Corny. Yes, she scratch'd her forehead a few, and found herself so timberfome, that out jumps she, and down comes I—so there ended her jaunting and my coach driving.

Cofey. Well, now you've had a trial at the box, will you get up again behind the coach?

Corny. What, footman after being coachman! No that's advancing back in the world.

Cofey. Well, and pray Mr. Corny what place do you choofe next in the family.

Corny. Let's fee—I'll be—whats the gardener's wages?

Cofey.

Cofey. I think Master gives Mr. Bulbous fifty guineas a year.

Corny. I'll be gardener.

Cofey. Why there's nothing to do here in town for a gardener.

Corny. Fifty guineas and nothing to do—the very place I want—ask it for me of maister.

Cofey. I will, if only to see how far the old gentleman's dotage will carry him. (*a knocking without*) There's somebody at the door. (*sits*)

Corny. I believe there is (*sits*)

Cofey. (*taking a pinch of snuff*) I wish they'd open it.

Corny. (*taking a pinch out of Cofey's box*) I wish they would.

Codger. (*without*) No body open the door—why Cofey!

Cofey. I'm here Sir.

Codger. Corny!

Corny. I'm here Sir. (*they sit still*) Master Cofey?

Cofey. Well?

Corny. Is your sifter such a very pretty girl?

Cofey. Me—I've no sifter, nor ever had.

Corny. Then my good old butler, as you haven't got no pretty girl a sifter, you'd as good step down stairs and open the door.

Codger. (*without*) James, Corny, Cofey! is there no scoundrel to answer?

Corny. Yes, Sir, the butler here was answering.

Enter CODGER.

Codger. I hope Nancy isn't hurt, there's her dancing master below—I desire and command you Cofey, never to let my nephew Horace into this house.

Enter

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. Don't—don't be angry, Sir—I didn't think the glass had been up.

Codger. Angry, my dear! yes, I am angry with that Dolt, your brother; but shew me your pretty forehead—Oh, no harm to the alabaster.

Corny. Oh ho! the old one is in his loving fit—
(*apart to Nancy*) Kifs him, Nanny.

Nancy. I wish you'd let Nanny alone.

Corny. Now's the nick to push my fortin. (*aside*)
Speak to maister for the place for me. (*apart to Cofey*)

Cofey. Sir, honest Corny here, not finding himself quite easy on the coach box, humbly wishes to change with—

Codger. Hey! what the deuce will he have now?

Cofey. He'd be glad you'd make him—

Corny. Yes, Sir, I'd be glad you'd make me Butler.

Cofey. (*Surprised*) What is it my place you want?

Corny. Any body's place, so it be a good one.

Nancy. Why brother!

Codger. Hey, then I suppose you'll want my place bye and bye?

Corny. Yours—Why your honor, I had a sort of a worshipful wheezing this morning, and I feel this moment a very gentleman-like twinge in my great toe, but whether that's the gout or a corn, depends entirely upon your honor's love for sifter Nan.

Nancy. I vow, brother, you grow so proud and troublesome there's no bearing with you.

Corny. Maister Cosey, I want the keys of the cellar and plate.

Codger. Psha—ridiculous—Go, you foolish fellow, and mind your business.

Corny. Oh, very well, if I'm ridiculous—Nan, pack up your caps, the Abingdon coach sets out to-morrow at five in the morning.

Nancy. I vow, brother, if I know what to make of you.

Corny. Make a butler of me, and hold your prate.

Codger. Bless my body if I know how to—mustn't part with the girl tho' (*aside*) Cosey, never mind the foolish fellow—give him—give him the keys. (*apart to Cosey*)

Cosey. What, Sir, wou'd you discard an old faithful servant for—

Codger. Psha! now you're going to vex me too—to set your wit against a blockhead like that—(*apart to Cosey*)

Corny. Nan, where's your box?

Codger. You silly man, your sister is well, and let her remain so.

Corny. Am I butler?

Codger. Ay you're any thing—every thing—(*aside*) I wish you were at the Devil, and your sister in my arms.

Corny. Come, I'll first see the state of the wine cellar, and with a big bottle I'll knock down old Cosey, by inch of candle in a hoop.

[*Exeunt Corny and Cosey.*]

Codger. Well, my sweet Nancy, don't I prove my great love for you in suffering your brother to go such lengths, and turn my family topsy turvy.

Nancy. Indeed, Sir, I'm ashamed of him, yet I'm afraid to speak or contradict him—from a boy
he

he was always a Turk over me and my little sister, and if we dared to look crooked, he'd thump us about so—

Codger. Only for you, my darling, I'd thump him out o'the house.

Nancy. I grant, Sir, you're very good to me, but I wish you had let me remain as I was—I don't know what to do—your indulgence has quite spoil'd me for a servant, and for any thing else—ah! no, no, no.

Codger. Ah, you arch wag—

Nancy. Indeed Sir, I'm not a wag; I am not indeed, Sir, and I can tell you Sir, for all I'm so much oblig'd to you, that it's all lost time your doddling about me, for it won't do.

Codger. Come, don't play the Turk like your brother.

Nancy. But what signifies all this coaxing—wou'd you marry me, Sir?

Codger. Ay, that I wou'd.

Nancy. But will you?

Codger. You have indeed my will, Nancy, but—

Nancy. Don't give yourself the trouble of refusing me, for I never will marry, except—(*weeps, but endeavours to conceal her tears*) I beg your pardon, Sir.

Codger. What's the matter, my love? if I've said any thing to offend you, I beg you a thousand pardons.

Nancy. No Sir, its only a thought that comes across me now and then—there Sir, it's over.

Codger. My dear, have some lavender, or you'd best have a thimble full of wine—your spirits are quite down, my sweeting.

Enter CORNY.

Corny. I'd be glad to know, Sir, which is old red port, or butter'd ale, the best cure for the gout.

Nancy. What a droll boy 'tis—ha, ha! he, he—oh—*(between laughing and crying)*

Codger. Hey, now she's laughing—oh, I'll save my lavender drops, since his red port has done the business.

Enter JAMES.

James. Mrs. Nancy, there the dancing master has waited so long, he says he'll charge you a double lesson.

Codger. Let him—but the puppy, how dare he send up such a message—Now for your cotillons. Tol, lol lol.

Cor. Dance up to maister, Nanny—Tol lol. lol.—Ah, Sir, if you were but to see sister foot it in our barn at home, she's so humourfome when I touch the Jew's Harp—

Nancy. Why brother—

Codger. I he Jew's Harp! Come, my diamond, that only wants polishing—Art shall finish what Nature has begun. [*Exit Codger, leading Nancy.*]

Corny. Tol lol lol.—If he charges double he shall brush up my hornpipe; and then I'll go see the larned pig, and other such nice affairs,

AIR.—

AIR.—CORNY.

Who wou'd not up to London come,
To see such pretty fights?
A little Hare to beat a Drum,
And other-strange delights.
Two Mares a graceful minuet prance,
It's sure most monstrous rig,
To see the Dogs and Turkies dance,
And next the larned Pig.

To walk and fly their hoofs and wings,
Did Birds and Beasts once use;
But Astley now knows better things,
And so does Master Hughes.
And man on earth no longer crawls,
Can Eagles soar much higher?
Young Ladies now skip over Pauls,
Each Damsel a High-flyer.

Mayhap some cunning Man may try,
Our humour not to baulk,
To teach a Salmon how to fly,
And Lobsters how to talk:
The Lion bold to bill and coo,
The Pidgeon how to roar;
Since Beasts have learn'd to go on two,
Teach us to go on four.

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Room in CODGER'S.

Enter COSEY with Chocolate, and Newspapers, which he lays on a Table, then goes to a door, and listens.

COSEY.

EH! I fancy master's gone to bed again.

Codger. (from within) Who's there?

Cosey. It's I, Sir, with your chocolate, and the papers.

Enter CODGER, in morning gown and cap.

Codger. Oh, Cosey, is that you—pray has my nephew Horace, attempted an entry here since?

Cosey. No, poor youth—well, Sir, were I a gentleman and uncle to such a nephew, ah—

Codger. Why faith, Cosey, I begin to suspect that I've been rather too harsh with the lad.

Cosey. Suspect! you may be sure of it, Sir.

Codger.

Codger. Well, well, we shall think about that—d'ye hear, don't let that Corny come near me; what is he about now?

Cofey. Sir, he's practising his new butlership at the side-board.

Codger. Butlership! ha, ha, ha! well, and how does the devil come on?

Cofey. Oh, pretty well, Sir, he has only broke two or three dozen of glasses as yet.

Codger. Bless my body how shall I get rid of him?—but for his sister Nancy, send her hither, tell her I want to hear her begin with Mr. Tweedle her new music master. [goes in.]

Cofey. Music! well said, Nancy Buttercup, but she's a pretty little girl, and but for the insolence of Chucklehead, her brother, we shou'd all rejoice in her good fortune.

Enter CORNY.

Corny. What have you been doing here, Eh?

Cofey. Leaving my master's chocolate if it be no offence.

Corny. Leaving chocolate! hem! I believe that belongs to the Butler's place, and if so, 'twas very great 'fence.

Cofey. Time enough for you to put on butler when you get out of livery, Master Corny.

Corny. Get you out o'room, Maister Cofey.

Cofey. Why if 'twas no more than my being the elder, you might be at least civil.

Corny. True, but as I am the stronger, I'll be uncivil—Get out. (*pushes Cofey off*) Throw my livery in my teeth! though if our old master Codger marries sister Nan, as I'm sure he wull, this same livery does no great credit to either he
or

or she. Eh ! here's a suit of his Honor's cloaths. Lord help him, he has clothes enough. (*takes clothes off a horse*) Oh they shall go on—I dare say he'll take a great pride in me ; and then such respect as I shall command from the servants—and here too is his breakfast waiting. (*empties the chocolate into a basin*) I'll make it ready for him, poor old fellow ! (*puts in sugar*) I fear I've made it too sweet. (*drinks*) No, it's not sweet enough. (*puts in more sugar then drinks*) A little more milk. (*pours in milk*) Let's try. (*drinks it off*) Now 'twill do very well. [*Exit with the cloaths.*]

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. I believe there was never such a poor unfortunate girl as I am, rob'd of my heart by a cruel dear deceiver that I shall never, no, I shall never see Mr. Tinsel again ; and here constantly teased by one that I never can love, though gratitude forbids me to hate him : I will not stay ; but if the advertisement I put into the newspaper procures me another place, I shall be at least freed from my brother's domineering, and my old gentleman's addresses—oh here's the newspapers, dear let's see, is my advertisement in ; ay here's the Times. (*looking over the paper*) I hope it bids the enquiry to be made at my cousin Mrs. Neighbourly's, in Oxford-street. “ Wanted “ wanted—wants, wants, wants, wants, wants,” oh, what a deal of wants there are in this world—yes, indeed here it is, stay. (*reads*) “ Wants a Place, “ a genteel young woman,” genteel, ay that I certainly am, “ of agreeable manners,” I'm sure I'm as civil as I can be to every soul in the house, from my master down to our footboy ; “ not unaccom-

unaccomplished," I can play three lessons on the harpsichord without book ; besides now I can go through the whole gammut on the new-fashion'd Piano-forté Guittar : " she is capable of superintending a family where there is no mistress, please to enquire for A. B. at the Hog-in-Pound, Oxford-street."—very well—A. B. that's right, Anne Buttercup, I'll run up there to see if any body has enquired.—My brother ! lord what has he been doing to himself ?

Re-enter CORNY, in Codger's cloaths.

Corny. Sister Nan, he, he, he ! look at I, he, he, he ! smart as a carrot.

Nancy. What figure is this you are ?

Corny. I'm the figure of 1, won't be a cypher no more.—Got out of livery, now I'm butler—a suit of master's.

Nancy. Has he left off such good cloaths ?

Corny. Yes, he left 'em off last night as he was going to bed.

Nancy. Has he given 'em to you ?

Corny. Not yet, but I intend to ask them of him—Sister Nan, don't I look monstrous well ? I'm sure I do, for you know my sweetheart, Dolly Dogrose, that there Whitsun-monday said I look'd very like you sister Nanny.

Nancy. I'm little obliged to Dolly Dogrose, you may be like me, but I'm sure and fartin, Corny, I'm not like you nor never was ; no, not so bad as that neither.

Corny. Now how d'ye know, now how d'ye know pray ? you know Dolly tried her cap upon me, but did you ever see yourself in a wig ?

Nancy. Ah, go along with yourself and your comparisons.

Corny. Nanny, look, don't you think I'd make a compleat Member of Parliament? 'od I should like to take house and follow that business.

Nancy. Business! ha, ha, ha! such an ignorant— (*aside*) House! and I suppose write over your door, Corny Buttercup, Member of Parliament.

Corny. Yes, and I'd have all the great folks to deal with me, once they'd find out I've the gift of the tongue.

Nancy. (*Going to the table*) Now choke them that drank up my master's chocolate.

Corny. Now you'd as good say 'twas I did that too, you know that's your way always; oh very well it was, to be sure 'twas I that gobbled it up. (*ironically*)

Nancy. Then if you did, you've a great deal of impudence; not left even a drop of cream.

Corny. Cream! why it tasted in my mouth like asses milk. (*bell rings*) Oh, Lord, I forgot to tell you, there's one Mr. Tweedle, a Harpsichorder below, he says, as how he's Organer at St. Thing-o-me's church, and he's sent for by old Maister Codger to give you a gavot if your music bes in tune.

Enter TWEEDLE.

How d've do, Sir. (*bows awkwardly*)

Tweedle. Sir, your most obedient. (*bows*) I presume, Ma'am, you're the young lady?

Corny. Lady! he, he, he! no that's Nan; she may be a lady though if she will, for his old Honour's so fond of her, that he intends—

Nancy.

Nancy. I request you'll go out of the room.

Corny. I won't.

Tweedle. Oh, Ma'am, the gentleman's presence is not the least interruption. (*touches a Piano*)

Corny. Gentleman!—he's a vastly civil man. (*aside*) Sir, will you have a glass of rum?

Nancy. Upon my word, Corny you're very rude, and only that the strange gentleman's bye, I'd tell you so.

Tweedle. Very good tone.—You sing, Ma'am?

Nancy. No, Sir, but now and then I hum a little for Mr. Codger.

Corny. Yes, Sir, she hums Mr. Codger now and then, and so does I.

Tweedle. I mean, Ma'am, do you sing?

Nancy. I'm fond of it, Sir.

Corny. But she can't sing half so loud as I. (*sings*)

“ And then says he to Mrs. Nan,
My name is Dicky of Ballyman;
And I can neither card nor spin,
Nor do any one kind of thing.”

Tol de rol lol.

(*Claps Tweedle on the shoulder and sings*) Join me
in Chorus. Tol de rol lol.

Enter CODGER.

Codger. What the devil tol de rol lolling is all this?

Corny. (*Clapping Codger on the shoulder, sings*)
Chorus. Tol de rol lol.

Codger. (*Looking at Corny then at the clothes horse*)

horse) Is't possible—Oh, Mr. Tweedle, I suppose—Sir, on the recommendation of a pupil of yours, who—*(to Tweedle)* put on my clothes—*(apart to Corny)* whose musical talents—*(to Tweedle)* you most impudent *(apart to Corny)* I admire—*(to Tweedle)* you audacious—*(apart to Corny)* I shou'd wish to give you the preference to any other son of Euterpe—you infernal scoundrel. *(loud to Corny)*

Corny. But why, why Sir, shou'd you abuse that young man.

Tweedle. Sure the gentleman's not talking to me.

Corny. Yes, he means you though he looks at me, for in a morning he always squints hugely. *(apart.)*

Codger. I'll teach you another tune you villain. *(to Corny)*

Tweedle. Sir, I cou'd teach you fifty tunes.

Codger. Then won't you please to sit down, Sir. *(to Tweedle)*

Corny. I'd rather stand, I'm obliged to you, Sir.

Codger. Walk out o' my house, you rascal, or I'll break your bones *(to Corny)*

Tweedle. Oh, Sir, I'll save you the trouble—you're a most unmannerly old fellow.

Codger. What!

Tweedle. And when you catch me in your house again, may I never get as much money with a scholar as wou'd cover the first note of Correlli's jig. *[Exit.*

Nancy. The gentleman's gone in a strange manner.

Codger. I don't know who's gone or who's here,

here, I'm so embarrass'd, and confounded;— I tell you what, Nancy Buttercup, you're a good girl, and a charming girl, and worthy of every thing that can be done for you, and you know that I love you, but that fellow there your brother Corny, is the most prodigious scoundrel that ever——

Corny. Stop, Maister Codger, you love sister Nan here, and I'm a prodigious scoundrel; so in that case d'ye see, thus the world wags. *(takes her arm under his, sings and exit with Nancy.)*

Codger. There's a fellow, came into my house only t'other day in a waggoner's frock; ay, set a Beggar on Horseback, and he'll—his sister's a lovely girl, but I can't, I mustn't think any more of her—no, no, no bearing the intolerable impudence of this curs'd bumpkin; yet here I'm left a lone bird without a housekeeper, or any body to look after my family affairs: but no more pretty girls, and yet a smiling little notable wench now might drive Nancy from my old foolish fond pate. I'm aham'd to enquire among my friends for a young housekeeper—Eh! let's see the paper, such things are often advertised—*(takes the newspaper and reads)* “Gardener, “footman, wants place, groom, lady's maid, “housekeeper, young woman, not unaccomplish'd”—Oh, seems near the mark—“superintending family—enquire A. B.” This may do, I'll consider of it, throw on my cloaths and about it immediately. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

HORACE'S Lodgings.

Enter SCOUT and HORACE meeting, (the latter throws himself into a chair agitated.)

Scout. Well, Sir, have you seen the Manager, has he engaged you, what salary, how many benefits?

Horace. All over Scout, I'm refused, rejected.

Scout. Ah, Sir, if they refused you, I'm sure these London Managers know very little of good acting.

Hor. Waited above half an hour before this King of shreds and patches wou'd condescend to grant me an audience, then after asking me to favour him with a speech—he stops me before I've got three lines, told me I had a fine voice—was a good figure—therefore, Sir, says he, I'd advise you to go into the country for a few summers—hey—ah—Cumberland or Birmingham; or stay, I'll give you a line to the manager at Coventry.

Scout. What the devil, Sir, was he going to send you to Coventry?

Hor. But now my chagrin is a little over, I dare say he was right, and I was a coxcomb to think of a profession for which nature had denied me abilities. By heaven I've a mind to begin my acting with George Barnwell, and shoot my uncle the first time I catch him out of doors. To bring me up with hopes of an affluent fortune, and now abandon me to the blight of poverty!—

Scout.

Scout. Huzza! Sir the luckiest thing—Please to read that card, it was put just now into my hand in the street. (*offers a card*)

Hor. Psha! (*puts it aside*) I almost think that the hand of Providence is on me for my villainous scheme upon poor Nancy, and if I knew only where to find her—

Scout. Read, only please to read the card Sir.

Hor. (*reads*) “The Stage.—Ladies and gentlemen of a theatrical genius, may have engagements in a reputable company, in possession of a good circuit: For particulars enquire for A. B. the Hog in Pound, ‘Oxford Street’”—What d’ye shew me this for, firrah—d’ye think I’ll turn stroller?

Scout. The finest—the most comfortable revenge Sir, upon your old uncle—The man gave me a whisper that this is Mrs. Mummery’s company, and you know that they play at the village of Nettlebed within a mile of your uncle’s country seat. Ha, ha, ha! how he will fret and rave to see his name stuck in a play-bill against a malt-house—I warrant Sir, old family pride soon brings him down with the cash, to keep you off the stage.

Hor. But where, or of who am I to enquire. (*looks at the card*) A. B. Oxford-street—Come along Scout—Let’s muster cash, thy counsel is my shield.

Scout. We must be brief when hunger braves the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Oxford-street.—The Inn in View.

Enter CORNY and NANCY, her arm under his.

Corny. Nan—

Nancy. Well?

Corny. Look behind, towards Holles street—
Is'nt old maister running after you? (*in a low tone*)

Nancy. Not he indeed.

Corny. Nor Cosey?

Nancy. No.

Corny. Nor James nor Barney?

Nancy. I wish I cou'd get from him. (*aside*)

Corny. Hush—old master's calling you back.

Nancy. Not one of them.

Corny. Eh—I fear I've carried this affair too far—I believe there's a leg of pork for servant's dinner to-day.

Nancy. Yes, and that's your share of it.

Corny. I wish I had eat my dinner before I came out, I'm as hungry—Nan, I thought you were a pretty girl, and now I begin to suspect your handsomeness.

Nancy. Why pray?

Corny. Or maister wou'd never have let you come away—I no more dreamt that he'd suffer you to come over the threshold—Nancy you're mortish ugly.

Nancy. Well, I'm as heaven made me.

Corny. Heaven never made you with a Billingsgate mob you dab.

Nancy. Lord brother don't abuse me in the street

street—How shall I get away from him? (*aside*)
Corny!

Corny. Well?

Nancy. If I cou'd but run into Mrs. Neighbourly's—I'll try—(*aside*) As I live Corny, I believe this is the very street where I was stop'd t'other evening, by the filly fellow that swore he'd come home with me.

Corny. Eh—was it---but how was this you gave the fool the double?

Nancy. Oh I'll shew you---Suppose now I'm wanting to run away from you.

Corny. Well, now let's see?

Nancy. He, he, he! Now mind---I say to you, "Lord Sir, I desire---Pray Sir, let go my hand." Then you know I pull it away---Then if you take hold of me again, I give you a box on the ear---just so---

Corny. Hold Nan---we'll suppose that too.

Nancy. Then I say, "Sir you wou'dn't dare to touch me if my brother was by---for though he is a stupid sort of lad"---

Corny. Don't say that Nanny.

Nancy. "He wou'dn't stand by and see me affronted; and Sir, if you want girls for your purpose look yonder."—now you know you are to look yonder.

Corny. Well, there. (*turns his head aside*) But I see no girl.

Nancy. Well now Corny I give the fool the double. (*runs into the inn*)

Corny. The deuce a girl, or if there was one, she's hopp'd off with herself; but Nan is this the way you gave the fool the double?

Enter HORACE and SCOUT.

Hor. I think this is it.

Scout. Yes Sir, this is the very house.

Corny. (*without turning*) The devil a bit.

Hor. So now for Mrs. Mummery. (*goes into the inn*)

Corny. Pray do you love leg o'pork?—

Scout. Why yes friend, with a pease pudding.
Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit into the Inn.*]

Corny. 'Od zountifish! (*turning round*) where's Nan? gone! halloo Nan! yes, she has given the fool the double—Ah what an owl was I to think of building my fortin upon the mind of a woman—Nan!—where—which way did she go?—Nan! Ah poor Corny! where's now my coachmanships—my gardnership's—my butlerships—All my ships are cast away—I'll e'en go back—down upon my knees, and if old maister will but forgi' me, and take me into house again, I'll set my hand to any thing—take a scrub at a table—a whisk at a carpet—a friz at a wig—tap the small beer—feed Tib and Bob, or curry Dobbin—I'll wind up the jack for Dolly the cook, and turn down beds for Peggy the housemaid.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV; *and last.**A Room in the Inn.**A ringing and confused noise without.**Enter NANCY running and alarmed, and MRS. NEIGHBOURLY.*

Mrs. N. You may walk in here Nancy—*(calls off.)* Sam step into the office and see those parcels book'd for the Aylesbury coach. *(turning to Nancy)* My house is so full of one sort or other—Passengers waiting for places, and—always in a bustle.

Nancy. Oh my dear cousin Nighbourly shut the door, I'm so frighten'd, and so glad to get safe here to you.

Mrs. N. But how Nancy?—what's the matter, have you left your place? *(calls off)* You Dick bring up that shilling's worth of half-and-half to Mrs. Mummery, *(turns to Nancy)* a great managerefs of three or four country play-houses, we've got here in the house, and a special good customer she is—but how and why? Lord 'twas rife about our neighbourhood, all the folks had it here, that your master had married you.

Nancy. Oh, Heavens! don't mention such a thing—bless me, who's that?—shut the door—I'm not here if it's my brother Corny.

Mrs. N. Not see your brother!

Nancy. Ha, ha, ha! I dare say he's in a peck of troubles to know what's become of me.

*(aside.)**Mrs. N.*

Mrs. N. Hush!

[*Exit.*

Nancy. But what shall I do if I can get no place to suit me—Ah, cruel Mr. Tinsel, were you but here—Now indeed I want a protector.

Re-enter MRS. NEIGHBOURLY.

Mrs. N. I'm sure I don't know what he means—here's a gentleman asking for A. B.

Nancy. Oh that's me—my advertisement has brought him; I warrant my face is covered with dust, and no looking glass here; I wonder is he old, or young, or middle aged?—My dear cousin will you shew the gentleman up, but be you within call though.

Mrs. N. Lord Nancy, this is all very odd—for my part I've nothing to do with gentlemen, either up or down—This way, Sir, if you please?

[*Exit.*

Nancy. Well this is luck indeed, if I get a place so soon—how strangely my heart flutters,

Enter HORACE.

Hor. Ay, I suppose my female country manager here will be for sending me to Coventry too—I presume ma'am, you're the lady that advertised for—

Nancy. Yes, Sir. (*curtsies, then looks with attention at Horace*) Mr. Tinsel!

Hor. My Nancy!—Why this is the most unexpected, the most fortunate meeting—

Nancy. If you think it fortunate, how could you leave me to the anger of my friends; scoff of the whole village; and my own bitter reflections at your sudden departure.

Hor.

Hor. (kisses her) Hush ! there now I forgive you.

Nancy. You forgive me ! Ah, you bold-face ; but I can't be angry with you ; I'm so happy—bless me I think I hear my master's voice.

Hor. Your master !

Nancy. Yes, one Mr. Codger here above in Harley Street that I hired with on my coming to London.

Hor. Is't possible you can be my uncle's Nancy ?

Nancy. Mr. Codger your uncle !

Hor. All's out—he is indeed Nancy.

Nancy. Dear, what are you my master's nephew, Mr. Horace ! a gentleman ! well something all along told me that you were not really a strolling player.—ah, you cruel deceiver !

Enter MRS. NEIGHBOURLY.

Mrs. N. Nancy, child, I'll make free to turn you and this gentleman into another room, for Mrs. Mummery is coming to hire some of her actor folks in this.

Hor. Mrs. Mummery ! oh, that must be the lady I came to enquire after.

Mrs. M. (without) This way Mr. Barnavag.

Mrs. N. Here she is—I must beg pardon—can't disoblige her—a good customer—always uses my house when she comes to town.

(Puts Horace and Nancy off.)

This room is ready, ma'am.

(Speaking off, exit.)

Enter

Enter MRS. MUMMERY, BARNAVAG, YOUNG BARNAVAG, *and* MISS BARNAVAG.

Mrs. M. Well, Mr.—What's your name?

Bar. Barnavag, madam.

Mrs. M. Ha, and this is your son and daughter?—and you'd wish to engage in my company?

Bar. We wou'd, Madam.

Mrs. M. Long on the stage, Mr. Barnavag?

Bar. Sixty two years last Lynmart; my first appearance was the child in the Chances, and I squalled so naturally that the thunder of applause rings in my ears this very moment.

Mrs. M. And pray Miss Barnavag what cast are you in?

Miss B. Mostly the old men in Comedy, madam.

Mrs. M. And your son?

Young B. I do the airy fops—ah, ha—(*capers heavily, and takes snuff, then blows and fans himself with his hat*)

Bar. Madam, our family is a little company in itself, but my eldest son! ah, Mrs. Mummery, he has prodigious merit indeed—Gaby, are you sure your brother said he'd follow us?

Young B. Yes.

Bar. Ha—well, Ma'am, he'll enquire for you by your signature of A. B.—He's our Macbeth, Lear, Touchstone, and so forth—but his grand line, is the old comical fathers, Madam, an extravagant dog though—it's he that broke up my company—why Madam, he has ruin'd my wardrobe by wearing the stock-cloaths; and as our last play was the Busy Body, I dare say the fellow is

is at this moment figuring up swallow street, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe.

Mrs. M. Well, well, we shall see, but you must know, Mr. Barnavag, our gentlefolks down in the country, to ape the elegance of your London taste, have got mad after camels, birds, horses, musical hares, balloons, and such things; and so in compliance with these new fancies, my business partly up to London, was to engage the dancing dogs for them—Oh, and apropos, I'll shew you—(*calls*) *Mrs. Neighbourly!*

Enter MRS. NEIGHBOURLY.

Has the man brought home the things I mentioned Mrs. Neighbourly?

Mrs. N. I don't know, Ma'am, but some man left that case for you. (*pointing to a case*)

Mrs. M. (*Looking at it, turns to Barnavag*) I get all my stage properties made in London, by Mr. Combes, of Covent Garden, a very ingenious man, and I even have my scenes painted in town by little Mr. Hodgins—Here's a cargo of crowns, sceptres, daggers, bowls, and truncheons.

Mrs. N. I've shewn an old gentleman into the next room, Madam, he comes about an advertisement.

Bar. Old gentleman! ha, ha, ha! it's he, Madam—it's my son Nokes—when he's dressed the fellow looks the old gentleman indeed—Ha, ha, ha!—and I dare say he'll put it on too, to give you a sample of his acting—Ha, ha, ha,—a wild rogue, Ma'am.

Mrs. M. Shew him in here.

[*Exit Mrs. Neighbourly.*
In

In case it shou'd not be he, Mr. Barnavag, you'll please to step down stairs a moment.

Bar. Yes, Ma'am—but I warrant 'tis Nokes—we call him Nokes, he's so comical—ha, ha, ha! Come down, children.

[*Exeunt, manent Mrs. Mummery.*]

Mrs. M. (*Looking out*) Oh yes, this must be he.

Enter CODGER.

Codger. Servant, Ma'am.

Mrs. M. Sir—

Codger. Ah, my heart is pretty safe with such a housekeeper as this. (*aside*)

Mrs. M. Must be a good actor—very fine grimace indeed. (*aside*)

Codger. I presume you are A. B.

Mrs. M. I am.

Codger. You're a bouncing B. (*aside*) I'd be glad to know your last place, because I shall want a character.

Mrs. M. You may have plenty of characters, Sir, but pray are you a quick study?

Codger. Eh?

Mrs. M. I dare say you'll find mine a good company.

Codger. I make no doubt, Ma'am, but you're very good company—but will you undertake the care of my family? Pray let's know your terms—what wages?

Mrs. M. Salary is out of the question—you may have a share in my company.

Codger. Well, Ma'am, you're very generous, to give me share of your company without any salary

salary—let's strike the bargain—you undertake the care of my family.

Mrs. M. Why Sir, I must say part of your family I think very useless. I don't like the fat fop.

Codger. The fat fop!—oh, Corny, I suppose. (*aside*)

Mrs. M. Then, upon my word, your poor old father's fit for nothing but a candle snuffer.

Codger. My father a candle snuffer!

Mrs. M. But, however, I have no objection to engage you.

Codger. Yes, you're very engaging—(*aside*)

Mrs. M. But there's one thing—not so free with the wardrobe—you mustn't strut about in my cloaths.

Codger. Ha, ha, ha! don't fear Madam, I'm not quite so frolicksome.

Mrs. M. I believe you're an excellent old man, but you shall have a trial part—are you frighten'd at a full house.

Codger. Frighten'd—she thinks me some stingy hunks—(*aside*) Why no Ma'am, I'm used to see a good deal of company.

Mrs. M. Oh then, we're generally full at the race time—or shou'd you like to take your trial at the next assizes.

Codger. What!

Mrs. M. And then if you're approv'd of, you may take your full swing.

Codger. I swing at the next assizes! I'm very much oblig'd to you Ma'am. (*going*)

Mrs. M. Where's the man going—I have the stamps ready—here Mrs. Neighbourly—(*calls*) and if you please, we'll sign the articles—and call up your father to witness them.

Codger. Call up my father! If it's the same to you, we'll let him stay where he is.

Mrs. M. Why, pray?

Codger. Because, Ma'am, it might happen to make the difference of three thousand a year to me.

Mrs. M. Ha, ha, ha! you're truly comic.

Codger. Am I faith.

Mrs. M. Do you dance?

Codger. Dance!

Mrs. M. But how is your tragedy?

Codger. Egad, Ma'am, I don't know how it is.

Mrs. M. Let's have a speech—Come, the mad scene in Lear—here's his garland—*(takes a garland of artificial flowers from the case, and throws it over Codger's shoulders)* Come, "Pull off my boots—hard—harder."

Codger. I never pull'd off a lady's boots in my life.

Mrs. M. Well, Macbeth—here a truncheon. *(Takes a truncheon from the case, and puts it in his hand)* "Blow wind, burst rack, at least we'll die with harness on our back."

Codger. And pray Ma'am, what am I to do with this piece of stick?

Mrs. M. Ay, you're all for comedy I see—"First the quip modest—next the reply churlish."

Codger. By the Lord, Madam—

Mrs. M. Oh you're going to the Clown in Twelfth Night—Well, let's have a speech of that—oh, stay, here's the clown's cap—*(takes a cap from the case, and puts it on Codger's head)* ---interrupted! well, this gentleman can witness the articles.

Enter

Enter HORACE.

Hor. My uncle!

Codger. Horace!

Mrs. M. (Reading) "You agree to act in all tragedies, comedies, operas, farces, preludes, interludes, prologues, epilogues, mimes, and pantomimes."

Codger. Hey---(*Putting his fingers to his ears*)

Hor. What the devil! uncle, are you going on the stage?---ha, ha, ha.

Codger. I don't know where I'm going, nor what this great woman's going to do with me.

Enter CORNY.

Corny. Maister Codger I'm come—ha, ha, ha!
(*looking at him*) Lord what a fine fool my maister does make. Ha, ha, ha!

Codger. Get along you scoundrel. (*throws the cap at him*) Laugh'd at by you too.

Enter BARNAVAG.

Barry. Well Mrs. Mummery he's not come.

Mrs. M. Yes he's here, and a charming comedian he is. (*pointing to Codger*)

Codger. Tell me woman what are you at here with your articles and your mines, and your pantomimes?

Mrs. M. Why ain't you Nokes the Player, son to old Barnavag?

Codger. Don't Barnavag me woman—I'm neither John O'Nokes nor Peter Stiles.

Barry. Lord Mrs. Mummery that's not my son—(*looks stedfastly at him*) 'Od it's 'Squire—

Codger.

Codger. You're right, friend--(*turns to Mrs. Mummery*) And if you are Mrs. Mummery, and I had you down at Nettlebed Hall, I'd see how you'd look in a whirligig, Madam.

Mrs. M. Squire Codger! do your Honor please to forgive me—I vow I took you for a player in the old cast, and that all your wrinklies, nodding and shambling, was put on to shew me what a fine actor you were.

Hor. Come, uncle, Mrs. Mummery meant no harm, and if you remain in the same humour when last we parted. instead of you, if she'll accept of me for a comedian, I'll bring a lovely girl here, whose person and qualifications may prove ornamental, even to a Theatre Royal—(*Goes to the door and leads Nancy in*)

Codger. My little housekeeper!

Nancy. Ay Sir---your poor Nancy, who, if you were a King, wou'd rather be your niece, than your wife.

Hor. True Sir—this is the sweet innocence that I betrayed under the name of Tinsel the Player, but I am now with sincere contrition determin'd to make her an honorable reparation.

Codger. Hey!—give me your hand Horace, for this act of generosity I forgive you all your rogueries.—I must say Nancy is worthy of an honest man, and it shall be her old master's part to reward her constancy to you, and by a return of my favour, to secure your affection to her.



END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.